

By: Leacroft.
P A M E L A:

OR,

V I R T U E Rewarded.

In a SERIES of

F A M I L I A R L E T T E R S

From a Beautiful

Young D A M S E L to her P A R E N T S:

And afterwards,

In her E X A L T E D C O N D I T I O N,

B E T W E E N

H E R, and Persons of *Figure* and *Quality*,

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and R E L I G I O N in the Minds of the Y O U T H of
B O T H S E X E S.

The S I X T H E D I T I O N, Corrected.

And Embellish'd with C O P P E R P L A T E S, Design'd and
Engrav'd by Mr. H A Y M A N, and Mr. G R A V E L O T.

V O L. I.

To which is prefixed, An Ample T A B L E of C O N T E N T S;
Being, An E P I T O M E of the *Work*.

L O N D O N:

Printed for S. R I C H A R D S O N;

And Sold by J. O S B O R N, in *Pater-noster Row*; and J O H N
R I V I N G T O N, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*.

M. DCC. XLII.

P A M E L A

V I R T U E R O W I D E D

F A M I L I A L E T T E R S

Young Darius to his Father
Young Darius to his Mother

I N T H E E X A L T E D C O N D I T I O N
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P R E F A C E

BY THE

E D I T O R.

I F to Divert and Entertain, and at the same time to Instruct and Improve the Minds of the YOUTH of both Sexes :

I F to inculcate Religion and Morality in so easy and agreeable a manner, as shall render them equally delightful and profitable :

I F to set forth in the most exemplary Lights, the Parental, the Filial, and the Social Duties :

I F to paint VICE in its proper Colours, to make it deservedly Odious ; and to set VIRTUE in its own amiable Light, to make it look Lovely :

IF to draw Characters with Justness, and to support them distinctly :

IF to raise a Distress from natural Causes, and excite a Compassion from just ones :

IF to teach the Man of Fortune how to use it ; the Man of Passion how to subdue it ; and the Man of Intrigue, how, gracefully, and with Honour to himself, to reclaim :

IF to give practical Examples, worthy to be follow'd in the most critical and affecting Cases, by the Virgin, the Bride, and the Wife :

IF to effect all these good Ends, in so probable, so natural, so lively a manner, as shall engage the Passions of every sensible Reader, and attach their Regard to the Story :

A N D all without raising a single Idea throughout the Whole, that shall shock the exactest Purity, even in the warmest of those Instances where Purity would be most apprehensive :

If

IF these be laudable or worthy Recommendations, the Editor of the following Letters, which have their Foundation both in Truth and in Nature, ventures to assert, that all these Ends are obtained here, together.

CONFIDENT therefore of the favourable Reception which he ventures to bespeak for this little Work, he thinks any Apology for it unnecessary; And the rather for two Reasons, 1st, Because he can appeal from his own Passions, (which have been uncommonly moved in perusing it) to the Passions of Every one who shall read with Attention: And, in the next place, because an Editor can judge with an Impartiality which is rarely to be found in an Author.

THE foregoing is the Editor's Preface to the Two first Volumes of this Piece, in Twelves: And there were, moreover, prefix'd to them, Two Recommendatory Letters; as also to the Four latter Impressions, an Introductory Preface, by an ingenious Gentleman, who kindly undertook to answer some Objections, made by well-meaning

meaning Persons, to a few Passages in the Work. But it has been thought advisable to omit These, in the present Edition; because the kind Reception which these Volumes have met with, renders the Recommendatory Letters unnecessary; and because the most material of the Objections answer'd in the Introductory Preface, are taken notice of and obviated in the Third Volume, in Letters from the fair Writer to Lady Davers, and others of her Correspondents. And their Place is supply'd, not unusefully, it is presum'd, by the following Epitome of the Work.

THE Editor has been much press'd with Importunities and Conjectures in relation to the Person and Family of the incomparable Lady, who is the Subject of these Volumes: All that he thinks himself at Liberty to say, or is necessary to be said, is only to repeat what has been already hinted, That the Story has its Foundation in Truth: And that there was a Necessity, for obvious Reasons, to vary and disguise some Facts and Circumstances, as also the Names of Persons, Places, &c.

CON-

CONTENTS

OF THE FOUR VOLUMES.

It is thought proper to prefix to this Edition the following ample Table of CONTENTS, which may serve to revive the Memory of the principal Matters in the Minds of those who have read them, and to give an easy and clear View of what they contain, to those who have not, nor perhaps have Leisure to peruse them; at least, so carefully as may be necessary to answer the End of their Publication: And which, at the same time, will serve as a copious INDEX to direct the Reader where to find the most material Passages, as well as give an Idea of the entertaining and instructive Variety to be found in the Work.

VOL. I.

Letter

- I. *TO her PARENTS.* Recounting her Lady's Death.—Her Master's Kindness to her. She is all grateful Confusion upon it, and thinks him the best of Gentlemen. Page 1
- II. *From her PARENTS.* Are much concern'd for her Lady's Death: But that their chief Trouble is, lest she should have too grateful a Sense of her Master's Favour; so as to be brought to any thing dishonest or wicked. Their Cautions and Instructions to her. p. 5
- III. *To her FATHER.* Is concern'd lest he should doubt her Virtue. Assures him of her Resolution to prefer it to Life itself. Apprehends no Danger at present from her Master's Favour. 8
- IV. *To her MOTHER.* Lady *Davers* praises her Beauty, and gives her Advice to keep the Men at a Distance. Intends to take her to wait upon her own Person; to which her Master consents. *Pamela's* Joy hereupon, and Security in his honourable Views. 9
- V. *To her PARENTS.* Mrs. *Fervis's* the Housekeeper's worthy Conduct in the Family, and Friendship to her. She is quite fearless of Danger; and why. 11
- VI. *To the same.* Further Instances of her Master's Goodness to her. Her joyful Gratitude upon it. He praises her Person

- to Mrs. *Fervis*, to whom he expresses his Hope, that she keeps the Men at a Distance. 13
- VII. *To her FATHER*. Reciting other Particulars of her Master's Bounty to her. Her Confusion at a free Expression of his. Is uneasy at it; but hopes she has nothing to apprehend. 14
- VIII. *From her FATHER*. Inforcing his former Cautions and Instructions on the above Occasions: Is easier, since he knows she has Mrs. *Fervis* to advise with. 16
- IX. *To her PARENTS*. Her Master refuses to let her go to Lady *Davers*. His pretended Reason for it. Lady *Davers* seemingly apprehensive for her. But still she hopes the best, and will give them Notice of all that happens. 18
- X. *To her MOTHER*. Acquaints her, that now her Master's Designs against her are apparent. That she had written down the Particulars of all; but that somebody had stolen her Letter. Will write at the first Opportunity another, revealing all: But is watched and blamed by her Master, for spending so much Time in writing. 19
- XI. *To her MOTHER*. Cannot find her Letter; so recites her Master's free Behaviour to her in the Summer-house. Her virtuous Resentment. Refuses his Offers of Money. He joins her to Secrecy, pretending he only designed to try her. 21
- XII. *To her MOTHER*. Continuation of her Story. Her Irresolution what to do. Desires Mrs. *Fervis* to permit her to lie with her: And tells her all that had passed. Mrs. *Fervis*'s good Advice. Her Master's angry Behaviour to her. She wishes she had never been taken from her low Condition. 24
- XIII. *From her PARENTS*. Their Concern and Apprehensions for her. They think it best for her to return to them; but are the easier, as she lies with Mrs. *Fervis*. 29
- XIV. *To her FATHER*. Relating a Conversation between her Master and Mrs. *Fervis* about her. He will have it, that she is an artful and designing Girl. Orders Mrs. *Fervis* to caution her how she writes out of the House the Affairs of his Family. 30
- XV. *To her MOTHER*. Her Master upbraids her with revealing to Mrs. *Fervis* what he had order'd her to keep secret: And tries to intimidate her. Her moving Expostulation. He offers Freedoms to her. Her passionate Exclamations. He tauntingly ridicules her Resistance. She escapes from him into another Room, and falls into a Fit. Mrs. *Fervis* interposes in her Behalf. He appoints the next Day for her and Mrs. *Fervis* to attend him in his late Mother's Closet. 33
- XVI. *To her PARENTS*. His Sternness at her Approach with Mrs. *Fervis*. His imperious Manner intimidates his House-keeper. *Pamela*'s Courage hereupon. He accuses her of Pertness;

Pertness; attributes her Fit to Hypocrisy; and tells her she shall return to her former Poverty and Distress. Her moving Behaviour on this Occasion. 40

XVII. *From her PARENTS.* They tell her, how welcome her Return will be to them, as she will come innocent and honest. They will meet her Part of the Way, and receive her with more Pleasure than they had at her Birth. 47

XVIII. *To her PARENTS.* Mrs. *Fervis* gives her Opinion, that he will never attempt her again; and that she may stay, if she will ask it as a Favour. Her Reasons for desiring to go. 48

XIX. *To the same.* Mrs. *Fervis* again advises her to ask to stay. Her Reasons to the contrary.—How the Love of her Fellow Servants affects her. Mr. *Longman* the Steward's Kindness to her. 52

XX. *To the same.* Provides a neat, home-spun Suit of Cloaths, that when she returns to her Parents, she may not appear above her Condition. 58

XXI. *To the same.* Mrs. *Fervis* tells her, of how much Consequence she is to her Master, and his Expressions in her Favour. Is uneasy at Mrs. *Fervis's* wishing her to stay.—Has near finish'd the Work she has in hand; and is solicitous how she shall get to her Father's. 62

XXII. *To the same.* A rough Expression of her Master to her, overheard by the Butler. The Servants concerned, that she is to go away. Farther Instance of her Master's Roughness to her.—Mr. *Jonathan* the Butler's Kindness, and Concern at what he had heard her Master say to her. Instance of Mr. *Longman's* Favour for her. 65

XXIII. *To the same.* Description and Characters of several neighbouring Ladies, who railly her Master on her Account. Their Behaviour to her, and Observations on her Person.—Has finish'd her Task, and hopes to set out in a few Days. 70

XXIV. *To the same.* Puts on her home-spun Dress. What passes on that Occasion between Mrs. *Fervis*, her Master, and herself. He charges her with a Design to attract him in Disguise; yet tells her she may stay, if she will humble herself. She resolves to go. He storms. She expostulates. Her smart Retort upon him for his past Attempts.—A Note from Mr. *Jonathan*, warning her of her Danger. 80

XXV. *To the same.* Her Master hides himself in their Closets, and overhears a Discourse against himself between Mrs. *Fervis* and her, as they are going to Rest. Being alarmed at the Rustling of his Gown, she, almost undress'd, goes towards the Closet; and he rushing out, she flies to the Bed to Mrs. *Fervis*, and falls into Fits. 90

XXVI. *To the same.* Mrs. *Fervis*, resenting her Master's Con-

Conduct in her Apartment, gives him Warning. He agrees that they shall go away both together; and tells them, That he shall probably embrace a Proposal of Marriage that has been made him, and think no more of *Pamela*. Her Joy on hearing this. Hopes now, that all the Danger is over; but will not be too secure. 98

XXVII. *To the same.* She is to stay a Week longer for Mrs. *Fervis's* going with her.—Her Master asks her Opinion in relation to a new Birth-day Suit of Cloaths. Her serious Behaviour, and Answers to his Questions, ridiculed by him.—He tells Mrs. *Fervis*, he had an Eye upon *Pamela* in his Mother's Lifetime. Her Surprise at his Wickedness, and at that of several Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood. 103

XXVIII. *To the same.* Mrs. *Fervis* is permitted to stay. Mr. *Longman* intercedes for *Pamela*, and desires her to humble herself. Her Master's cruel Insults upon her. She resolves, however, not to expose him, tho' in her own Defence, before his Steward: Therefore heaps Blessings and Prayers upon him and his Family, on her Knees; but declares, that she is unworthy to stay, and will not stay, if she might. Mr. *Longman*, mov'd at her Behaviour, melts into Tears. Her Master a little touched; yet, resuming his Hardheartedness, bids her be gone from his Presence. Her affecting Behaviour hereupon. 109

XXIX. *To the same.* She has finish'd every thing, and hopes to be soon with them. Mrs. *Fervis's* kind Offer of Money to her; which she refuses, knowing her to be in low Circumstances herself.—Laments, that, as Things have fallen out, she has been brought up wrong by her Lady: But hopes to make her Mind bend to her Condition.—She divides her Cloaths into three Bundles: One containing those given her by her Lady; the second, those her Master gave her; and the third, what she deems more properly her own; and desires Mrs. *Fervis* to inspect them before she goes away. Her Master, out of Curiosity, conceals himself (with Mrs. *Fervis's* Knowledge) in the Closer of the Room into which the Bundles are brought. Her moving Conduct and Reasonings. She discovers, to her great Surprise, that her Master had heard all: Upbraids Mrs. *Fervis* upon it, and repeats her Wishes to be safe with her Parents. 117

XXX. *To the same.* Her Master, contrary to what she feared, when she next sees him, treats her kindly. Bespeaks her Confidence in him. Avows his Love to her. Intimates, that he will make all her Family happy. Protests he has no View to her Dishonour in it. Particularizes those Parts of her Conduct and Behaviour which had mov'd him in her Favour: And tells her, that if she will stay but a Fortnight longer, she shall find

find her Account in it. Her Distress and Difficulties upon these favourable Appearances. He gives her a short Time to consider of his Proposal, and retires. The different Agitations of her Mind on this Occasion; yet at last resolves to insist upon going away. 128

XXXI. *To the same.* She declares her Determination to go. He offers her a Sum of Money for her Father. She refuses it till she knows what he is to do for it, and what is to become of herself. He then intimates, that he will find her a Husband, who shall make her a Gentlewoman. She dissembles her Resentment of his base Designs, till she gets from him; and then, by Writing, signifies to him her Resolution to go to her Parents. He threatens her by Mrs. *Fervis*; but says she may go when she will. Gives Leave for his Travelling Chariot and *Lincolnshire* Coachman to carry her, and sends her Five Guineas.—Her Verses on her Departure. 135

The EDITOR's Account of what happen'd after she set out: Of her being carried to her Master's Seat in *Lincolnshire*, instead of to her Father's.—Of *John's* treacherous Baseness, in delivering all her Letters to his Master, before he carried them to her Parents.—The Copy of a Letter from the 'Squire to her Father, containing his pretended Reasons for not permitting her to go to them.—Her Parents Grief.—Her Father, travelling all Night, arrives in the Morning at the 'Squire's. What passed between Mrs. *Fervis*, the 'Squire, and the old Man, on that Occasion.—Copy of *Pamela's* Letter to Mrs. *Fervis*, which, as it afterwards appears, she was induced to write by a prescribed Form, lest her Parents Grief should be fatal to them. 144

XXXII. *From PAMELA to her PARENTS.* Bewails her wretched Condition, and the vile Trick put upon her. Writes the Particulars of it, tho' she knows not how to convey it to them.—Her Stratagems on the Road to escape, when she found herself betray'd, all frustrated by her Master's Precautions.—She is met by Mrs. *Fewkes*, and conducted to the *Lincolnshire* Seat. That Woman's vile Behaviour and Wickedness. Her Reproaches of the Coachman. Tampers, but to no Purpose, with Mrs. *Fewkes*. 156

Her JOURNAL,

Begun for her Amusement, and in hopes to find some Opportunity to send it to them.—Describes the Servants there.—All her Hopes centre in moving Mr. *Williams* to assist her Escape. 178

SUNDAY. Mrs. *Fewkes's* Insolence to Mr. *Williams*; and still greater to her, ordering her Shoes to be taken from her. Describes the Person of the bad Woman.—*John* arrives with a Letter from

from her Master to her, requiring her to copy a prescribed Form of a Letter to her Parents, to make them easy. She complies for their sakes; and writes a moving one to her Master. 182

MONDAY. *John's* excessive Concern on reflecting upon his own Baseness, makes *Mrs. Fewkes* suspect he loves *Pamela*, and narrowly watch him: However, he privately drops a Letter, which *Pamela* takes up, in which he confesses his Villainy to her. Her Surprize upon it.---All the Cloaths her Lady and Master had given her, brought down to her, but locked up from her by *Mrs. Fewkes*. 192

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY. Her Contrivance to correspond with *Mr. Williams*, and to keep from *Mrs. Fewkes* the Knowledge of her little Stores of Pens, Ink, and Paper. The Contents of her first Letter to him, reciting her Dangers, and begging him to assist her to escape. Suggests several Methods, and hopes much from his Key of the Back-door. 197

THURSDAY. Further Instances of *Mrs. Fewkes's* Insolence to her. *Pamela* resents her profligate Talk, and is struck by her. Forced to put up with this insolent Treatment, lest the Correspondence with *Mr. Williams* should be frustrated.---A Letter from that Gentleman, 'declaring his Readiness to assist her. Gives her an Account of the Gentry in the Neighbourhood. That he will try, if she pleases, to move Lady *Darnford* to protect her. Praises her Beauty and Virtue.' Her Answer; 'desiring a Key may be made by his, to the Back-door. Hopes by his Means to be enabled to send a Packet to her Parents. Has a Stock of five or six Guineas, and desires to put half in his Hands to defray Incidents.'---She exults to her Father and Mother in the Success of her Plot.---Is permitted to angle; and hooks a Carp, which, moved by a Reflection upon her own Case, she throws in again. 203

FRIDAY, SATURDAY. *Mrs. Fewkes* tricks her out of her little Stock of Money.---She receives a Letter from her Master, signifying, 'That if she will invite him to come, her generous Confidence in him shall not be thrown away upon him; and he will put *Mrs. Fewkes* into her Power; and permit *Mrs. Fervis* to attend her, &c.'---A Second Letter from *Mr. Williams*, acquainting her, 'That he has been repulsed by every one to whom he has apply'd in her Favour. That he shall soon procure the Key she desires, and a Man and Horse to carry her to one of the distant Villages: So begs her not to be discomforted.'---Her Answer. 'Fears her Master's coming may be sudden; that therefore no Time is to be lost.---Acquaints him with *Mrs. Fewkes's* Trick to get her Money.---Her moving Letter to her Master, in Answer' 207

‘swer to his; in which she absolutely denies her Consent to
‘his coming down. 215

SUNDAY. Is concern’d she has not the Key. Turns the cxxxviii
Psalm to her own Case. 230

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY. Is pleased, that Mr. *Williams* has got a large Parcel of her Papers, to send away to her Parents. He has procur’d the Key for her; and now only waits for the Horse.--- Mrs. *Fewkes* suspects by his Looks, that he is in Love with *Pamela*, and pretends to wish it to be a Match between them.--- His third Letter, intimating, ‘That she has but One way honourably to avoid the Danger she is in; and that is, by marrying. Modestly tenders himself.’ Her Observations upon it to her Parents.--- In her Answer to Mr. *Williams* intimates, ‘Her Gratitude for his generous Offer; but that nothing but to avoid her utter Ruin, can make her think of a Change of Condition; and that therefore he must expect nothing from her but everlasting Gratitude. 233

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY. Lays a Trap to come at Mrs. *Fewkes*’s Instructions; but fails in it. Mr. *Williams* promises to assist her to his Power, though she has not so readily come into his Proposal, as he wished. 238

SUNDAY. That she has a strange Turn to acquaint her Parents with, in the Contents of two Letters from her Master; one to Mr. *Williams*, the other to Mrs. *Fewkes*. In the former, he acquaints Mr. *Williams*, ‘That by the Death of the late Incumbent, he has an Opportunity to make him doubly happy in a lovely Wife, and a fine Living. That he will account for his odd Conduct in this Affair to him, when he sees him. That he only desires he will let him know, that *Pamela* approves of him, and he of her.’ Mrs. *Fewkes* communicates her Letter, which confirms the Contents of the other. She upbraids *Pamela* with her past Mistrusts of the Designs of so good a Master. But she, still suspecting a Stratagem, cautions Mr. *Williams* upon his honest Joy, and open-hearted Declaration; of which Mrs. *Fewkes* takes Advantage: But yet is so civil to them both, that she hopes now for a happy Deliverance, and to be soon with her Parents. 239

The JOURNAL continued.

Further Instances of Mrs. *Fewkes*’s Civility to her, who presses her to encourage Mr. *Williams*’s Address; and, upon her Refusal, supposes she has some Pre-engagement. Mr. *Williams* goes home to write a Letter on his own Account to her Parents. She begs they will not encourage his Address. 245

MONDAY Morning. Mr. *Williams* is attack’d by supposed Robbers, on his Return to the Village. His woeful Letter to Mrs. *Fewkes*, giving an Account of the Disaster. Mrs. *Fewkes* ridicules

ridicules the Misfortune. *Pamela's* Mistrusts increase. Refuses to accompany Mrs. *Fewkes* to make him a Visit. In her Absence, has great Temptations to make her Escape: But is frightened at her own apprehensive Fancies, and unable to resolve. 247

MONDAY Afternoon. Mrs. *Fewkes* returns from visiting Mr. *Williams*. Railles *Pamela*, and makes a Jest of his Fright. Declares she had got out of him all that was plotting between him and her. Advises her to send a Letter of Thanks to her Master, for his Favour to her, in relation to Mr. *Williams*: On her Refusal, declares her to be quite unfathomable. *Pamela* apprehends Mischief hatching. 254

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY. Mrs. *Fewkes's* Change of Temper to Mr. *Williams*. He is surprised at it. *Pamela* writes to him, blaming his Openness. Desires to know what he had said to Mrs. *Fewkes*; and proposes to resume the Project of escaping. 258

THURSDAY. His Answer. 'Thinks Mr. B. neither can nor dare deceive him in so black a Manner. That *John Arnold* acquaints him, that his Master is preparing for his London Journey; after which he will come into *Lincolnshire*. That *John* refers to a Letter he had sent before, but which is not come to hand; yet hopes there is no Treachery. Owns he was too free in Talk with Mrs. *Fewkes*: But said not a Word of the Back-door, Key, &c.--- Her Reply, expressing her great Uneasiness and Doubts; and impatiently wishes for the Horse. 259

FRIDAY. Mr. *Williams's* Answer. 'He thinks her too apprehensive. Doubts not, that Things *must* be better than she apprehends.--- Sends her a Letter from her Father: Signifying his and her Mother's grateful Hopes, that their Prayers for her are at last heard; and their Pleasure to find her Virtue in View of its Reward. Thinks she cannot do better than to marry Mr. *Williams*: But refers this to her own Prudence.' Her dutiful Joy upon the Receipt of this Letter. 262

SATURDAY, SUNDAY. Mrs. *Fewkes* quarrels with Mr. *Williams*. *Pamela* is more and more convinced there is Mischief brewing. 266

MONDAY, TUESDAY. All now out! --- Two Letters brought from Mr. B. one to *Pamela*, the other to Mrs. *Fewkes*; but being folded and sealed alike, that to her, was directed to Mrs. *Fewkes*, and Mrs. *Fewkes's* to her. Is quite confounded at the Mistake; but more at the Contents; in which he declares to Mrs. *Fewkes* the utmost Resentment against her, on Mr. *Williams's* Account. Sends down a *Swiss*, who is to assist in preventing her Escape: That *John Arnold* has proved a Villain, and shall meet with his 6 his

‘ his Reward. That he has order’d his Attorney to arrest
‘ Mr. *Williams* in an Action of Debt, and will utterly ruin
‘ him. That he hates her perfectly now, and on his Return
‘ from *London* will decide her Fate.’ Her Affliction and Despair
make even Mrs. *Fewkes* pity her; who gives her the Letter
written for her, which is full of violent Upbraidings and
Threatnings. --- Her Reflections upon her hard Fortune: Begs
Mrs. *Fewkes* to let Mr. *Williams* know her Master’s Resent-
ment, that he may fly the Country. Mrs. *Fewkes* glories in
her wicked Fidelity, and threatens to be more circumspect
over her than ever. --- Her Apprehensions of *Oalbrand* the
Swiss, whose odd Person and Dress she describes. 267

WEDNESDAY. Mr. *Williams* actually arrested. She forms a
new Stratagem for her Escape, resolving to get out of the
Window into the Garden, when Mrs. *Fewkes* is asleep; and to
throw some of her Cloaths into the great Pond, to make it
believ’d she had drowned herself, in order to gain more Time
for escaping by the Back-door; and trust the rest to Provi-
dence. --- Overhears Mrs. *Fewkes* owning to Monsieur *Colbrand*
in her Cups, that the Robbery of Mr. *Williams* was owing to
a Contrivance of her own, to come at his Letters. 278

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY. That every thing
has been worse and worse; and all her Contrivances ruin’d.
She recounts the Particulars of her fruitless Attempt. Her
Sufferings and Bruises. Being quite desperate, is tempted to
drown herself. Her Soliloquy by the Pond Side. Has the
Grace to escape the Temptation, and limps away to the Wood-
house, and, half-dead with her Bruises and Distresses, creeps
behind a Pile of Fire-wood. --- Mrs. *Fewkes*’s Fright on miss-
ing her: She raises the House; and at last, finding some of her
Cloaths in the Pond, they conclude she had drowned herself.
Their dismal Lamentations; fearing their Master’s Resent-
ment. *Nan*, at last, finds her in the Wood-house, unable to
stir. Mrs. *Fewkes*’s Cruelty to her. 282

SUNDAY Afternoon. That Health is hardly to be coveted in
her Circumstances. Dreads the coming of her Master. Yet
having heard, that he had been near drowning in the Pursuit
of his Game, she could not help rejoicing in his Safety.
Wonders what is the Matter she cannot hate him for his ill
Usage of her. --- Hears, that *John Arnold* is turn’d away;
and that Mr. *Longman*, Mr. *Jonathan*, and Mrs. *Fervis* are in
Danger, for offering to intercede for her, knowing now where
she is. 297

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY. Mrs. *Fewkes* more and
more insolent to her. Talks filthily to her, and ridicules her
Notions of Virtue. 299

THURS-

THURSDAY Apprehends from some particular Dispositions, that her Master will soon come. Her moving Reflection on his pretended Love to her, and his Promise not to see her, without her own Consent. Believes he perfectly hates her; else, that he would not leave her thus to the Mercy of this bad Woman. 300

FRIDAY Mrs. *Fewkes* apprehends she designs another Escape. Her Violence to her upon it. She locks her up without Shoes in the Day, and makes her lie between herself and the Maid at Night. She is weary of her Life. -- That she has just given her her Shoes, and laid her Commands upon her to dress herself in one of the Suits she had lock'd up from her, against three or four o'Clock, telling her, she would have a Visit from Lady *Darnford's* two Daughters. That she will not obey her; resolving not to be made a Shew of. *Ibid.*

Five o'Clock is come, and no young Ladies. --- She thinks she hears their Coach. Resolves not to go down to them. Steps to the Window; and, to her utmost Surprize and Terror, there beholds her Master just arrived. 303

Seven o'Clock is come, and she has not yet seen him. Doubts not that something is resolving against her. Is full of trembling Confusion and Grief. *Ibid.*

SATURDAY Morning. Relates, that at half an Hour after Seven the preceding Night, her Master came up to her. His stern Behaviour, and violent Reproaches. Withdraws threatening, and leaves her ready to die with Grief and Apprehension. Mrs. *Fewkes's* impertinent Soothings, and detestable Hint, that she may make up all by the Morning. --- Her Master orders her down to attend him at Supper. His harsh Treatment of her, as she waits upon him. Mrs. *Fewkes's* officious Stories against her. On her Knees she begs he'll hear her tell of that Woman's Usage of her. He cruelly interrupts her, and justifies Mrs. *Fewkes*. And after many Reproaches and Threatenings on his Side, and vile Instigations on Mrs. *Fewkes's*, he bids the latter take her up Stairs, and he'll send her a few Lines to consider of; her Answer to which shall fix her Doom. *Ibid.*

SATURDAY Noon. Sends Proposals to her in Writing, to live with him as his Mistress, offering her very high Terms for herself and Friends; and assuring her, that if she refuses them, he will put his Designs in Execution; and she shall have no Benefit from them. --- Her noble and resolute Answer; absolutely refusing all his Offers with Disdain. He storms against her to Mrs. *Fewkes* upon it, who most impudently instigates him to execute all his Purposes. 312

SATURDAY Night. He sends Mrs. *Fewkes* for her. She is going down; but finding Mrs. *Fewkes* lead to his Chamber, she turns back, notwithstanding his Menaces. Mrs. *Fewkes* ridicules 313

cules her Fears, and upbraids her with the Appeal she would have made to her Master against her. 324

SUNDAY. Her Master, being from home, sends a Letter to Mrs. *Fewkes*, signifying, 'that he is going to *Stamford* on Mr. *Williams's* Account, and shall not be back till the next Evening, if then. That she must not trust *Pamela* without another's lying with her, as well as herself.' She sees this Letter, thro' Mrs. *Fewkes's* pretended Carelessness, and rejoices at this further Reprieve. 328, 330

TUESDAY Night. She gives the Particulars of the worst Attempt he had yet made, and of Mrs. *Fewkes's* wicked Assistance, and her narrow Escape, by falling into Fits. On her Recovery he gives her Hopes, that he will never offer to compel her again. Desires, for her own Sake, that she will not attempt to get away for a Fortnight to come, and that she will forgive Mrs. *Fewkes*. Is pleased with her Answer. Seems to be all Kindness. Talks of Love without Reserve; which, with other Liberties which he calls innocent, makes her very uneasy. 333

WEDNESDAY Morning. Sends for her to walk with him in the Garden. Likes not him, nor his Ways. And why. He resents an Expression which his free Usage provoked from her. She expostulates with him on his Proceedings. 349

WEDNESDAY Night. His great Kindness and Favour to her before Mrs. *Fewkes*. Mrs. *Fewkes's* respectful Behaviour to her upon it, and Apprehensions of her resenting her past Baleness. His Goodness to her, and Admiration of her Prudence, fill her with Hopes of his honourable Designs. But, on a sudden, he damps all again, and leaves her in a State of Uncertainty. 354

THURSDAY Morning. Mr. *B.* being to go to *Stamford*, acquaints her, that either Mrs. *Fervis* or Mr. *Longman*, whom, with *Jonathan*, he has discharged, will attempt to convey a Letter to her in his Absence: That he will take it kindly, if she will confine herself pretty much to her Chamber till he returns. She promises not to stir any-where without Mrs. *Fewkes*. 368

FRIDAY Night. A Gipsy, under Pretence of telling Mrs. *Fewkes* and her their Fortunes, finds means to drop a Letter for her, the Contents of which alarm her with the Intimation of a Stratagem of a sham Marriage designed. Her passionate Reflections upon him and his Designs on this Occasion. 372

SATURDAY Noon. Her Master returns. Mrs. *Fewkes*, coming upon her by Surprise, seizes a Parcel of her Papers, and carries them to him. Her Apprehensions on this Account. 377

SATURDAY, Six o'Clock. Intreats him to return her Papers unread. He refuses. Her sharp Expressions hereupon make him angry with her. She endeavours to pacify him. Having read the Papers, he sends for her, and insinuatingly discovers, that

that she has Papers of a later Date than these, and insists upon seeing them. She refuses; but she frightens her into a Compliance.

SUNDAY Morning. On reading her last Papers, which contain her Temptations at the Pond, he is greatly moved. His kind Behaviour to her; yet, apprehending that this Kindness is but consistent with the sham Marriage she dreads, she still insists upon going to her Parents. He falls into a violent Rage hereupon, will not suffer her to speak, and bids her begone from his Presence.

SUNDAY, Three o'Clock. Her Reflections upon the Haughtiness of People in a high Condition. Is surprised by a Message from Mrs. Jewkes, that she must instantly leave the House. Prepares to go, but cannot help being grieved.—The travelling Chariot is drawn out. Colbrand is getting on Horseback. Wonders where all this will end.

CONTENTS of Vol. II.

The JOURNAL Continued.

MONDAY. MRS. Jewkes insults her on her Departure. Her wicked Hints to her Master in her hearing. He rebukes her for them. Pamela blesses him on her Knees for it.—Wonders she could be so loth to leave the House.—The Chariot drives away with her. She can hardly think but she is in a Dream all the time. --- A Copy of her Master's Letter to her, deliver'd at a certain Distance, ' full of Tendernefs and Respect, declaring his honourable Intentions to her, had she not unseasonably, in the midst of his Kindness to her, preferred going to her Parents.' She laments that she gave Credit to the Gipsy-story. Accuses her Heart of Treachery to her. p. 1

MONDAY Morning, Eleven. More surprising Things still, as she says. Thomas the Groom overtakes her with a second Letter from her Master, declaring, ' That he finds he cannot live without her. That if she will return, it will lay him under the highest Obligation.' Her Reasonings with herself, whether to go back, or to proceed. At last, resolves to oblige him. 12

TUESDAY Morning. Her Master's Pleasure and Gratitude on her Return. Orders that she be left intirely at her own Liberty to go, and come as she pleases, and the Chariot to be at her Service. Acquaints her, that he had set Mr. Williams at Liberty, and taken his Bond. He gives her a Letter to peruse from Lady

Lady *Davers*, who severely and loftily expostulates with him on her Account, declaring, That if he should marry her, she will renounce all Relation to him; but begs that he will give her a Sum of Money, and marry her to some Fellow of her own Degree. *Famela's* serious Reflections upon the Pride of People of Birth and Condition.

WEDNESDAY Morning. Her Master takes an Airing with her in the Chariot. His great Kindness. Gives his Reasons for dismissing Mr. *Longman*, Mrs. *Fenwick*, and *Jonathan*, and for his Resentment against his Sister.—Intimates the Slights she will receive from Persons of Figure, if he marries her, and asks, how she will imploy her Time, when she has not the general Amusements, to which she will be intitled as his Wife. Is highly delighted with her remarkable and instructive Answer. Clears up, to her Satisfaction, the Gipsy's Information. Acquaints her with the neighbouring Ladies intending to make him a Visit, on purpose to see and admire her.—Mrs. *Fenwick's* Humility, and Apprehension of her Resentment. He intercedes for her.—She resolves, throughout her future Life, to rely on Providence, who has brought such real Good to her out of such evil Appearances.

THURSDAY. Declares his Intentions of privately marrying her.—His Servant, who had been sent by her, at his Request, for the Papers which were in her Father's Hands, returns without them, and reports her Parents Grief, who apprehended she had been subdued to his own Terms. He directs her to write to make them easy.—An accidental Conversation between her Master and Mr. *Williams*, which gives her Hopes of their Reconciliation.

FRIDAY. She gives the Particulars of what passed in the Visit of the neighbouring Gentry. Their high Encomiums upon her Person and Behaviour. Miss *Polly Darnford* particularly fond of her.

FRIDAY Afternoon. Her Father's unexpected Arrival, while all the Guests are together. Is kindly received by her Master, and all his Fears for his Daughter's Virtue dissipated.—The Company greatly affected at the first Interview between her Father and her. Writes to her Mother all the moving Particulars of it.—Her Master's Kindness, and Declarations of his honourable Intentions, give inexpressible Joy to her Father.

SATURDAY. Her Master, seeing by the Papers brought by her Father, how hardly she had been treated by Mrs. *Fenwick*, offers to remove her from her Presence. Is pleased with her forgiving Temper.—Takes an Airing with her Father and her, and designedly falls in with Mr. *Williams*. His Kindness to that Gentle.

- Gentleman Gives him up his Bond, and requests him to officiate next Day in his newly fitted up Chapel. 99
- SUNDAY. Mr. *Williams* accordingly officiates. Her Father performs the Clerk's Part with Applause. Mr. *B.*'s pleasant Remarks on her Paraphrase on the cxxxviiith Psalm. Mr. *Andrews* joyfully takes Leave, to carry the good Tidings of all these Things to his Wife. 122
- MONDAY. Mr. *B.* brings her a Licence, and presses for the Day. Her Desire that it may be on a *Thursday*, and Reasons for it. He raillies her agreeably on that Head. The *Thursday* following fixed upon. He proposes, in a generous manner, that Mr. *Williams* shall marry them. 141
- TUESDAY. Her serious Reflections on the near Prospect of her important Change of Condition. Is dissident of her own Worthiness. Prays for Humility, that her new Condition may not be a Snare to her. How she intends to behave herself to the Servants. 149
- WEDNESDAY. Her alternate Fears and Exultation, as the Day draws nigh. His generous and polite Tendernefs to her. Her modest, humble, and thankful Returns. Readily, at his Proposal, consents to let Mrs. *Fewkes* attend her at her Nuptials. 153
- THURSDAY Morning. His generous and encouraging Tendernefs to her. Her grateful Acknowledgements. 165
- THURSDAY Afternoon. The happy Celebration of her Nuptials. Her joyful Exultations to her Parents upon it. Mr. *B.*'s Generosity to Mr. *Peters*, and Mr. *Williams*. --- Are broken in upon by three rakish Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, which obliges her to dine without him. --- Mrs. *Fewkes*'s dutiful and submissive Behaviour to her. --- The different Aspect every thing bears to her, now her Prison is become her Palace. 171
- FRIDAY Evening. His polite Demeanour to her, and Generosity to her Parents. Gives her a large Sum to distribute among the Servants on Occasion of her Nuptials. He kindly complies with her Intercession for Mr. *Longman*, Mrs. *Fervis*, *Jonathan*, and *John Arnold*. 189
- SATURDAY Morning. Copy of Mr. *B.*'s Letter to Mr. *Longman*, and of hers to Mrs. *Fervis*, in the kindest manner desiring them to take Possession, with *Jonathan*, of their former Offices. --- Rejoices in her Happiness, and prays that her Will to do Good may be enlarged with her Opportunities. 202
- SATURDAY Evening. Mr. *B.*'s kind Intentions towards her Parents. His generous annual Allowance to her for her private Charities. 208
- SUNDAY. Has now nothing to wish for, but a Reconciliation between Lady *Davers* and her Brother. His Rules to her, in relation

relation to Dress, and to different Parts of Family Management; and to her own Deportment, on particular Occasions.--- The neighbouring Gentry, on their Visit to Mr. B. rally her upon her stolen Marriage.--- Mr. B. sent for Post-haste to visit a dying Friend. Her serious Reflections on the Occasion.--- Observes, in the reformed Behaviour of Mrs. Jewkes, the Force which the good Examples of Principals have on Inferiors.

MONDAY. On Receipt of a Letter from Mr. B. she prepares to go to meet him at Sir Simon Darnford's; but, to her great Confusion, is prevented by the Arrival of Lady Davers, with Lord Jackey, her Nephew. The Particulars of the harsh Treatment she met with on that Occasion: Which at last obliges her to leap from the Parlour Window, and to fly to the Chariot, which carries her to Sir Simon's.--- What passed on that Occasion between Mr. B. and her, and between them and the rest of the neighbouring Gentry, and some Guests of Sir Simon's, who greatly admire her.

TUESDAY. Lady Davers's outrageous Behaviour to her Brother. He argues with her on the Difference between a Gentleman's and a Lady's marrying beneath themselves. She at last provokes him to a violent Resentment, in which Pamela, interposing, incurs his Displeasure. At last a happy Reconciliation takes Place.--- She gives the Particulars of a Conversation between Mr. B. and herself, when alone together, in which he tells her what he expects from her future Conduct; which she afterwards reduces into forty-eight Articles, and remarks upon.--- She is a little tinctured with Jealousy upon a Charge made by Lady Davers, in her Passion, of an Intrigue between him and Miss Sally Godfrey.

WEDNESDAY. She relates briefly to Lady Davers her past Trials and Distresses, who is greatly delighted with her Story; and desires to see all her Papers, that she may admire her more, and doubts not they will justify the Step her Brother has taken: She promises, with Mr. B.'s Consent, to oblige her Ladyship as soon as her Parents return them.--- Wonders, to herself, if Miss Godfrey be dead or living.

WEDNESDAY Night. The neighbouring Gentry take Leave of Mr. and Mrs. B. on their setting out for Bedfordshire.--- Mrs. Jewkes, with Tears, begs her to forgive her past Wickedness to her.--- Miss Darnford and she agree upon a Correspondence by Letters. Her Value and Esteem for that young Lady.

SATURDAY. Lady Davers sets out for her own Seat; and Mr. and Mrs. B. for Bedfordshire.--- Her Emotions of Joy and Gratitude on her Arrival as Mistress of the House she was lately turned

turned out of. Mr. B.'s polite Tenderness to her. Her kind Reception of Mrs. Jervis, and affable Behaviour to the Servants. — Mr. B. puts in Force his generous Intention of assigning her a large annual Sum for her private Charities; and directs her to make the like bountiful Presents to the Servants of this House, that she did to those of the other. 369

SUNDAY Night. Has the Pleasure to think, she is not puffed up with this great Change of Condition. Repeats her Supplications for a grateful and humble Heart. 389

MONDAY. Desires her Father will send her back all her Papers for Lady Davers. Declares, that their own Creditors shall be paid all their Debts, Interest as well as Principal. --- Requests from them a List of such honest and industrious Poor, as they know to be true Objects of Charity. 391

WEDNESDAY Evening. Mr. B. brings home to Dinner with him Four of the neighbouring Gentry. What passed on that Occasion. — She tells her Parents, how much Mr. B. is pleased with their undertaking to manage the *Kentish* Estate, as he had directed her to propose to them. 395

THURSDAY. Mr. B. carries her to Breakfast ten Miles off, to a neat Dairy-house. He acquaints her with the Method which the Governess of a neighbouring Boarding-school takes, to reward the Diligence of the Misses, by a Ride in a Chaise and Pair to breakfast at this House. Four of them arrive while he is speaking; one of which proves to be the Child he had by Miss Sally Godfrey. Her generous and affecting Conduct on this Occasion. --- As they return, he gives the moving Particulars of that Amour, and of the Lady's remarkable Penitence and Prudence; which she greatly admires, and generously extols. 401

MONDAY Morning. She gives an Account of their publick Appearance the Day before, at Church; and of what passed in the Morning and Afternoon on that Occasion. 420

TUESDAY. An affecting Instance of Mr. B.'s Goodness to her, in settling his Affairs in such Manner, that, in case of his Death without Children by her, neither she nor her Parents should lie at the Mercy of his Heirs. His Request to her, that she will not, in such Case, marry one certain Gentleman; and Reasons for it. Her inexpressible Concern on the tender Subject. He kindly tries to divert her, by repeating a Copy of Verses of his own Composing. Her serious Reflections upon the Vanity of human Life in its best Enjoyments. 428

FRIDAY. The most considerable of the neighbouring Gentry visit them, to congratulate their Nuptials, and all join to admire her. --- She resolves to have no other Pride but in making deserving Objects happy. --- Relates, that Lady Davers has

has sent for her Papers, and promises, that her Lord and she will soon be her Guests. -- Wants another Dairy-house Visit. Hopes, as Miss Goodwin grows older, she shall have her committed to her Care. -- Has just received the blessed News, as in a Rapture she calls it, that they are on the Point of setting out to be with her. Prays for a happy Meeting. Impatiently longs for it.

435

CONTENTS of VOL. III.

The good old Couple, arriving at the Bedfordshire Mansion, were received by Mr. B. with great Demonstrations of Esteem and Respect, and by their beloved Daughter with Transports of dutiful Joy: And having resided there, till every thing was in Order for their Reception at the Kentish Farm, they set out to take Possession of it, accompanied by the happy Pair, who staid with them a Fortnight: And then returning to Bedfordshire, Mrs. B. writes to acquaint them with their safe Arrival, and to the following Effect.

Letter I. **W**ISHES them long Life and Health in their sweet Farm, and pretty Dwelling. -- That Mr. B. intends to fit up some of the Apartments for his own Convenience, designing to retire thither now-and-then. Gives his Directions on that Head. Exalts gratefully in her Happiness, and in his generous Tenderness. Page 1

II. *From her FATHER.* Their grateful Joy in their present happy Situation: How much it is heighten'd, when they reflect, that all is the Reward of their Child's Virtue. That, nevertheless, he cannot bear to enjoy all these Benefits, without paying for the Stock and Farm what any other Person would pay. His Conversation with Mr. Longman on this Head; and grateful Resolutions upon it. -- Acquaints her, That some of his Relations are desirous to come and live with him, as Servants: Desires her Advice upon it. -- Hopes to be favour'd now-and-then with a Letter from her, like some of her former.

III. *To her FATHER and MOTHER.* Her Opinion of the only Way both she and they have to make a suitable Return to Mr. B. for his Goodness to them. That she *must* write to them, and cannot help it, if she would; and it is an Augmentation of her Felicity, to be able to add to their Comfort.

IV. *To the same.* That Mr. B. has thought of a Method to make them easy, in the Desire they have to be useful to his Affairs, and at the same Time respected by their Neighbours. -- Gives her Opinion at large of the Offer of some of their

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Relations,

Relations, to serve them in the Farm; in which she shews, in what Instances Relationship should; and should not, be regarded. 20

V. *From her FATHER.* Expressing his grateful Acceptance of the Office her Spouse has conferred upon him; That he is intirely convinced by the Reasons she gives him, about taking any of their Relations. --- Acquaints her how much all their *Kentish* Neighbours admire and bless her and her Consort. 30

VI. *From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B.* That she and her Friends have been exceedingly diverted with perusing her Papers; and desires to have the Sequel of them. --- That Lady *Betty* praises her Story as the best she had ever heard; yet thinks she had a good Heart to go back again to him, when he had driven her from him on so slight an Occasion. But that, when they had read the rest of her Accounts, they would give her all their Judgments upon her Conduct. 35

VII. *From Mrs. B. in Answer.* Wishes to be favour'd with Remarks on her Conduct. Is prepared to receive Blame, and to benefit by it. --- Excuses herself from sending the rest of her Papers: But gives briefly the Contents of them; and, among the rest, the Story of *Sally Godfrey*, as related to her by Mr. B. --- Hopes, that some of the Scenes, particularly those of her two grand Trials of all, in the Papers her Ladyship had read, were not seen by the Gentlemen; and begs to know if they were. 38

VIII. *From Lady DAVERS in Reply.* How much they are all disappointed on her declining to send the rest of her Papers. Insists, however, upon her corresponding with her for the future, in the same free Manner she used to do with her Parents; and mentions the Subjects she would have her write upon. Having more to say, will soon write again, without waiting for an Answer to this. 44

IX. *From the same Lady.* Is glad, that her Brother has let her into the Affair of Miss *Godfrey*. --- Desires an Account of the Manner in which he did it, and of her Thoughts upon it. Gives a brief Account of the Lady and her Family. --- Touches upon her Brother's intriguing Spirit. --- That Lady *Betty* and she will go over her Papers, and if they can find any thing censurable, will freely let her know it. --- Gives her Opinion how she ought to employ her Time, in order to do Credit to her Elevation, and what their Family hopes from her Brother's Marriage with her. --- Will soon write again, having still more to say. 47

X. *From the same Lady.* That the Gentlemen have seen every Part of her Papers: Gives her Reasons, why those Scenes she is so scrupulous about, were necessary to be written by her, and ought to be read by those who saw the rest of her Narrations.

tions. --- That they all blame her for bearing the wicked *Fewkes* in her Sight; and think, that she ought not by any means to have put her on a foot with Mrs. *Fewis*, in the Present made her on her Nuptials. 52

XI. *From Mrs. B. in Answer to Lady DAVERS's Three Letters.*

That, in Obedience to her Ladyship's Commands, she enters upon the Particulars of the happy Fortnight, which Mr. B. and she passed with her Parents, on settling them in the *Kentish* Farm. Desires to know from this Specimen, before she proceeds, whether her Manner of Writing will be acceptable. 58

XII. *From Lady DAVERS, in Reply.* Leaves it to her to write

in what Manner she pleases. Praises the Copies (which she had sent her) of the Three Letters, that passed between her and her Parents; and finds hitherto, that all her Conduct is unexampled Prudence. Desires to see the Letter she wrote to her Father, about their Relations offering to come to live with them. --- Admires her greatly; but tells her, to what it is she principally owes her Improvements. 64

XIII. *From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS.* Attributes all the Advantages her Ladyship imputes to her, to her late excellent Lady; of whose Favours she gives a moving Relation. --- Incloses the Letter her Ladyship requires of her, and also her Father's Reply to it; and, being incapable of dark Reserves, is pleased with the Hope, that her Conduct will be under her Ladyship's watchful Eye. Gives farther Particulars relating to the happy Fortnight they passed in *Kent*. 69

XIV. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* Proceeds to answer her Ladyship's second Article, relating to Miss *Godfrey's* Affair. Seeks generously to extenuate the Lady's Fault, and shews what a dismal Mortifier Love is, making a Lady think meanly of herself, and highly of the favoured Objects. Begs her Ladyship's future Interest, that Miss *Goodwin* may be given up to her Care. 76

XV. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* She particularly states the Case, and defends her forgiving Conduct to Mrs. *Fewkes*. Declares, that she has no Notion of the slight Distinction, too commonly made, between *Forget* and *Forgive*. 79

XVI. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* In order to justify her Conduct by its good Effects on Mrs. *Fewkes*, she sends her Ladyship a Copy of a Letter from Miss *Darnford*, in which that young Lady, after mentioning her Papa's flinging a Book at her Head in a peevish Fit, acquaints her with Mr. *Peter's* Account of the great Change which her Example has wrought upon Mrs. *Fewkes*. --- Mrs. B. with this Letter, sends also the Copy of a moving one from Mrs. *Fewkes* to herself, to the same Effect: Then proceeds to answer what is objected to her, for

putting the two Housekeepers on a foot, in the Present she made to each on her Nuptials. 93

XVII. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* Gives her Ladyship a moving Instance of her Bounty and Affection for Mrs. *Fervis*; and at the same time of her prudent Regard to Mr. B.'s Interest. 105

XVIII. *From the same.* The generous and noble Manner in which Mr. B. confirmed and extended her Bounty to Mrs. *Fervis*. 113

XIX. *From Lady DAVERS, in Answer to Mrs. B.'s last Six Letters.* Her Ladyship pleasantly construes her good Conduct and Prudence as a Reproach to herself. Summarily expresses her Approbation of all she has written. --- Desires a Copy of her Answer to Miss *Darnford's* Letter; and to the penitent one of Mrs. *Fewkes*. --- Exclaims against some of her Brother's libertine Notions formerly; and extols her for reclaiming him by her good Example and Conduct. 118

XX. *From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS.* Sends her the Copy of her Answer to Miss *Darnford*, in which she gives 'Mr. B.'s Reasons, 'why every Member of Parliament should attend the Business 'of it. --- Presses Miss to winter with them in *London*. --- Rallies 'Sir *Simon* for flinging a Book at Miss's Head, and for what 'he calls his innocent Double Entendres; and expresses how 'much she is delighted with the Account Miss gives her of Mrs. 'Fewkes's Penitence.' --- Then gives her Ladyship the Copy of her Answer to Mrs. *Fewkes's* Letter, 'Rejoicing in her Con- 'version; encouraging her to Perseverance; arming her 'against Despondency, and warning her against returning to 'her former evil Ways.' --- Gives her Ladyship an affecting Instance of contented Poverty and Resignation. --- Her serious Reflections upon the Unsatisfiedness which attends even the highest Enjoyments. --- Is delighted with her Ladyship's Approbation of her Conduct to Miss *Goodwin*. Generously endeavours again to extenuate her Mamma's Fall, and to exalt her Merit for her remarkable Penitence. 127

XXI. *From Miss DARNFORD to Mrs. B.* That Sir *Simon* affects to be in a great Pet at her lecturing him as she had done, and threatens to demand Satisfaction of Mr. B. for it. --- That she fears Mr. B.'s former Character will prevent Sir *Simon* from permitting her to winter with them. That since she is denied a personal Conversation with her, desires in all their Names an epistolary one; and particularly to know how Lady *Davers's* first Visit to her passes. --- That since she wrote the above, it comes out, that her Papa's Refusal of her wintering with her, is owing to a Proposal made him of an Humble Servant for one of his Daughters. --- That Mr. *Peters* desires her to mention his hearty Sorrow for having formerly deny'd her the Pro-
tection

tection of his House; and hopes, that neither Religion nor his Cloth may suffer in her Opinion on that Account. --- Felicitates her on the Efficacy of her Example, as well upon Enemies as Friends. 147

XXII. *From Sir SIMON DARNFORD to Mr. B.* Humorously complaining of the Freedoms Mrs. B. has taken with him to his Daughter. Insists upon Satisfaction from him. 153

XXIII. *From Mr. B. in Answer to Sir SIMON.* In which, under the Notion of espousing his Cause against his own Lady, he puts her into Fear, and at the same time severely rallies Sir Simon on the Liberties of Speech, and the indecent Double Entendre, in which he so much delights. That, however, it shall be in his own Power to punish or absolve the Delinquent as he pleases, if he will bring his Daughter with him to his House, and permit her to winter with them; which he, finally, requests of him as a Favour. 159

XXIV. *From Sir SIMON DARNFORD, in Reply.* Humorously resenting the Treatment he meets with in Mr. B.'s Letter. 170

XXV. *From Mrs. B. to her PARENTS.* That she daily expects Lord and Lady *Davers*. The Rules she intends to observe on this Occasion, in order to avoid the Censure of Pride on the one hand, or of Meanness on the other. --- That she has begun a Correspondence with Miss *Darnford*, and intends to procure from Miss the Return of the Letters she shall write to her, for their Perusal. --- Acquaints them with Mr. B.'s generous Goodness on Mr. *Longman's* telling them the Good they do in *Kent* to their poor Neighbours. --- Expresses her Apprehensions of what may possibly fall out to disturb her Happiness, when they go to *London*. 174

XXVI. *From her FATHER, in Answer.* He thinks it not improper to mention of what Nature, and how easy, as to Expence, those Kindnesses are which they confer upon their poor Neighbours; and accordingly gives a moving Account of them. --- He advises her not to be over-thoughtful of what may happen at *London*; and tells her why she ought not. 180

XXVII. *From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD.* Is desirous to know how Miss approves of the Gentleman who is recommended to her. Her Opinion of the Value Riches ought, and ought not, to have, in a Marriage Treaty. --- She complains pleasantly of Sir Simon's Endeavour to set Mr. B. and her at Variance. --- Endeavours to extenuate Mr. B.'s former Faults, and has no Fear for his Morals, but from his Notions in favour of Polygamy, and from their future *London* Residence. --- Her generous Allowances for Mr. *Peters's* Frailty; and kind Opinion of his Merit and Piety. Has the highest Honour and Reverence for his Function, and will never let the Faults of a

Few give her a disadvantageous Opinion of the Order.---
 Hopes, that Miss will favour her with an Account of her
 new Affair, and with such of their Conversations as may give
 her a Notion of a polite Courtship; of which (humourously
 describing her own) she says, she can have no Notion. 185

XXVIII. *From Miss DARNFORD to Mrs. B.* Approves of her
 Apology for Mr. B. as she says it is the Part of a good Wife
 to make the best of her Husband's bad Qualities. Gives a
 Description and Character of Mr. *Murray*.--- Likes him not;
 and hopes, as he has not Delicacy enough to love with any
 great Distinction, that he may be brought to address her Sister,
 instead of her. 196

XXIX. *From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD.* That Lord and Lady
Davers, the Countess of C. (Mother of Lady *Betty*) and Mr. *H.*
 (Lord *Jackey*) are arrived. Particulars of their first Salutations.
 Lady *Davers* presses her Brother to accept of the Title of a
 Baronet. A Conversation on that Subject. 200

XXX. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* Gives the Particulars of a
 Breakfast Conversation, which turns upon Lady *Davers's* ex-
 cepting to her Lord's frequently calling *PAMELA* Sister.--- Her
 Ladyship calls upon Mr. *B.* to account for his Attempt upon
Pamela in Presence of Mrs. *Fervis*. Mr. *B.* entertains them
 with a History of the Commencement of his Love for her;
 in which he sets forth, 'The Violence of that Passion, and what
 'mean things it puts its Votaries upon: *Pamela's* surprising Do-
 'cility, Merit, and Beauty; his Mother's Fondness of her, and
 'Intentions in her Favour. Enters upon his own Character
 'and Intrigues, which afford instructive Lessons to the Sex,
 'how to avoid the Stratagems of Rakes and Libertines. Dis-
 'avows any Intention to offer Violence to her Honour, when
 'he concealed himself in the Closet; and accounts for his Con-
 'duct on that Occasion. Declares, that he has now a sincere
 'Contempt of his former wicked Courses, which had made
 'him a Curse to Society, instead of a Blessing.'--- Mrs. *B.'s* Re-
 flections to Miss *Darnford* upon this affecting Story. Her
 grateful Blessings on the Memory of her good Lady. 215

XXXI. *From Miss DARNFORD to Mrs. B.* That Mr. *Murray*, as
 she wish'd, has dropp'd his Suit to her, and makes his Addresses
 to her Sister. Miss's pleasant Observations upon that Occasion.
 Hopes to get Leave in a while to attend Mrs. *B.* in Town. 261

XXXII. *From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD.* Proceeds with her
 Journal, giving an Account of their entertaining Fourteen of
 the principal Gentry in the Neighbourhood, besides their noble
 Guests. Briefly draws their Characters. The Particulars of
 the Conversation that passed on that Occasion, in which the
 Profligate

Profligate of the one Sex are exposed and censured, and the Innocent of the other cautioned and instructed. 264

SATURDAY. Lady *Davers* and she take an Airing together. Her Ladyship's tender Behaviour to her. Admires her Family Management, which she briefly describes. She acquaints her Ladyship with the Boldness of some unknown Admirer, who had put under her Cushion at Church some Verses of Mr. *Cowley's*. The exemplary Delicacy of her Sentiments on this Occasion. Critically remarks upon the Lines, and justly censures the lewd Writings of Men of Genius, whose Works may do Mischief to the End of Time. --- Lady *Davers*, after admiring the Purity of her Notions, accounts for her own passionate Behaviour to her formerly at the Hall, and intimates some further Mischief she had designed her, had she not escaped out of the Window as she did. --- On their Return, the Countess and Lady *Davers* enter more particularly into the Description of all they admire in Mrs. B.'s Family Management. 277

SATURDAY Evening. Mrs. B. is in some Pain, because of their Family Rules for the next Day. But will rather be censured for doing what she thinks her Duty, than for the want of it, and so will continue her usual Methods, as if her noble Guests were not present. Observes, however, that those who aim at very great Strictnesses in a beginning Reformation, rather discourage, than allure, the Persons they would reclaim. --- Her Consolations to a desponding sick Gentlewoman. 306

SUNDAY. Acquaints Miss with the Methods she takes in her Family on this Day. The good Effects it has upon all the Servants. The Domesticks of her noble Guests desire to join in it. --- She relates the Particulars of what passed at Church, and Lady *Davers's* Goodness to her in publick. --- The Ladies, on the Report of their Women, accompany her in her Evening Duties. Are greatly affected on the Occasion. --- Lady *Davers's* Observation to the Credit of cheerful Piety, and Reflection on the Gloominess of some Pretenders to Religion. 303

MONDAY. She congratulates Miss *Darnford* on her dismissing Mr. *Murray*. Acquaints Miss with Mr. B.'s facetious Remarks on her Letter. The odd Character of Sir *Jacob Swynford*, Mr. B.'s Uncle by the Half-blood, who is expected to visit them; and who is greatly incensed at his Nephew's marrying her. 322

TUESDAY. Mr. *Williams* comes to pay his Respects to his Patron, and (for Motives worthy of his Character) to ask his Leave to quit his Living for one of less Value. She gives the Particulars of a Conversation on this Occasion, relating to the Clergy's Treatment of one another, and on the Subject of Pluralities and Dispensations. 326

XXXIII. WEDNESDAY. Sir *Jacob Swynford* arrives. His unpolite Behaviour to Lady *Davers*, at his first alighting. A Description of his Person, Dress, and Behaviour. He inquires after his Nephew, who, as well as Mrs. *B.* happens to be abroad; and rails at his Marriage. The Countess, on Mrs. *B.*'s Return, begs of her to pass for her youngest Daughter, Lady *Fenny*; and she is introduced to Sir *Jacob* as such; who, in that Character, is highly taken with her Beauty and Behaviour, and rallies his Nephew, at his coming in, for not marrying such a fine Lady as that. 367

THURSDAY. The Countess, at Breakfast, discovers to Sir *Jacob*, that his favourite Lady *Fenny*, is Mrs. *B.* His Rage and Surprise upon it. Mrs. *B.*'s condescending and moving Behaviour to him, quite confounds him with Shame, and reconciles him to her. --- The Substance of a Conversation begun by Sir *Jacob*, of the bad Precedent Mr. *B.* has set to young Gentlemen to marry their Mothers Waiting-maids. Lady *Davers* seconds Sir *Jacob*. Mr. *B.* calls upon his Spouse to defend him. Her pertinent Observation on this Head: Which, yet, not answering fully the Objection, Mr. *B.* undertakes his own Defence, and clears up the Point to their Satisfaction. --- Mrs. *B.* applies in a moving manner to Sir *Simon Darnford* for his Permission to Miss to visit her. 383

XXXIV. From Miss *DARNFORD* to Mrs. *B.* She gives the Particulars of a Quarrel betwixt herself and her Sister, whom she reprehends for her fond Behaviour to Mr. *Murray*. Sir *Simon*'s humorous Interposition. 405

XXXV. From the same. Her Notions of the Conduct a Lady ought to observe when courted. --- Particularizes the Pleasure which the Subjects of her Letters give them. She longs to be with her, out of the way of her ill-natured Sister, and resolves once more to move her Papa on this Head. 411

XXXVI. From the same. She is all Joy and Rapture, having obtained Leave to attend her when at *London*. Sir *Simon*'s humorous Condition, on permitting her to go. 417

XXXVII. From Mrs. *B.* to Miss *DARNFORD*. FRIDAY. She gives briefly the Particulars of her charitable Visits and Bounty to her poor Neighbours. Lady *Davers*, and the Countess of *C.* (who accompany her on this Occasion) highly delighted with her prudent Method. Her Motives and Reasons for her Proceedings in this Way. --- Observes with how little Expence and Trouble a great deal of Good may be done, by a prudent Management, and proper Choice of the Objects. Her Rule where, and where not, to bestow her Favours. 421

SATURDAY. Her Discovery of an amorous Intrigue between Mr. *H.* and her *Polly Barlow*. Her prudent, instructive, and resolute

resolute Conduct hereupon, as well with regard to the Gentleman, as to the Girl. His ungenerous and ridiculous Behaviour.

434

SATURDAY Evening. She gives an Account of the free Behaviour and Conversation of Four rakish Gentlemen Visitors. Her Reflections upon what passed, and upon the profligate Lives of Gentlemen of their Character, which render them, as she observes, of very little Consequence to the Publick, or to the Families from which they spring.

454

XXXVIII. From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD. SUNDAY, MONDAY. Rejoices in the News, that she shall be favoured with her Company. Tells her how much Mr. B. admires her Letters. --- Her Reflections upon her Polly's Weakness. --- Sir Jacob takes his Leave, highly delighted with her. --- Mr. B. promises her another Dairy-house Breakfast.

462

TUESDAY. Recapitulates briefly, how the Ladies and Gentlemen usually imploy themselves, in order to give Miss an Idea of what passes among them.

466

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY. Intimates a Debate which she has with Mr. B. about the extraordinary Prerogative of a Husband, which, in a particular Instance, he insists upon.

467

FRIDAY. Their noble Guests take Leave of them, with Blessings and good Wishes. The Copy of a Letter delivered to her by Mr. H. excusing himself, at her Polly's Expence, for his Intrigue with her, and to thank her for not exposing him to his Aunt. Mrs. B.'s Reflections upon it.—Her Apprehensiveness, on occasion of the Circumstance she is in; and instructive Reflections on that Head.—Her favourable Observations to Mr. B. upon Lord Davers's amiable Character: He occasionally asserts the Necessity of a Husband's controuling his Wife in some Instances, for the Sake of the Reputation and Tranquillity of both.

469

XXXIX. From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD. Hears that Mrs. Fewkes is in a bad State of Health. Begs she will vouchsafe to visit her, and in her Name injoin her to spare for nothing that may contribute to her Recovery, or Peace of Mind.—Looks forward to the approaching Occasion with great Apprehension.

484

XL. From Miss DARNFORD to Mrs. B. Miss, for Reasons she gives, desires to know, whether Mr. B. is as respectful to her when they are by themselves, as when they have Visitors? Whether, in Compliment to her Will, he gives up at any time his own? Whether he breaks not into her Retirements unceremoniously, making no Difference between the Field or his Stud, and her Chamber or Closet? And whether he has at any time borne with any Infirmary of hers?

488

This Letter, and the following, viz.

XLI. *From Mrs. B. in Answer.* Give instructive and entertaining Instances of the polite and tender, yet manly and generous Behaviour of a good Husband, in Mr. B.'s Conduct to his Lady; and of the prudent and affectionate Returns of a good Wife, in her obliging Behaviour to him; which not only answer fully all Miss's Queries, but afford such Rules as may be worthy the Observation of every married Pair; especially of those who would aim at such a conjugal Delicacy, as may keep up a mutual Respect and Value for each other. 493

XLII. *From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD.* Giving her the Particulars of her second Dairy-house Visit. How much Mr. B. as well as herself, was affected by a casual Expression of the Child: Which produces a very solemn Conversation between them on their Return. 507

CONTENTS of Vol. IV.

Letter

- I. *FROM Mrs. B. to her Father and Mother.* Gives an Account of their Arrival at their London Residence. Is impatient for the Company of Miss Darnford, which, she hopes, will reconcile her to this new World. Page 1
- II. *From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS.* A few cursory Observations on her Arrival at London. Gives the Character of two Gentlemen of the Law, Mr. Turner and Mr. Fanshawe, who pay their Compliments to Mr. B. on his Arrival in Town. 3
- III. *To her Father and Mother.* Requesting their Advice in a Dispute she has with Mr. B. on the Subject of a Mother's Duty to nurse her own Child, which she insists upon. Her Plea on this Occasion; and his Answer, in which he asserts the Prerogative of Parents and Husbands over their Daughters and Wives; and then gives Reasons, peculiar to himself, why he cannot comply with her Desire in this Particular. Her Difficulties on this Occasion. 10
- IV. *From her Parents, in Answer.* They are concerned, that Mr. B. insists so strenuously upon a Point so tender to her: But advise her to submit to his Will, in order to avoid worse Consequences. Give brief Hints what sort of Nurse they would have her chuse. 25
- V. *From Mrs. B.* The Particulars of a tender Quarrel between Mr. B. and her, on Occasion of the above Dispute. — His nice Distinction between Tears of Penitence and Tears of Sullessness. 28
- VI. *From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B.* Sends her a Present of Child-bed Linen. Tells her, that she must not put them off with a Girl; 31

Girl; but must first present them with half a Dozen fine Boys; whose Names she pleasantly gives.—From her Brother's Tenderness to her, infers how much it is in the Power of a good Wife to make a good Husband.—Upbraids her, in a polite and tender manner, for not subscribing her Letter with the Word *Sister*. Hints at several Regulations which she and the Countess have made in their Families, in Imitation of her Example, since their Return. 36

VII. *From Mrs. B. in Answer.* Is overwhelmed with her Ladyship's Goodness to her.—Acquaints her with the Arrival of Miss *Darnford*.—Accuses herself of Aukwardness and Bashfulness, and wishes to be just what Miss *Darnford* is. Her Rule to make the best of Defects she cannot conquer.—Humourously describes the foppish and fluttering Conversation and Behaviour of the two young Lawyers. 40

VIII. *From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B.* That she must decide an odd Dispute that has happened among them, in relation to her own Character; and acquaint them with some of those secret Foibles that leave Room for her to be still more perfect; and which yet they cannot discover.—She briefly extols the conjugal Purity and Decorum, as well in Word as Behaviour, which is observed between her Brother and her. 49

IX. *From Mrs. B. in Answer.* Is surprised at the Task her Ladyship has set her; but, in Obedience to her Commands, accuses herself of divers Imperfections. 51

X. *From Miss DARNFORD to her Father and Mother.* Describes the Happiness of Mr. and Mrs. B. and his polite Tenderness, and her consummate Prudence.—Gives Account of the Nature of her *London* Charities, and of the Performance of her *Sunday* Duties there. Observes that all is done with graceful Ease, and true Dignity, and without the least Intermixture of Enthusiasm or Ostentation. 56

XI. *From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS.* Her Opinion of the Stage. Thinks the Poets, in the Plays she has seen and read, give unnatural Descriptions of Love. Her Observations on the Tragedy of the *Distress'd Mother*. Censures severely the Epilogue, that is generally called for, when this Play is acted. 66

XII. *To the same.* Her Observations on the Comedy of the *Tender Husband*, or *Accomplish'd Fools*. Thinks it ought to be called, *The Accomplish'd Knaves*. 88

XIII. *To the same.* Her Opinion of the *Italian* Opera; with Mr. B.'s Remarks upon that Subject. 99

XIV. *To the same.* Is carried to a Masquerade; which she describes, and gives some Particulars of the Conversations that passed there. Is very apprehensive, on seeing Mr. B. everywhere followed by a fine Lady in a Nun's Habit. Utterly dislikes 100

dislikes this kind of Entertainment. All the little Doubts and Jealousies (which are supposed natural to her Temper) excited on this Occasion. Her Opinion of true Wit; and what are its indispensable Requisites in publick Entertainments. 104

XV. *To the same.* That her Mind being ingross'd wholly by Thoughts of a more serious Nature, on account of her approaching Lying-in, she begs to be dispensed, for the present, from the lighter Subjects of the Theatre. Her Apprehensiveness on the Occasion. 112

XVI. *From Lady DAVERS to her BROTHER.* In a generous and tender Manner requests him to assure his *Pamela*, that he will legally secure to her Parents the Possession of the Good he has conferred upon them, if she dies. — Prays for a Son and Heir; but, however that shall be, that God will spare his *Pamela*; for that he can never have such another Wife. 115

XVII. *From Mrs. B. to Mr. B. (Not to be delivered to him, but in case of her Death.)* In a grateful and moving Manner thanking him for all the Benefits he had heaped on her and hers. Begging Pardon for all her Imperfections. Recommending to him some of her unfinish'd Charities; and all his Servants; and then taking a solemn Farewel of him. 116

XVIII. *From Miss DARNFORD to Lady DARNFORD.* Congratulates them on her Sister's Nuptials. — Gives a brief Character of good old Mrs. *Andrews*. — Mr. B.'s confederate Contrivance to have a Midwife in the House, unknown to his Lady. — Miss concludes, with acquainting her Mamma, that Mrs. B. is happily deliver'd of a fine Boy. 126

XIX. *From Miss DARNFORD to the same.* Gives a signal Instance of the joyful Gratitude of Mr. B.'s Tenants, on the Birth of a Son and Heir to the Estate. That the Earl and Countess of C. and Lord and Lady *Davers*, are arrived to stand Sponsors at the Christening. — Requests to stay with Mrs. B. the Remainder of the Winter. 133

XX. *From Miss DARNFORD to the same.* That having received their Commands to come down, she will directly obey them. Instructingly particularizes Mr. B.'s polite Conduct to his Lady, and her obliging Returns. — That she sees but one thing, that can possibly happen to disturb their Felicity. Then recites the Behaviour of the Nun at the Masquerade, who, as she has been told by Mr. *Turner*, unmasked to Mr. B. and is the Countess Dowager of — and that a Letter or two have passed between the Lady and Mr. B. That, as Mrs. B. with all her Perfections, has a little Spice of Jealousy, Miss trembles, she says, for the Consequences to both their Happiness, should she be once alarmed. 138

- XXI. *From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS.* That they are just returned from accompanying Miss *Darnford*, in her Way home, as far as *Bedford*, where she was met by her Papa and Mamma. --- Her maternal Tenderness for her *Billy*. --- Gives the moving Particulars of her Father's thankful Joy, on his first seeing the Child. --- That Mr. B. has put into her Hands Mr. *Locke's* Treatise upon Education, requiring her Thoughts of it in Writing. His Reason for it. --- She repeats a Conversation between herself and Mr. B. in which, under the Notion of asking Leave to take into her Care some neighbouring Child, in order the better to qualify her for instructing her *Billy*, when older; she surprises him into an Approbation of her Scheme, which is to obtain, that Miss *Goodwin* may be the Child. He is at first angry to be so surprised; but, on Consideration, censures his own Hastiness. 143
- XXII. *From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B.* Drops some Hints, that she has heard she is uneasy of late; and desires to know how she does. --- Praises her Brother's moderate Conduct in Parliament. Wishes him to act out of the House, and in it, with equal Honour. 153
- XXIII. *From Mrs. B. in Answer.* That she has been in a little Disorder. But is unwilling to believe all that is said. That this, however, is a wicked Town. Wishes to quit it; but chuses not to go without Mr. B. 154
- XXIV. *From Lady DAVERS, in Reply.* Understands, that Things go not well. Offers to make a Pretence of Indisposition, to come to Town, if she thinks it will be of Service. 155
- XXV. *From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS.* Is very thankful for her Goodness to her. Hopes all will be well. Desires to know what her Ladyship has heard; but that it becomes not her, till she cannot help it, to make Appeals. --- Apprehends, that her Ladyship's Presence will not avail. *ibid.*
- XXVI. *From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B.* That what she has heard, is no Secret to any body; but that she shall not be first told of it by her. Desires to know what *she* has heard, and how she came to hear it. 156
- XXVII. *From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS.* Exclaims bitterly against Masquerades, to which she attributes her present Unhappiness. --- Acquaints her Ladyship with her Informant and Information. --- Receives a Letter, directed for Mr. B. in his Absence, from the Dowager Lady: Gives it him. His captious Behaviour upon it. --- Her alternate Hopes and Fears, Resolutions and Doubtings. 157
- XXVIII. *From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B.* Is greatly moved by her affecting Periods. --- Is vexed to hear, that the vile Lady, as she calls the Countess, has argued for Polygamy before her Uncle.

Uncle. --- Leaves her to her own Workings: But that if she finds Matters to proceed to Extremity, the Storm she formerly raised at the Hall, was nothing to the Hurricane she will excite on this Occasion. 169

XXIX. *From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS.* Mr. B.'s Kindness to her; but slighting Expression of her *Billy*. --- A fresh Occasion of Distress, in Mr. B.'s acquainting her, that that very Afternoon the Countess and the Viscountess her Sister are to come to drink Tea with her, and to see her *Billy*. Her Behaviour upon this affecting News, and his to her upon that. --- Her Comfort, and her Distress, on Occasion of this trying Visit. --- Is forced to break off on his coming in to receive his Guests. 171

XXX. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* Gives the Particulars of the Two Ladies Visit, of her own Deportment, and the Conversation that passed on the Occasion. --- That not being able to refrain from a Flood of Tears at their Departure, on something unexpectedly spoken in *Italian* by the Countess and Mr. B. in her Favour, and explained to her by him, he goes out in a Passion. Her new Distress upon this Occasion, as he will hereby guess at the Reason of her Grief. He returns at Night, and locks himself into his Closet. 174

XXXI. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* She writes by *Polly* to beg Leave to attend him in his Closet, in order to account to him for her Conduct. He answers by Writing also, declining to see her, and promising to give her Cause a fair Hearing at some other Time. She ventures down. Her solemn Speech and Deportment makes him apprehensive for her Intellects. His tender Behaviour to her. Desires her to waive the Subject for a few Days, being to set out on a Journey at Four in the Morning; and intends to return on *Saturday Night*. 185

XXXII. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* Gives the Copy of a Letter written to her, signed *Thomasine Fuller*, acquainting her, 'That Mr. B. is gone with the Countess that very Morning to *Tunbridge*; and that they have agreed to live together as Man and Wife.' --- Is now endeavouring, by the Help of Religion, to bring her Mind to support the heavy Evil. Her Reasonings and Reflections, and the new Scheme she is forming to make herself as easy as possible. Hopes they will not be so cruel as to take her *Billy* from her. That she will give them no Provocation by Law-suits or otherwise, so to do. 190

FRIDAY is concluding, and she hopes she is calmer than she was; and that, after a while, she may not, at the worst, be an unhappy Person. 194

SATURDAY Night. After impatiently expecting his Return, she receives a Note from him, at Eleven, that he shall not be

be with her till *Monday*, when he hopes to dine with her.

195
MONDAY, Eleven. Impatiently longs for his Return.--- He comes, and she resolves to have her Trial over, if possible, before Night be passed. His tender Reception of her. From her Behaviour he is still more apprehensive for her Intellects. Her whimsical Bar, and Apparatus for her Trial, as she calls it, increase his Concern for her Head, and prepare his Mind for the good Impression which the Solemnity of her Behaviour and Expressions, and her noble Conduct and Sentiments afterwards, make upon him: For, having by the Generosity of her Affection to him, by her prudently avoiding all Upbraidings and Reproaches, and by her Regard for his future Happinels, greatly moved him, he confesses his Error, and promises, that he will restore to her Virtue an Husband all her own.--- Her ecstatic Joy on this Occasion.--- Begs of her Ladyship to return her all her Letters on that Subject, in order to oblige Mr. B. who requests to see them, and promises to make a good Use of them, with the Countess.
ibid.

XXXIII. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. That she has obtained Leave to get every thing ready to set out for *Kent*.--- Mr. B. admires and applauds her Conduct in the late Affair. Promises to account to her for every Step he has taken, or shall take, in it; which he can do, he says, because the Lady's Honour is untainted.--- He takes a tender Leave of her for a few Days. Her Reflection upon the Benefits that may be made of Afflictions.
 220

XXXIV. From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B. Sends the Letters she writes for. Rejoices with her upon the Turn this afflicting Affair has taken.--- Observes how watchful over their Conduct young Widows ought to be. Gives some Particulars of the Countess's Story.--- Takes Notice, that her Bar, and other Parts of her Conduct, shew that her Intellect was in Danger, had this Affair proceeded; which redoubles her Joy, that it is likely to end so happily.
 223

XXXV. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. Relates her Journey to *Kent*. Her Joy to see her Husband, her Child, and her Parents, on one happy Spot together.--- That Mr. B. is set out with her Papers to *Tunbridge*. That he first gave her the Particulars of his Affair with the Countess, beginning at the Masquerade.--- She recites those Particulars, which contain Cautions to the Fair Sex, against the Wiles and Stratagems of the other; to both, to check the first Appearances of Evil.--- Mr. B.'s Comparison, Feature by Feature, of the Countess with his *Pamela*.
 225

XXXVI. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* Continuation of the Subject; in which Mr. B. clears up the Countess's Character, imputing to himself the bad Consequences that might have followed from their Intimacy. --- His Scheme to end this Affair with the Countess to the Satisfaction of all Parties. --- *Platonick Love censured.* 248

XXXVII. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* Her Billy is taken dangerously ill of the Small-pox. Her sorrowful Reflections upon the Troubles to which the happiest State is naturally subjected. --- Her Precautions on the Likelihood, that she may have the Distemper herself. Mr. B.'s kind Assurances of the Continuance of his Affection, should she be taken with it, and suffer by it. Her pious Reflections and Resignation. --- At last, after a cruel Suspense of several Days, the Pustules come kindly out upon the Child; but being taken ill herself, is forced to lay down her Pen. 254

XXXVIII. *From Mr. B. to Lady DAVERS.* Informing her, that Mrs. B. has the Small-pox; but is in a fair way of doing well; and that Billy is recovered. --- That her Face is likely to receive no Disadvantage by it: That if it had, his Value for her would not have been lessen'd; for that, notwithstanding her Ladyship's Readiness to censure him on a certain Affair, he never loved any Lady as he loves his Pamela. 261

XXXIX. *From Lady DAVERS in Answer.* Congratulates him on the Child's Recovery, and the good way her Sister is in. Is the more rejoiced, as her Face is not likely to suffer; for a Reason which she gives. Her smart Observation upon the Censoriousness he attributes to her. Warns him not to slight a Correction, which, she says, shews, that Providence chuses to try to reclaim him by Mercies, rather than by Judgments. 263

XL. *From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS.* Acquaints her with hers and her Billy's Recovery, and Mr. B.'s kind Intentions to travel with her. --- Gives the Copy of a polite Letter from the Countess Dowager, congratulating her Recovery; and her Answer: Also the agreeable Particulars of the Reception he met with from that Lady, when he attended her with a Resolution to break off the Intimacy between them. Thinks, that, by the Help of proper Reflections on this Affair, she has received a Cure for her own jealous Temper. 264

XLI. *From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD.* Enumerates her present Felicities. Tells her, That they are about to turn Travellers. --- Her Concern for Mrs. Jewkes's Illness. Begs Miss to vouchsafe a Visit to her in her Name, and to comfort her. The strong Sense she has of the Duty of visiting and comforting the Sick. --- Sends Miss the Copy of a Letter from Lady Davers, proposing a Match between her and Mr. H.

--- Ac-

- Acquaints her, that Mr. *Williams* is about to marry a Lady of Merit, Niece to his noble Patron; and that Mr. *Adams* has asked her Consent to address *Polly Barlow*. Her Puzzles on this Occasion, because of *Polly's* former Conduct. --- Humorously describes the bashful Behaviour of the young Scholar, in a Conference she has with him on this Topick. --- She briefly lays down to *Polly* the Duty of a Clergyman's Wife. 270
- XLII. From Miss DARNFORD to Mrs. B. That she will comply with all she requests, in relation to Mrs. *Jewkes*, who cannot, as she thinks, recover. --- Her Answer to the Proposal about Mr. H. characterizing, with a just Severity, Self-admirers, Coxcombs, or Pretty Fellows. --- Then acquaints her with another Proposal of Marriage made to her, which has her Parents Consent, and meets not with her own Disapprobation. --- She informs her, with Concern, that her Sister and Mr. *Murray* live very unhappily together. Intimates to her the Death of Mrs. *Jewkes*. 281
- XLIII. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. Acquaints her, that a Match is likely to be brought to Effect between Miss *Darnford* and Sir W. G. as a Reason why her Proposal of Mr. H. cannot take place. --- Informs her of Mrs. *Jewkes's* Death, and makes a Compliment to her Ladyship of naming her Woman's Sister to succeed her. --- That she shall be favour'd, as on the Morrow, with the Care of Miss *Goodwin*. 289
- XLIV. From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B. Is glad Miss *Darnford* is likely to be so happy as with Sir W. G. --- Takes exceeding kindly her Compliment of the Housekeeper. --- Is glad, because it pleases her so much, that she is to have Miss *Goodwin*. 290
- XLV. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. She sends her Ladyship a Copy of a moving Letter she has received from Miss *Goodwin's* Mamma. --- Lays down the Method she intends to take to bring Miss off from some Foibles incident to high-spirited Children. 292
- XLVI. From Mrs. B. to the same Lady. Has Three Marriages to acquaint her with; Miss *Darnford's*, Mr. *Williams's*, and Mr. *Adams's*. --- Gives the Character of Miss *Judy Swynford*, Sister to Sir *Jacob*, a Maiden Lady of near Sixty, remarkable for her Affectation of Youth and Gaiety. 306
- XLVII. From Mrs. B. to the same. That once more she thankfully dedicates to her Ladyship the First-fruits of her Penmanship, on her Upsitting. --- Is glad to hear, that Lady *Betty* is likely to be happy with one of the worthiest Persons in the Peerage. --- Has had the Honour of a Visit from the Countess Dowager, to take Leave of her on her going abroad: And gives the Particulars of their Conversation. --- That Mr. B. requires her to write to him her Opinion of Mr. *Locke's* Treatise

Treatise of Education, as if he were absent. And that she has obtained his Consent to transmit what she writes to her Ladyship, if she is desirous to see it. 311

XLVIII. *From Mrs. B. to Mr. B.* In pursuance of his Commands, begins her Observations on Mr. Locke's Treatise. Gives her Opinion of his Regimen for Childrens Health. 324

XLIX. *To the same.* She considers Mr. Locke's Rules against leading on Children to do their Duty by Rewards; and his Advice to teach them to cross their Appetites, and to deny their Inclination. Thinks the Doctrine too philosophical for Children. Is of Opinion, that they should not be pressed to overcome natural Aversions. Her Reasons for it. 330

L. *To the same.* Mentions gratefully the Excursions Mr. B. has taken with her to the Sea Ports, and the more noted inland Towns of the maritime Counties. Then proceeds to consider the Preference Mr. Locke gives to a Home Education, and the Difficulties he enumerates, *first*, to find a well-qualified Tutor for that Purpose. *Secondly*, From the Examples they meet with from the meaner Servants. *Thirdly*, From the Examples of the Parents themselves, if they be not very circumspect and discreet. From all which she refers to Mr. B.'s Consideration, If a Middle-way may not be proposed in a School Education? Of which she gives her Thoughts. 337

LI. *To the same.* That notwithstanding all she has said in her last, she prefers the Home Education in a Family circumstanced as theirs is; and gives her Notions of the Qualifications of a Tutor. 348

LII. *To the same.* She considers Mr. Locke's next Inconvenience in a Home Education, as to the Company of the meaner Servants. Lays down what shall be the Rule of her own Conduct to her Billy, in relation to Servants and Inferiors. --- She enlarges then on the Hint she has given of the Example necessary to be set by Parents themselves. Expatiates on the Benefit of *Emulation* among Youth. Proposes a Method to excite this in the Home Education, which may be attended with Benefit both to the Youth and Family. 355

LIII. *To the same.* Approves of Mr. Locke's Advice to shame a Child out of his Faults, rather than to beat him; and agrees with him as to the Faults that deserve Correction; but differs as to the Time when, and as to the Person by whom this Correction is to be given. Applauds and improves upon a Hint of Mr. Locke, that when a Child has incurred its Parent's Displeasure, it should be in Disgrace with every one, till it had owned its Faults. Describes the Delights which those Mammas have, who can make the first Education of their Children the Subjects of their Entertainment and Diversion. 370

LIV. *To the same.* Disagrees with Mr. Locke, in relation to Childrens making their own Playthings, and some other Points. Is greatly averse to his Method of teaching Children the Letters by Dice. --- Is charm'd with his Observations, that a Mother may teach her Children the first Rudiments of *Latin, French, Geography, and Arithmetic.* 379

LV. *To the same.* She enters more particularly into those Parts of Education which relate to her own Sex; and shews the Benefits that would accrue to Men, as well as Women, from a more enlarged Education to the latter. --- Asserts an Equality of Genius in the Sexes. --- Censures the Writings of some great Wits, who treat the Sex contemptuously; and shews the pernicious Tendency to Virtue and Morals of such a Conduct. 391

LVI. *From Mrs. B. to her FATHER and MOTHER.* Occasionally mentions the frequent Journeys she has taken with Mr. B. over most Parts of *England.* Then reviews briefly her past Conduct, and the View she always had in it, to Mr. B.'s Reformation: How all her Hopes of this sort were at an End on the Masquerade Affair; but that Providence out of that evil Appearance had brought about the Good she had so long been supplicating for. --- She then gives the affecting Particulars of a Conversation between them, in which he voluntarily disclaims and condemns all his past Frailties, and resolves upon a thorough Reformation: That, to her inexpressible Delight, he has ever since behaved answerably to his good Resolutions. --- She then lays down the Rules with regard to Divine Worship, which she intends to observe in Popish Countries. --- Tells them, that her *Davers* and *Pamela* will be sent down to them, while Miss *Goodwin* and her *Billy* are to accompany her abroad. 402

LVII. *From Mrs. B. to Lady G.* (Miss *Darnford* that was) Repeating briefly the Contents of several of her Letters to her, when abroad, which appear not in these Volumes; particularly the Marriage of the Countess Dowager, with Lord C. --- Informs her of their Arrival at *Dover*, and happy Meeting with her Parents. --- The Improvement of her Children and Miss *Goodwin.* --- The Difficulties they had abroad with Mr. H.; who now, while she writes, by the Death of his Father, is become a Peer. --- Gives some useful Hints on the Subject of Travelling in Foreign Parts. --- Most pathetically bewails the Death of her beloved Mrs. *Ferris*, and of *Jonathan*, which happen'd while she was abroad. Takes Notice of the Deaths of Sir *Simon Darnford*, his Lady, and Mrs. *Jones*; which likewise happened during her Absence from *England.* 413

LVIII. *From Mrs. B. to Lady G.* Acquaints her with the Marriage of the new Lord H. with a Woman of ill Fame. Gives briefly the History of that Affair, and the Copy of a Letter which he sent to Lord *Davers* on that Subject. Her Reflections upon his rash Conduct. — Apprises her of the Birth of her *Femmy*. 424

LIX. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* Transcribes, at her Request, from her little Book of Education, some Observations relating to young Gentlemens Travelling; in which she considers Mr. *Locke's* Sentiments, and gives a Scheme of her own, on that Subject. — Expresses her Concern, that Mr. and Mrs. *Murray* live unhappily: And animadverts upon the different Behaviour of Gentlemen in Courtship, and after Marriage. 429

LX. *From Mrs. B. to the same.* At her Desire, for the sake of Two headstrong young Ladies, gives the Particulars of, an instructive Conversation which formerly passed between herself, several of the Neighbouring Ladies, and the Dean, with Miss *STAPYLTON*, Miss *COPE*, Miss *SUTTON*, and Miss *L.* Four young Ladies, of different Tempers and Inclinations: Who (admiring her Story, but not knowing the Design of their Friends in this Visit) were brought to receive Benefit from her Conversation: Which therefore (being apprised of the Intention) she adapts to their respective Characters and Tastes: And which is attended with happy Effects to each young Lady. 435

LXI. *To the same.* Sends her a Specimen of her NURSERY-TALES, calculated for the Instruction of her attentive Little-ones. In which she comprises, in a very brief and intelligent Manner, the principal DUTIES of CHILDREN from INFANCY to MANHOOD, and the Rewards which attend the Good, as well as the Punishments that follow the Bad. — After which, at Miss *Goodwin's* Request for a WOMAN'S STORY, she gives her the Histories and Characters of Four young Ladies, whom she calls *COQUETILLA*, *PRUDIANA*, *PROFUSIANA*, and *PRUDENTIA*; interspersed with such Cautions and Instructions, as deserve the Attention of every young Lady. — Miss, greatly affected with the Story, hopes to imitate the Character of *PRUDENTIA*, which she ascribes to Mrs. B. 473

CONCLUSION. Containing a brief Narrative of Facts which happened after the Period of Time comprehended in the preceding Letters; relating to

Mr. and Mrs. B.
Miss GOODWIN,
Lord and Lady DAVERS;

Lord H.
Lady G. and
Mr. LONGMAN,

PAMELA;

O R,

VIRTUE Rewarded.

In a Series of FAMILIAR LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

Dear Father and Mother,

I HAVE great Trouble, and some Comfort, to acquaint you with. The Trouble is, that my good Lady died of the Illness I mention'd to you, and left us all much griev'd for the Loss of her; for she was a dear good Lady, and kind to all us her Servants. Much I fear'd, that as I was taken by her Ladyship to wait upon her Person, I should be quite destitute again, and forc'd to return to you and my poor Mother, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my Lady's Goodness had put me to write and cast Accompts, and made me a little

VOL. I.

B

expert

expert at my Needle, and otherwise qualify'd above my Degree, it was not every Family that could have found a Place, that your poor *Pamela* was fit for: But God, whose Graciousness to us we have so often experienc'd at a Pinch, put it into my good Lady's Heart, on her Death-bed, just an Hour before she 'expir'd, to recommend to my young Master all her Servants, one by one; and when it came to my Turn to be recommended, (for I was sobbing and crying at her Pillow) she could only say, My dear Son! — and so broke off a little; and then recovering — Remember my poor *Pamela*! ——— And these were some of her last Words! O how my Eyes run! — Don't wonder to see the Paper so blotted!

WELL, but God's Will must be done! — and so comes the Comfort, that I shall not be oblig'd to return back to be a Clog upon my dear Parents! For my Master said, I will take care of you all, my good Maidens; and for you, *Pamela*, (and took me by the Hand; yes, he took my Hand before them all) for my dear Mother's sake, I will be a Friend to you, and you shall take care of my Linen. God bless him! and pray with me, my dear Father and Mother, for a Blessing upon him: For he has given Mourning and a Year's Wages to all my Lady's Servants; and I having no Wages as yet, my Lady having said she would do for me as I deserv'd, order'd the House-keeper to give me Mourning with the rest, and gave me with his own Hand Four golden Guineas, and some Silver, which were in my old

old Lady's Pocket when she dy'd; and said, If I was a good Girl, and faithful and diligent, he would be a Friend to me, for his Mother's sake. And so I send you these Four Guineas for your Comfort; for Providence will not let me want: And so you may pay some old Debt with Part; and keep the other Part to comfort you both. If I get more, I am sure it is my Duty, and it shall be my Care, to love and cherish you both; for you have lov'd and cherish'd me, when I could do nothing for myself. I send them by *John* our Footman, who goes your Way; but he does not know what he carries; because I seal them up in one of the little Pill-boxes, which my Lady had, wrapp'd close in Paper, that they mayn't chink; and be sure don't open it before him.

I know, dear Father and Mother, I must give you both Grief and Pleasure; and so I will only say, Pray for your *Pamela*; who will ever be

Your most dutiful Daughter.

I have been scared out of my Senses; for just now, as I was folding up this Letter, in my late Lady's Dressing-room, in comes my young Master! Good Sirs! how was I frighten'd! I went to hide the Letter in my Bosom, and he, seeing me tremble, said, smiling, To whom have you been writing, *Pamela*?— I said, in my Confusion, Pray your Honour forgive me!— Only to my Father and Mother. He said, Well

then, let me see how you are come on in your Writing! O how ashamed I was!—He took it, without saying more, and read it quite thro', and then gave it me again;—and I said, Pray your Honour forgive me!—Yet I know not for what: For he was always dutiful to *his* Parents; and why should he be angry, that I was so to *mine*! And indeed he was not angry; for he took me by the Hand, and said, You are a good Girl, *Pamela*, to be kind to your aged Father and Mother. I am not angry with you for writing such innocent Matters as these; tho' you ought to be wary what Tales you send out of a Family. — Be faithful and diligent; and do as you should do, and I like you the better for this. And then he said, Why, *Pamela*, you write a very pretty Hand, and *spell* tolerably too. I see my good Mother's Care in your Learning has not been thrown away upon you. She used to say, you lov'd Reading; you may look into any of her Books to improve yourself, so you take care of them. To be sure I did nothing but curtsy and cry, and was all in Confusion, at his Goodness. Indeed he is the best of Gentlemen, I think! But I am making another long Letter: So will only add to it, that I shall ever be,

Your dutiful Daughter,

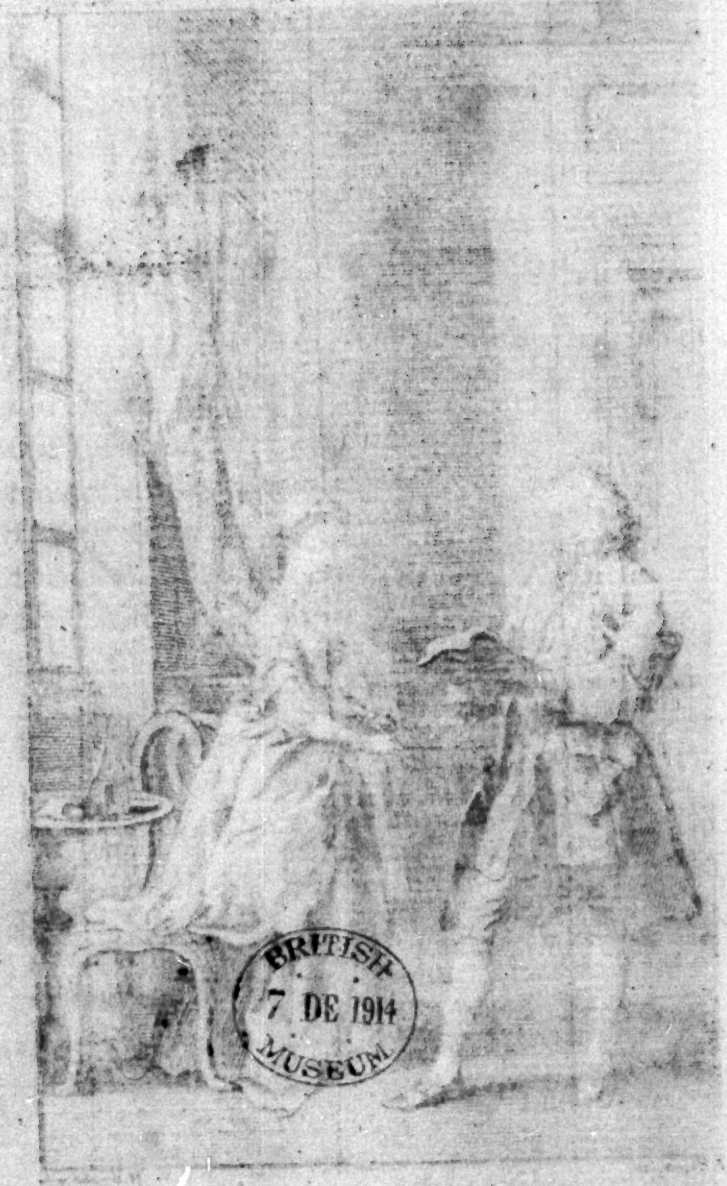
PAMELA ANDREWS.

L E T.



F. Hayman del.

H. Gravel sculp.



L E T T E R II.

*In Answer to the preceding.**Dear PAMELA,*

YOUR Letter was indeed a great Trouble, and some Comfort, to me and your poor Mother. We are troubled, to be sure, for your good Lady's Death, who took such Care of you, and gave you Learning, and for Three or Four Years past has always been giving you Cloaths and Linen, and every thing that a Gentlewoman need not be ashamed to appear in. But our chief Trouble is, and indeed a very great one, for fear you should be brought to any thing dishonest or wicked, by being set so above yourself. Every body talks how you have come on, and what a genteel Girl you are; and some say, you are very pretty; and indeed, Six Months since, when I saw you last, I should have thought so myself, if you was not our Child. But what avails all this, if you are to be ruin'd and undone! ——— Indeed, my dear *Pamela*, we begin to be in great Fear for you; for what signify all the Riches in the World, with a bad Conscience, and to be dishonest? We are, 'tis true, very poor, and find it hard enough to live; tho' once, as you know, it was better with us. But we would sooner live upon the Water, and, if possible, the Clay of the Ditches I contentedly dig, than live better at the Price of our dear Child's Ruin.

6 PAMELA; or,

I HOPE the good 'Squire has no Design; but when he has given you so much Money, and speaks so kindly to you, and praises your coming on; and Oh! that frightful Word, that he would be kind to you, if you would do as *you should do*, almost kills us with Fears.

I HAVE spoken to good old Widow *Mumford* about it, who, you know, has formerly lived in good Families; and she puts us in some Comfort; for she says, it is not unusual, when a Lady dies, to give what she has about her Person, to her Waiting-maid, and to such as sit up with her in her Illness. But then, why should he smile so kindly upon you? Why should he take such a poor Girl as you by the Hand, as your Letter says he has done twice? Why should he stoop to read your Letter to us; and commend your Writing and Spelling? And, why should he give you Leave to read his Mother's Books? — Indeed, indeed, my dearest Child, our Hearts ake for you; and then you seem so full of *Joy* at his Goodness, so *taken* with his kind Expressions, (which, truly, are very great Favours, if he means well) that we *fear* — Yes, my dear Child, we *fear* — you should be *too* grateful, — and reward him with that Jewel, your Virtue, which no Riches, nor Favour, nor any thing in this Life, can make up to you.

I, too, have written a long Letter; but will say one Thing more; and that is, That in the Midst of our Poverty and Misfortunes, we have trusted in God's Goodness, and been honest,
and

and doubt not to be happy hereafter, if we continue to be good, tho' our Lot is hard here; but the Loss of our dear Child's Virtue would be a Grief that we could not bear, and would bring our grey Hairs to the Grave at once.

IF, then, you love *us*, if you wish for *God's* Blessing, and *your own* future Happiness, we both charge you to stand upon your Guard; and, if you find the least Attempt made upon your Virtue, be sure you leave every thing behind you, and come away to us; for we had rather see you all cover'd with Rags, and even follow you to the Church-yard, than have it said, a Child of ours preferr'd any worldly Conveniencies to her Virtue.

WE accept kindly of your dutiful Present; but till we are out of our Pain, cannot make use of it, for fear we should partake of the Price of our poor Daughter's Shame: So have laid it up in a Rag among the Thatch, over the Window, for a while, lest we should be robbed. With our Blessings, and our hearty Prayers for you, we remain,

Your careful, but loving Father and Mother,

JOHN *and* ELIZABETH ANDREWS.

LETTER III.

Dear Father,

I MUST needs say, your Letter has fill'd me with Trouble: For it has made my Heart, which was overflowing with Gratitude for my Master's Goodness, suspicious and fearful; and yet, I hope I shall never find him to act unworthy of his Character; for what could he get by ruining such a poor young Creature as me? But that which gives me most Trouble is, that you seem to mistrust the Honesty of your Child. No, my dear Father and Mother, be assur'd, that, by God's Grace, I never will do any thing that shall bring your grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave. I will die a thousand Deaths, rather than be dishonest any way. Of that be assur'd, and set your Hearts at Rest; for altho' I have liv'd above myself for some Time past, yet I can be content with Rags and Poverty, and Bread and Water, and will embrace them, rather than forfeit my good Name, let who will be the Tempter. And of this, pray rest satisfy'd, and think better of

Your dutiful Daughter, till Death.

My Master continues to be very affable to me. As yet I see no Cause to fear any thing. Mrs. *Jervis* the House-keeper too is very civil to me, and I have the Love of every body. Sure they can't *all* have Designs
against

against me because they are civil! I hope I shall always behave so as to be respected by every one; and that nobody would do me more Hurt, than I am sure I would do them. Our *John* so often goes your Way, that I will always get him to call, that you may hear from me, either by Writing, (for it keeps my Hand in) or by Word of Mouth,

L E T T E R I V .

Dear Mother,

FOR the last was to my Father, in Answer to his Letter; and so I will now write to you; tho' I have nothing to say but what will make me look more like a vain Hussy, than any thing else: However, I hope I shan't be so proud as to forget myself. Yet there is a secret Pleasure one has to hear one's self prais'd. You must know then, that my Lady *Davers*, who, I need not tell you, is my Master's Sister, has been a Month at our House, and has taken great Notice of me, and given me good Advice to keep myself to myself. She told me I was a very pretty Wench, and that every body gave me a very good Character, and lov'd me; and bid me take care to keep the Fellows at a Distance; and said, *that* I might do, and be more valued for it, even by themselves.

BUT

BUT what pleas'd me much, was what I am going to tell you; for at Table, as Mrs. *Jervis* says, my Master and her Ladyship talking of me, she told him she thought me the prettiest Wench she ever saw in her Life; and that I was too pretty to live in a Batchelor's House; since no Lady he might marry, would care to continue me with her. He said, I was vastly improv'd, and had a good Share of Prudence, and Sense above my Years; and it would be Pity, that what was my Merit, should be my Misfortune.—No, says my good Lady, *Pamela* shall come and live with me, I think. He said, With all his Heart; he should be glad to have me so well provided for. Well, said she, I'll consult my Lord about it. She ask'd, How old I was; and Mrs. *Jervis* said, I was Fifteen last *February*. O! says she, if the Wench (for so she calls us Maiden-servants) takes care of herself, she'll improve yet more and more, as well in her Person as Mind.

Now, my dear Father and Mother, tho' this may look too vain to be repeated by me, yet are you not rejoiced, as well as I, to see my Master so willing to part with me?—This shews that he has nothing bad in his Heart. But *John* is just going away, and so I have only to say, that I am, and will always be,

Your honest, as well as dutiful Daughter.

Pray make use of the Money. You may now do it safely.

LET-

LETTER V.

My dear Father and Mother,

JOH^N being to go your Way, I am willing to write, because he is so willing to carry any thing for me. He says it does him good at his Heart to see you both, and to hear you talk. He says you are both so sensible, and so honest, that he always learns something from you to the Purpose. It is a thousand Pities, he says, that such worthy Hearts should not have better Luck in the World! and wonders, that you, my Father, who are so well able to teach, and write so good a Hand, succeeded no better in the School you attempted to set up; but was forc'd to go to such hard Labour. But this is more Pride to me, that I am come of such honest Parents, than if I had been born a Lady.

I HEAR nothing yet of going to Lady *Dauvers*; and I am very easy at present here: For Mrs. *Jervis* uses me as if I were her own Daughter, and is a very good Woman, and makes my Master's Interest her own. She is always giving me good Counsel, and I love her, next to you two, I think, best of any body. She keeps so good Rule and Order, she is mightily respected by us all; and takes Delight to hear me read to her; and all she loves to hear read, is good Books, which we read whenever we are alone; so that I think I am at home with you. She heard one
of

of our Men, *Harry*, who is no better than he should be, speak freely to me, I think he call'd me his pretty *Pamela*, and took hold of me, as if he would have kissed me; for which, you may be sure, I was very angry; and she took him to Task, and was as angry at him as could be; and told me she was very well pleased to see my Prudence and Modesty, and that I kept all the Fellows at a Distance. And indeed I am sure I am not proud, and carry it civilly to every body; but yet, methinks, I cannot bear to be look'd upon by these Men-servants; for they seem as if they would look one thro'; and as I generally breakfast, dine, and sup, with Mrs. *Jervis*, (so good she is to me) I am very easy, that I have so little to say to them. Not but they are very civil to me in the main, for Mrs. *Jervis's* sake, who they see loves me; and they stand in Awe of her, knowing her to be a Gentlewoman born, tho' she has had Misfortunes.

I AM going on again with a long Letter; for I love Writing, and shall tire you. But when I began, I only intended to say, that I am quite fearless of any Danger now: And indeed cannot but wonder at myself, (tho' your Caution to me was your watchful Love) that I should be so foolish as to be so uneasy as I have been: For I am sure my Master would not demean himself so, as to think upon such a poor Girl as I, for my Harm. For such a thing would ruin his Credit as well as mine, you know:

Who,

Who, to be sure, may expect one of the best Ladies in the Land. So no more at present; but that I am

Your ever-dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R VI.

Dear Father and Mother,

MY Master has been very kind since my last; for he has given me a Suit of my late Lady's Cloaths, and half a Dozen of her Shifts, and Six fine Handkerchiefs, and Three of her Cambric Aprons, and Four Holland ones. The Cloaths are fine Silk, and too rich and too good for me, to be sure. I wish it was no Affront to him to make Money of them, and send it to you: it would do me more good.

You will be full of Fears, I warrant now, of some Design upon me, till I tell you, that he was with Mrs. *Jervis* when he gave them me; and he gave her a Mort of good Things at the same time, and bid her wear them in Remembrance of her good Friend, my Lady, his Mother. And when he gave me these fine Things, he said, These, *Pamela*, are for you; have them made fit for you, when your Mourning is laid by, and wear them for your good Mistress's sake. Mrs. *Jervis* gives you a very good Word; and I would have you continue to behave as prudently as you have done hitherto, and every body will be your Friend.

I WAS

14 *PAMELA*; or,

I WAS so surpris'd at his Goodness, that I could not tell what to say. I curt'sy'd to him, and to Mrs. *Fervis* for her good Word; and said, I wish'd I might be deserving of his Favour, and her Kindness: And nothing should be wanting in me, to the best of my Knowledge.

O HOW amiable a Thing is doing Good!—It is all I envy great Folks for!

I ALWAYS thought my young Master a fine Gentleman, as every body says he is: But he gave these good Things to us both with such a Graciousness, as I thought he look'd like an Angel.

MRS. *Fervis* says, he ask'd her, If I kept the Men at a Distance; for, he said, I was very pretty; and to be drawn in to have any of them, might be my Ruin, and make me poor and miserable betimes. She never is wanting to give me a good Word, and took Occasion to launch out in my Praise, she says. But I hope she said no more than I shall try to deserve, tho' I mayn't at present. I am sure I will always love her next to you and my dear Mother. So I rest

Your ever-dutiful Daughter.

LETTER VII.

Dear Father,

SINCE my last, my Master gave me more fine Things. He call'd me up to my late Lady's Closet, and pulling out her Drawers, he

he gave me Two Suits of fine *Flanders* lac'd Headcloaths, Three Pair of fine Silk Shoes, Two hardly the worse, and just fit for me, (for my Lady had a very little Foot) and the other with wrought Silver Buckles in them; and several Ribbands and Topknots of all Colours; Four Pair of fine white Cotton Stockens, and Three Pair of fine Silk ones; and two Pair of rich Stays. I was quite astonished, and unable to speak for a while; but yet I was inwardly ashamed to take the Stockens; for Mrs. *Fervis* was not there: If she had, it would have been nothing. I believe I receiv'd them very awkwardly; for he smil'd at my Aukwardness, and said, Don't blush, *Pamela*: Dost think I don't know pretty Maids wear Shoes and Stockens?

I WAS so confounded at these Words, you might have beat me down with a Feather. For, you must think, there was no Answer to be made to this: So, like a Fool, I was ready to cry; and went away curt'sying and blushing, I am sure, up to the Ears; for, tho' there was no Harm in what he said, yet I did not know how to take it. But I went and told all to Mrs. *Fervis*, who said, God put it into his Heart to be good to me, and I must double my Diligence. It looked to her, she said, as if he would fit me in Dress for a Waiting-maid's Place on Lady *Davers's* own Person.

BUT still your kind fatherly Cautions came into my Head, and made all these Gifts nothing near to me what they would have been. But yet,

yet, I hope, there is no Reason; for what Good could it do him to harm such a simple Maiden as me? Besides, to be sure, no Lady would look upon him, if he should so disgrace himself. So I will make myself easy; and indeed, I should never have been otherwise, if you had not put it into my Head; for my Good, I know very well. But, may-be, without these Uneasinesses to mingle with these Benefits, I might be too much puff'd up: So I will conclude, All that happens is for our Good; and God bless you, my dear Father and Mother; and I know you constantly pray for a Blessing upon me; who am, and shall always be,

Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER VIII.

Dear PAMELA,

I CANNOT but renew my Cautions on your Master's Kindness, and his free Expression to you about the Stockens: Yet there may *not* be, and I hope there is not, any thing in it. But when I reflect, that there *possibly* may, and that if there *should*, no less depends upon it than my Child's everlasting Happiness in this World and the next; it is enough to make one fearful for you. Arm yourself, my dear Child, for the worst; and resolve to lose your Life sooner than your Virtue. What tho' the
Doubts

Doubts I fill'd you with, lessen the Pleasure you would have had in your Master's Kindness; yet what signify the Delights that arise from a few paltry fine Cloaths, in Comparison with a good Conscience?

THESE are indeed very great Favours that he heaps upon you, but so much the more to be suspected; and when you say, he look'd so amiably, and like an Angel, how afraid I am, that they should make too great an Impression upon you! For tho' you are blessed with Sense and Prudence above your Years, yet I tremble to think, what a sad Hazard a poor Maiden, of little more than Fifteen Years of Age, stands against the Temptations of this World, and a designing young Gentleman, if he should prove so, who has so much *Power* to oblige, and has a kind of *Authority* to command as your Master.

I CHARGE you, my dear Child, on both our Blessings, poor as we are, to be on your Guard; there can be no Harm in that: and since Mrs. *Jervis* is so good a Gentlewoman, and so kind to you, I am the easier a great deal, and so is your Mother; and we hope you will hide nothing from her, and take her Counsel in every thing. So, with our Blessings, and assured Prayers for you, more than for ourselves, we remain

Your loving Father and Mother.

Besure don't let Peoples telling you, you are pretty, puff you up: for you did not make yourself, and so can have no Praise due to you for it. It is Virtue and Goodness only, that make the true Beauty. Remember that, *Pamela*.

LETTER IX.

Dear Father and Mother,

I AM sorry to write you Word, that the Hopes I had of going to wait on Lady *Davers* are quite over. My Lady would have had me; but my Master, as I heard by-the-bye, would not consent to it. He said, her Nephew might be taken with me, and I might draw him in, or be drawn in by him; and he thought, as his Mother loved me, and committed me to his Care, he ought to continue me with him; and Mrs. *Fervis* would be a Mother to me. Mrs. *Fervis* tells me, the Lady shook her Head, and said, *Ah! Brother!* and that was all. And as you have made me fearful by your Cautions, my Heart at times misgives me. But I say nothing yet of your Caution, or my own Uneasiness, to Mrs. *Fervis*; not that I mistrust her, but for fear she should think me presumptuous, and vain, and conceited, to have any Fears about the matter, from the great Distance between such a Gentleman, and so poor a Girl. But yet Mrs. *Fervis*

vis seem'd to build something upon Lady *Davers*' shaking her Head, and saying, *Ah! Brother!* and no more. God, I hope, will give me his Grace; and so I will not, if I can help it, make myself too uneasy; for I hope there is no Occasion. But every little matter that happens, I will acquaint you with, that you may continue to me your good Advice, and pray for

Your sad-hearted PAMELA.

LETTER X.

Dear Mother,

YOU and my good Father may wonder you have not had a Letter from me in so many Weeks; but a sad, sad Scene has been the Occasion of it. For, to be sure, now it is too plain, that all your Cautions were well-grounded. O my dear Mother, I am miserable! truly miserable! — But yet, don't be frightened, I am honest! — God, of his Goodness, keep me so!

O this Angel of a Master! this fine Gentleman! this gracious Benefactor to your poor *Pamela*! who was to take care of me at the Prayer of his good dying Mother; who was so apprehensive for me, lest I should be drawn in by Lord *Davers*'s Nephew, that he would not let me go to Lady *Davers*'s: This very Gentleman (yes, I *must* call him Gentleman,

26 *P A M E L A*; or,

tho' he has fallen from the Merit of that Title) has degraded himself to offer Freedoms to his poor Servant: He has now shewed himself in his true Colours, and, to *me*, nothing appears so black and so frightful.

I HAVE not been idle; but had writ from time to time, how he, by sly mean Degrees, exposed his wicked Views: But somebody stole my Letter, and I know not what is become of it. It was a very long one. I fear, he that was mean enough to do bad things in one respect, did not stick at *this*. But be it as it will, all the Use he can make of it will be, that he may be ashamed of *his* Part; I not of *mine*: For he will see I was resolved to be virtuous, and glory'd in the Honesty of my poor Parents.

I WILL tell you all, the next Opportunity; for I am watched very narrowly; and he says to Mrs. *Jervis*, This Girl is always scribbling; I think she may be better employed. And yet I work all Hours with my Needle, upon his Linen, and the fine Linen of the Family; and am, besides, about flowering him a Waistcoat. —But, Oh! my Heart's broken almost; for what am I likely to have for my Reward, but Shame and Disgrace, or else ill Words, and hard Treatment! I'll tell you all soon, and hope I shall find my long Letter.

Your most afflicted Daughter.

May be

May-be I *he* and *him* him too much: But it is his own Fault, if I do. For why did he lose all his Dignity with me?

L E T T E R X I .

Dear Mother,

WELL, I can't find my Letter, and so I'll try to recollect it all, and be as brief as I can. All went well enough, in the main, for some time after my last Letter but one. At last, I saw some Reason to *suspect*; for he would look upon me, whenever he saw me, in such a manner, as shew'd not well; and one Day he came to me, as I was in the Summer-house in the little Garden, at work with my Needle, and Mrs. *Jervis* was just gone from me; and I would have gone out; but he said, No, don't go, *Pamela*; I have something to say to you; and you always fly me, when I come near you, as if you were afraid of me.

I WAS much out of Countenance, you may well think; but said, at last, It does not become your poor Servant to stay in your Presence, Sir, without your Business required it; and I hope I shall always know my Place.

WELL, says he, my Business does require it sometimes, and I have a Mind you should stay to hear what I have to say to you.

I STOOD still confounded, and began to tremble, and the more when he took me by the Hand; for now no Soul was near us.

My Sister *Davers*, said he, (and seem'd, I thought, to be as much at a Loss for Words as I) would have had you live with *her*; but she would not do for you what I am resolv'd to do, if you continue faithful and obliging. What say'st thou, my Girl? said he, with some Eagerness; hadst thou not rather stay with me, than go to my Sister *Davers*? He look'd so, as fill'd me with Affrightment: I don't know how; wildly, I thought.

I SAID, when I could speak, Your Honour will forgive me; but as you have no Lady for me to wait upon, and my good Lady has been now dead this Twelvemonth, I had rather, if it would not displease you, wait upon Lady *Davers*, *because*----

I WAS proceeding, and he said a little hastily — *Because* you are a little Fool, and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you, I will make a Gentlewoman of you, if you be obliging, and don't stand in your own Light. And so saying, he put his Arm about me, and kiss'd me.

Now, you will say, all his Wickedness appear'd plainly. I struggled, and trembled, and was so benumb'd with Terror, that I sunk down, not in a Fit, and yet not myself; and I found myself in his Arms, quite void of Strength; and he kissed me two or three times, with frightful Eagerness.---At last I burst from him, and was getting out of the Summer-house; but he held me back, and shut the Door.

I WOULD

I WOULD have given my Life for a Farthing. And he said, I'll do you no Harm, *Pamela*; don't be afraid of me. I said, I won't stay. You won't, Huffy! said he: Do you know whom you speak to? I lost all Fear, and all Respect, and said, Yes, I do, Sir, too well! — Well may I forget, that I am your Servant, when you forget what belongs to a Master.

I SOB'D and cry'd most sadly. What a foolish Huffy you are! said he: Have I done you any Harm? — Yes, Sir, said I, the greatest Harm in the World: You have taught me to forget myself, and what belongs to me; and have lessen'd the Distance that Fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself, to be so free to a poor Servant. Yet, Sir, I will be bold to say, I am honest, tho' poor. And if you was a Prince, I would not be otherwise.

HE was angry, and said, Who would have you otherwise, you foolish Slut! Cease your Blubbering. I own I have demean'd myself; but it was only to try you: If you can keep this Matter secret, you'll give me the better Opinion of your Prudence; and here's something, said he, putting some Gold in my Hand, to make you Amends for the Fright I put you in. Go, take a Walk in the Garden, and don't go in till your Blubbering is over: And I charge you say nothing of what has past, and all shall be well, and I'll forgive you.

I WON'T take the Money indeed, Sir, said I; poor as I am: I won't take it. For, to say Truth, I thought it look'd like taking Earnest;

and so I put it upon the Bench; and as he seemed vex'd and confus'd at what he had done, I took the Opportunity to open the Door, and went out of the Summer-house.

HE called to me, and said, Be secret, I charge you, *Pamela*; and don't go in yet, as I told you.

O HOW poor and mean must those Actions be, and how little must they make the best of Gentlemen look, when they offer such things as are unworthy of themselves; and put it into the Power of their Inferiors to be greater than they!

I TOOK a Turn or Two in the Garden, but in Sight of the House, for fear of the worst; and breathed upon my Hand to dry my Eyes, because I would not be too disobedient. My next shall tell you more.

PRAY for me, my dear Father and Mother; and don't be angry, that I have not yet run away from this House, so late my Comfort and Delight, but now my Terror and Anguish. I am forc'd to break off hastily,

Your dutiful and honest Daughter.

LETTER XII.

Dear Mother,

WELL, I will now proceed with my sad Story.

AND so, after I had dry'd my Eyes, I went in, and began to ruminate with myself what I had best to do. Sometimes I thought I would leave the House, and go to the next Town, and wait an Opportunity to get to you; but then I was at a Loss to resolve whether to take away the Things he had given me or no, and *how* to take them away: Sometimes I thought to leave them behind me, and only go with the Cloaths on my Back; but then I had two Miles and a half, and a Bye-way to the Town; and being pretty well dress'd, I might come to some Harm, almost as bad as what I would run away from; and then, may-be, thought I, it will be reported, I have stolen something, and so was forc'd to run away; and to carry a bad Name back with me to my dear Parents, would be a sad thing indeed! — O how I wish'd for my grey Ruffet again, and my poor honest Dress, with which you fitted me out, (and hard enough too it was for you to do it!) for going to this Place, when I was not Twelve Years old, in my good Lady's Days! Sometimes I thought of telling Mrs. *Fervis*, and taking her Advice, and only fear'd his Command to be secret; for, thought I, he may be ashamed of his Actions, and never attempt the like again: And as poor Mrs. *Fervis* depended upon him, thro' Misfortunes that had attended her, I thought it would be a sad thing to bring his Displeasure upon her for my sake.

IN this Quandary, now considering, now crying, and not knowing what to do, I pass'd
the

the Time in my Chamber till Evening; when desiring to be excus'd going to Supper, Mrs. *Jervis* came up to me, and said, Why must I sup without you, *Pamela*? Come, I see you are troubled at something; tell me what is the Matter.

I BEGG'D I might be permitted to lie with her on Nights; for I was afraid of Spirits, and they would not hurt such a good Person as she. That was a silly Excuse, she said; for why was you not afraid of Spirits before? ---- (Indeed I did not think of that) But you shall be my Bed-fellow with all my Heart, added she, let your Reason be what it will; only come down to Supper. I begg'd to be excus'd; for, said I, I have been crying so, that it will be taken Notice of by my Fellow-servants; and I will hide nothing from you, Mrs. *Jervis*, when we are alone.

SHE was so good to indulge me; but made haste to come up to-bed; and told the Servants, that I should lie with her, because she could not rest well, and would get me to read her to sleep; for she knew I lov'd Reading, she said.

WHEN we were alone, I told her all that had pass'd; for I thought, though he had bid me not, yet if he should come to know I had told, it would be no worse; for to keep a Secret of such a Nature, would be, as I apprehended, to deprive myself of the good Advice which I never wanted more; and might encourage him to think I did not resent it as I ought,

ought, and would keep worse Secrets, and so make him do worse by me. Was I right, my dear Mother?

Mrs. *Jervis* could not help mingling Tears with my Tears; for I cry'd all the Time I was telling her the Story, and begg'd her to advise me what to do; and I shew'd her my dear Father's two Letters, and she prais'd the Honesty and Inditing of them, and said pleasing Things to me of you both. But she begg'd I would not think of leaving my Service; For, says she, in all Likelihood, you behaved so virtuously, that he will be asham'd of what he has done, and never offer the like to you again: Though, my dear *Pamela*, said she, I fear more for your Prettiness than for any thing else; because the best Man in the Land might love you; so she was pleased to say. She wish'd it was in her Power to live independent; then she would take a little private House, and I should live with her like her Daughter.

AND so, as you order'd me to take her Advice, I resolv'd to tarry to see how things went, except he was to turn me away; altho', in your first Letter, you order'd me to come away the Moment I had any Reason to be apprehensive. So, dear Father and Mother, it is not Disobedience, I hope, that I stay; for I could not expect a Blessing, or the good Fruits of your Prayers for me, if I was disobedient.

ALL the next Day I was very sad, and began my long Letter. He saw me writing, and said (as I mention'd) to Mrs. *Jervis*, That Girl is
always

always scribbling; methinks she might find something else to do; or to that purpose. And when I had finish'd my Letter, I put it under the Toilet, in my late Lady's Dressing-room, whither nobody comes but myself and Mrs. *Fervis*, besides my Master; but when I came up again to seal it, to my great Concern, it was gone; and Mrs. *Fervis* knew nothing of it; and nobody knew of my Master's having been near the Place in the Time; so I have been sadly troubled about it: But Mrs. *Fervis*, as well as I, thinks he has it, some how or other; and he appears cross and angry, and seems to shun me, as much as he said I did him. It had better be so than worse!

BUT he has order'd Mrs. *Fervis* to bid me not pass so much Time in writing; which is a poor Matter for such a Gentleman as he to take Notice of, as I am not idle other-ways, if he did not resent what he thought I wrote upon. And this has no very good Look.

BUT I am a good deal easier since I lie with Mrs. *Fervis*; tho' after all, the Fears I live in on one Side, and his Frowning and Displeasure at what I do on the other, make me more miserable than enough.

O THAT I had never left my little Bed in the Loft, to be thus exposed to Temptations on one hand, or Disgusts on the other! How happy was I a while ago! How contrary now! — Pity and pray for

Your afflicted PAMELA.

LET-

L E T T E R XIII.

My dearest Child,

O U R Hearts bleed for your Distress, and the Temptations you are expos'd to. You have our hourly Prayers; and we would have you flee this evil Great House and Man, if you find he renews his Attempts. You ought to have done it at first, had you not had Mrs. *Jervis* to advise with. We can find no Fault in your Conduct hitherto: But it makes our Hearts ache for fear of the worst. O my Child! Temptations are sore things; but yet, without them, we know not ourselves, nor what we are able to do.

Y O U R Danger is very great; for you have Riches, Youth, and a fine Gentleman, as the World reckons him, to withstand; but how great will be your Honour to withstand them! And when we consider your past Conduct, and your virtuous Education, and that you have been bred to be more asham'd of Dishonesty than Poverty, we trust in God, that He will enable you to overcome. Yet, as we can't see but your Life must be a Burden to you, through the great Apprehensions always upon you; and that it may be presumptuous to trust too much to your own Strength; and that you are but very young; and the Devil may put it into his Head to use some Stratagem, of which great Men are full, to decoy you; I think you had better come home to share our Poverty with
Safety,

Safety, than live with so much Discontent in a Plenty, that itself may be dangerous. God direct you for the best! While you have Mrs. *Fervis* for an Adviser, and Bed-fellow, (and, O my dear Child, that was prudently done of you!) we are easier than we should be; and so committing you to the Divine Protection, remain

Your truly loving,

but careful, Father and Mother.

LETTER XIV.

Dear Father and Mother,

MR S. *Fervis* and I have liv'd very comfortably together for this Fortnight past; for my Master was all that time at his *Lincolnshire* Estate, and at his Sister's the Lady *Davers*. But he came home Yesterday. He had some Talk with Mrs. *Fervis* soon after, and mostly about me. He said to her, it seems, Well, Mrs. *Fervis*, I know *Pamela* has your good Word; but do you think her of any Use in the Family? She told me, she was surpris'd at the Question; but said, That I was one of the most virtuous and industrious Creatures that ever she knew. Why that Word *virtuous*, said he, I pray you? Was there any Reason to suppose her otherwise? Or has any body taken it into their Heads to try her? — I wonder, Sir, says she, you ask
such

such a Question! Who dare offer any thing to her in such an orderly and well-govern'd House as yours, and under a Master of so good a Character for Virtue and Honour? Your Servant, Mrs. *Jervis*, says he, for your good Opinion; but pray, if any body *did*, do you think *Pamela* would let *you* know it? Why, Sir, said she, she is a poor innocent young Creature, and I believe has so much Confidence in me, that she would take my Advice as soon as she would her Mother's. *Innocent!* again; and *virtuous*, I warrant! Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, you abound with your Epithets! but I take her to be an artful young Baggage; and had I a young handsome Butler or Steward, she'd soon make her Market of one of them, if she thought it worth while to snap at him for a Husband. Alack-a-day, Sir, said she, 'tis early Days with *Pamela*; and she does not yet think of a Husband, I dare say: And your Steward and Butler are both Men in Years, and think nothing of the Matter. No, said he, if they were younger, they'd have more Wit than to think of such a Girl. I'll tell you my Mind of her, Mrs. *Jervis*: I don't think this same Favourite of yours so very artless a Girl, as you imagine. I am not to dispute with your Honour, said Mrs. *Jervis*; but I dare say, if the Men will let her alone, she'll never trouble herself about them. Why, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, are there any Men that will *not* let her alone, that you know of? No, indeed, Sir, said she; she keeps herself so much to herself, and yet behaves so prudently,

prudently, that they all esteem her, and shew her as great Respect, as if she was a Gentlewoman born.

A Y, says he, that's her Art, that I was speaking of: But let me tell you, the Girl has Vanity, and Conceit, and Pride too, or I am mistaken; and, perhaps, I could give you an Instance of it. Sir, said she, you can see further than such a poor silly Woman as I am; but I never saw any thing but Innocence in her.--- And *Virtue* too, I'll warrant ye! said he. But suppose I could give you an Instance, where she has talk'd a little too freely of the Kindnesses that have been shew'd her from a *certain Quarter*; and has had the Vanity to impute a few kind Words, utter'd in mere Compassion to her Youth and Circumstances, into a Design upon her, and even dar'd to make free with Names that she ought never to mention but with Reverence and Gratitude; what would you say to that?— Say, Sir! said she, I cannot tell what to say. But I hope *Pamela* incapable of such Ingratitude.

WELL, no more of this silly Girl, says he; you may only advise her, as you are her Friend, not to give herself too much Licence upon the Favours she meets with; and if she stays here, that she will not write the Affairs of my Family purely for an Exercise to her Pen and her Invention. I tell you, she is a subtle, artful Gypsey, and Time will shew it you.

WAS ever the like heard, my dear Father and Mother? It is plain he did not expect to meet with such a Repulse, and mistrusts that
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I have told Mrs. *Fervis*, and has my long Letter too, that I intended for you; and so is vex'd to the Heart. But I can't help it. I had better be thought artful and subtle, than be so, in *his* Sense; and as light as he makes of the Words *Virtue* and *Innocence* in me, he would have made a less angry Construction, had I less deserved that he should do so; for then, may-be, my *Crime* would have been my *Virtue* with him; naughty Gentleman as he is! —

I WILL soon write again; but must now end with saying, That I am, and shall always be,

Your honest Daughter.

LETTER XV.

Dear Mother,

I BROKE off abruptly my last Letter; for I fear'd he was coming; and so it happen'd. I put the Letter into my Bosom, and took up my Work, which lay by me; but I had so little of the *Artful*, as he call'd it, that I look'd as confus'd, as if I had been doing some great Harm.

SIR still, *Pamela*, said he, and mind your Work, for all me. — You don't tell me I am welcome home after my Journey to *Lincolnshire*. It would be hard, Sir, said I, if you was not always welcome to your Honour's own House.

VOL. I.

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I WOULD have gone; but he said, Don't run away, I tell you. I have a Word or two to say to you. Good Sirs, how my Heart went pit-a-pat! When I was a *little kind* to you, said he, in the Summer-house; and you carry'd yourself so *foolishly* upon it, as if I had intended to do you great Harm, did I not tell you, you should take no Notice of what pass'd, to any Creature? And yet you have made a common Talk of the Matter, not considering either my Reputation, or your own. — I made a common Talk of it, Sir! said I: I have nobody to talk to, hardly.

HE interrupted me, and said, *Hardly!* you little Equivocator! what do you mean by *hardly*? Let me ask you, Have you not told Mrs. *Jervis* for one? Pray your Honour, said I, all in Agitation, let me go down; for 'tis not for *me* to hold an Argument with your Honour. Equivocator, again! said he, and took my Hand, what do you talk of an *Argument*? Is it holding an Argument with me, to answer a plain Question? Answer me what I ask'd. O good Sir, said I, let me beg you will not urge me further, for fear I forget myself again, and be *saucy*.

ANSWER me then, I bid you, says he, Have you not told Mrs. *Jervis*? It will be *saucy* in you, if you don't answer me directly to what I ask. Sir, said I, and fain would have pull'd my Hand away, perhaps I should be for answering you by another Question, and that would

not

not become me. What is it you would say? replies he; speak out.

THEN, Sir, said I, why should your Honour be so angry I should tell Mrs. *Fervis*, or any body else, what pass'd, if you intended no Harm?

WELL said, pretty *Innocent* and *Artless*! as Mrs. *Fervis* calls you, said he; and is it thus you taunt and retort upon me, insolent as you are! But still I will be answered directly to my Question. Why then, Sir, said I, I will not tell a *Lyc* for the World: I *did* tell Mrs. *Fervis*; for my Heart was almost broken; but I open'd not my Mouth to any other. Very well, Bold-face, said he, and Equivocator again! You did not open your *Mouth* to any other; but did you not *write* to some other? Why now, and please your Honour, said I, (for I was quite courageous just then) you could not have ask'd me this Question, if you had not taken from me my Letter to my Father and Mother, in which I own I had broken my Mind freely to them, and ask'd their Advice, and poured forth my Griefs!

AND so I am to be exposed, am I, said he, *in* my own House, and *out* of my House, to the whole World, by such a Saucebox as you? No, good Sir, said I, and I hope your Honour won't be angry with me; it is not *I* that expose you, if I say nothing but the Truth. So, taunting again! Assurance as you are! said he: I will not be thus talk'd to!

PRAY, Sir, said I, of whom can a poor Girl take Advice, if it must not be of her Father and Mother, and such a good Woman as

Mrs. *Jervis*, who, for her Sex-sake, should give it me when asked? Insolence! said he, and stamp'd with his Foot, Am I to be question'd thus by such an one as you? I fell down on my Knees, and said, For Heaven's sake, your Honour, pity a poor Creature, that knows nothing of her Duty, but how to cherish her Virtue and good Name: I have nothing else to trust to; and tho' poor and friendless here, yet I have always been taught to value Honesty above my Life. Here's ado with your Honesty, said he, foolish Girl! Is it not one Part of Honesty, to be dutiful and grateful to your Master, do you think? Indeed, Sir, said I, it is impossible I should be ungrateful to your Honour, or disobedient, or deserve the Names of Bold face and Insolent, which you call me, but when your Commands are contrary to that first Duty, which shall ever be the Principle of my Life!

He seem'd to be mov'd, and rose up, and walk'd into the great Chamber two or three Turns, leaving me on my Knees; and I threw my Apron over my Face, and laid my Head on a Chair, and cry'd as if my Heart would break, having no Power to stir.

At last he came in again, but, alas! with Mischief in his Heart! and raising me up, he said, Rise, *Pamela*, rise; you are your own Enemy. Your perverse Folly will be your Ruin: I tell you this, that I am very much displeased with the Freedoms you have taken with my Name to my House-keeper, as also to your Father and

and Mother; and you may as well have *real* Cause to take these Freedoms with me, as to make my Name suffer for *imaginary* ones. And saying so, he offer'd to take me on his Knee, with some Force. O how I was terrify'd! I said, like as I had read in a Book a Night or two before, Angels and Saints, and all the Host of Heaven, defend me! And may I never survive one Moment, that fatal one in which I shall forfeit my Innocence! Pretty Fool! said he, how will you forfeit your Innocence, if you are obliged to yield to a Force you cannot withstand? Be easy, said he; for let the worst happen that can, *you'll* have the Merit, and *I* the Blame; and it will be a good Subject for Letters to your Father and Mother, and a Tale into the Bargain for Mrs. *Jervis*.

HE by Force kissed my Neck and Lips, and said, Who ever blamed *Lucretia*? All the Shame lay on the Ravisher only: And I am content to take all the Blame upon me; as I have already borne too great a Share for what I have deserved. May I, said I, *Lucretia* like, justify myself with my Death, if I am us'd barbarously? O my good Girl! said he, tauntingly, you are well read, I see; and we shall make out between us, before we have done, a pretty Story in Romance, I warrant ye.

HE then put his Hand in my Bosom, and Indignation gave me double Strength, and I got loose from him by a sudden Spring, and ran out of the Room; and the next Chamber being open, I made shift to get into it, and

threw-to the Door, and it locked after me; but he followed me so close, he got hold of my Gown, and tore a Piece off, which hung without the Door; for the Key was on the Inside.

I JUST remember I got into the Room; for I knew nothing further of the Matter till afterwards, because I fell into a Fit with my Terror; and there I lay, till he, as I suppose, looking through the Key-hole, 'spy'd me upon the Floor, stretch'd out at Length, on my Face; and then he call'd Mrs. *Jervis* to me, who, by his Assistance, bursting open the Door, he went away, seeing me coming to myself; and bid her say nothing of the Matter, if she was wife.

POOR Mrs. *Jervis* thought it was worse, and cry'd over me like as if she was my Mother; and I was two Hours before I came to myself; and just as I got a little up on my Feet, he coming in, I fainted away again with the Terror; and so he withdrew: But he staid in the next Room, to let nobody come near us, that his foul Proceedings might not be known.

MRS. *Jervis* gave me her Smelling-bottle, and had cut my Laces, and sat me in a great Chair, and he call'd her to him: How is the Girl? said he: I never saw such a Fool in my Life. I did nothing at all to her. Mrs. *Jervis* could not speak for crying. So he said, She has told you, it seems, that I was kind to her in the Summer-house, altho' I'll assure you, I was quite-innocent then as well as now, and

and I desire you to keep this Matter to yourself, and let *me* not be nam'd in it.

O, SIR, said she, for your Honour's sake, and for Christ's sake — But he would not hear her, and said — For *your own* sake, I tell you, Mrs. *Jervis*, say not a Word more. I have done her no Harm. And I won't have her stay in my House; prating, perverse Fool, as she is! But since she is so apt to fall into Fits, or at least pretend to do so, prepare her to see me To-morrow after Dinner, in my Mother's Closet, and do you be with her, and you shall hear what passes between us.

AND so he went out in a Pet, and order'd his Chariot and Four to be got ready, and went a visiting somewhere.

MRS. *Jervis* then came to me, and I told her all that had happened, and said I was resolv'd not to stay in the House: And she replying, He seem'd to threaten as much; I said, I am glad of that; then I shall be easy. So she told me all he had said to her, as above.

MRS. *Jervis* is very loth I should go; and yet, poor Woman! she begins to be afraid for herself; but would not have me ruin'd for the World. She says, To be sure he means no Good; but may-be, now he sees me so resolute, he will give over all Attempts: And that I shall better know what to do after To-morrow, when I am to appear before a very bad Judge, I doubt.

O HOW I dread this To-morrow's Appearance! But be as assured, my dear Parents, of

the Honesty of your poor Child, as I am of your
Prayers for

Your dutiful Daughter.

O this frightful To-morrow! how I dread it!

LETTER XVI.

My dear Parents,

I KNOW you longed to hear from me soon;
and I send to you as soon as I could.

WELL, you may believe how uneasily I
passed the Time, till his appointed Hour came.
Every Minute, as it grew nearer, my Terrors
increased; and sometimes I had great Courage,
and sometimes none at all; and I thought I
should faint, when it came to the Time my
Master had dined. I could neither eat nor
drink, for my part; and, do what I could, my
Eyes were swell'd with crying.

At last he went up to the Closet, which
was my good Lady's Dressing-room; a Room I
once lov'd, but then as much hated.

DON'T your Heart ache for me?---I am sure
mine flutter'd about like a new-caught Bird in
a Cage. O *Pamela*, said I to myself, why
art thou so foolish and fearful! Thou hast
done no Harm! What, if thou fearest an un-
just Judge, when thou art innocent, wouldst
thou do before a just one, if thou wert guilty?
Have Courage, *Pamela*, thou knowest the
worst!

worst! And how easy a Choice Poverty and Honesty is, rather than Plenty and Wickedness!

So I chear'd myself; but yet my poor Heart sunk, and my Spirits were quite broken. Every thing that stirred, I thought was to call me to my Account. I dreaded it, and yet I wish'd it to come.

WELL, at last he rung the Bell; O, thought I, that it was my Passing-bell! Mrs. *Jervis* went up, with a full Heart enough, poor good Woman! He said, Where's *Pamela*? Let her come up, and do you come with her. She came to me; I was ready to go with my Feet, but my Heart was with my dear Father and Mother, wishing to share your Poverty and Happiness. I went up, however.

O HOW can wicked Men seem so steady and untouch'd, with such black Hearts, while poor Innocents stand like Malefactors before them!

HE look'd so stern, that my Heart fail'd me, and I wish'd myself any-where but there, tho' I had before been summoning up all my Courage. Good Heaven, said I to myself, give me Courage to stand before this naughty Master! O soften him, or harden me!

COME in, Fool, said he, angrily, as soon as he saw me (and snatch'd my Hand with a Pull); you may well be ashamed to see me, after your Noise and Nonsense, and exposing me as you have done. I ashamed to see *you*! thought I: Very pretty indeed! — But I said nothing.

MRS.

Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, here you are both together: Do you sit down; but let her stand, if she will (Ay, thought I, if I *can*; for my Knees beat one against the other). Did you not think, when you saw the Girl in the Way you found her in, that I had given her the greatest Occasion for Complaint, that could possibly be given to a Woman; and that I had actually ruined her, as she calls it? Tell me, *could* you think any thing less? Indeed, said she, I fear'd so at first. Has she told you what I did to her, and *all* I did to her, to occasion all this Folly, by which my Reputation might have suffer'd in your Opinion, and in that of all the Family?—Inform me, what has she told you?

SHE was a little too much frightened, as she own'd afterwards, at his Sternness; and said, Indeed she told me you *only* pull'd her on your Knee, and kiss'd her.

THEN I pluck'd up my Spirit a little: *Only!* Mrs. *Jervis*, said I; and was not that enough to shew me what I had to fear? When a Master of his Honour's Degree demeans himself to be so free as *that* to such a poor Servant as me, what is the next to be expected?—But your Honour went further; and threaten'd me what you would do, and talked of *Lucretia*, and her hard Fate.—Your Honour knows you went too far for a Master to a Servant, or even to his Equal; and I cannot bear it. So I fell a crying most sadly.

MRS.

MRS. *Jervis* began to excuse me, and to beg he would pity a poor Maiden, that had such a Value for her Reputation. He said, I speak it to her Face, I think her very pretty, and I thought her humble, and one that would not grow upon my Favours, or the Notice I took of her; but I abhor the Thought of forcing her to any thing. I know myself better, said he, and what belongs to me: And, to be sure, I have enough demean'd myself, to take Notice of such an one as she; but I was bewitch'd by her, I think, to be freer than became me; tho' I had no Intention to carry the Jest farther.

WHAT poor Stuff was all this, my dear Mother, from a Man of his Sense! But see how a bad Cause, and bad Actions, confound the greatest Wits!---- It gave me a little more Courage then; for Innocence, I find, in a low Fortune, and weak Mind, has many Advantages over Guilt, with all its Riches and Wisdom.

So I said, Your Honour may call this Jest or Sport, or what you please; but indeed, Sir, it is not a Jest that becomes the Distance between a Master and a Servant. Do you hear, Mrs. *Jervis*? said he, Do you hear the Pertness of the Creature? I had a good deal of this Sort before in the Summer-house, and Yesterday too, which made me rougher with her than perhaps I had otherwise been.

SAYS Mrs. *Jervis*, *Pamela*, don't be pert to his Honour: You should know your Distance;

stance; you see his Honour was only in Jest. --- O dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, don't *you* blame me too. It is very difficult to keep one's Distance to the greatest of Men, when they won't keep it themselves to their meanest Servants.

SEE again! said he; could you believe this of the young Baggage, if you had not heard it? Good your Honour, said the well-meaning Gentlewoman, pity and forgive the poor Girl: She is but a Girl, and her Virtue is very dear to her; and I will pawn my Life for her, she will never be pert to your Honour, if you'll be so good as not to molest her any more, nor frighten her again. You saw, Sir, by her Fit, she was in Terror; she could not help it; and tho' your Honour intended her no Harm, yet the Apprehension was almost Death to her; and I had much ado to bring her to herself again. O the little Hypocrite! said he; she has all the Arts of her Sex; they were *born* with her; and I told you a-while ago, you did not know her. But this was not the Reason principally of my calling you before me together: I find I am likely to suffer in my Reputation by the Perverseness and Folly of this Girl. She has told you all, and perhaps more than all; nay, I make no doubt of it; and she has written Letters (for I find she is a mighty Letter-writer!) to her Father and Mother, and *others*, as far as I know; in which, representing herself as an Angel of Light, she makes her kind Master and Benefactor, a Devil incarnate. --- (O how People will

will sometimes, thought I, call themselves by their right Names !----) And all this, added he, I won't bear; and so I am resolved she shall return to the Distresses and Poverty she was taken from; and let her be careful how she uses my Name with Freedom, when she is gone from me.

I was brighten'd up at once with these welcome Words: And I threw myself upon my Knees at his Feet, with a most sincere, glad Heart; and I said, May your Honour be forever blessed for your Resolution! Now I shall be happy. And permit me, on my bended Knees, to thank you for all the Benefits and Favours you have heap'd upon me; for the Opportunities I have had of Improvement and Learning, thro' my good Lady's Means, and yours. I will now forget all your Honour has offer'd to me: And I promise you, that I will never let your Name pass my Lips, but with Reverence and Gratitude: And so God Almighty bless your Honour, for ever and ever, *Amen!*

THEN rising from my Knees, I went away with another-guise sort of Heart than I came into his Presence with: And so I fell to writing this Letter. And thus all is happily over.

AND now, my dearest Father and Mother, expect to see soon your poor Daughter, with an humble and dutiful Mind returned to you: And don't fear, but I know how to be as happy with you as ever: For I will lie in the Loft, as I used to do; and pray let my little Bed be

got ready; and I have a small matter of Money, which will buy me a Suit of Cloaths, fitter for my Condition than what I have; and I will get Mrs. *Mumford* to help me to some Needle-work; and fear not, that I shall be a Burden to you, if my Health continues. I know I shall be blessed, if not for my own sake, for both *your* sakes, who have, in all your Trials and Misfortunes, preserved so much Integrity, as makes every body speak well of you both. But I hope he will let good Mrs. *Jervis* give me a Character, for fear it should be thought I was turn'd away for Dishonesty.

AND so, my dear Parents, may you be blest for me, and I for you! And I will always pray for my Master and Mrs. *Jervis*. So Good-night; for it is late, and I shall be soon call'd to bed.

I HOPE Mrs. *Jervis* is not angry with me. She has not call'd me to Supper; tho' I could eat nothing, if she had. But I make no Doubt I shall sleep purely To-night, and dream that I am with you, in my dear, dear, happy Loft once more.

So good Night again, my dear Father and Mother, says

Your honest poor Daughter.

May-hap I shan't come this Week, because I must get up the Linen, and leave in Order every thing belonging to my Place. So send me a Line, if you can, to let me know if I shall be welcome, by *John*, who'll

who'll call for it as he returns. But say nothing of my coming away to him, as yet; for it will be said, I blab every thing.

LETTER XVII.

My dearest Daughter,

WELCOME, welcome, ten times welcome, shall you be to us; for you come to us innocent, and happy, and honest; and you are the Staff of our old Age, and our Comfort. And tho' we cannot do for you as we would, yet fear not we shall live happily together; and what with my diligent Labour, and your poor Mother's Spinning, and your Needle-work, I make no Doubt we shall do better and better. Only your poor Mother's Eyes begin to fail her; tho' I bless God, I am as strong, and able, and willing to labour as ever; and O my dear Child, your Virtue has made me, I think, stronger and better than I was before. What blessed Things are Trials and Temptations, when we have the Strength to resist and subdue them!

BUT I am uneasy about those same Four Guineas: I think you should give them back again to your Master; and yet I have broken them. Alas! I have only Three left; but I will borrow the Fourth, if I can, Part upon my Wages, and Part of Mrs. *Mumford*, and send the whole Sum back to you, that you may return

turn it against *John* comes next, if he comes again before you.

I WANT to know how you come. I fancy honest *John* will be glad to bear you Company Part of the Way, if your Master is not so cross as to forbid him. And if I know time enough, your Mother will go one Five Miles, and I will go Ten on the Way, or till I meet you, as far as one Holiday will go; for that I can get Leave to make on such an Occasion: And we shall receive you with more Pleasure than we had at your Birth, when all the worst was over; or than we ever had in our Lives.

AND so God bless you, till the happy Time comes! say both your Mother and I; which is all at present, from

Your truly loving Parents.

LETTER XVIII.

Dear Father and Mother,

I THANK you a thousand times for your Goodness to me, express'd in your last Letter. I now long to get my Business done, and come to my new-old Lot again, as I may call it. I have been quite another thing since my Master has turn'd me away; and as I shall come to you an honest Daughter, what Pleasure it is to what I should have had, if I could not have seen you but as a guilty one! Well, my Writing time will soon be over, and so I will
make

make use of it now, and tell you all that has happened since my last Letter.

I WONDER'D Mrs. *Jervis* did not call me to sup with her, and fear'd she was angry; and when I had finish'd my Letter, I long'd for her coming to Bed. At last she came up, but seem'd shy and reserv'd; and I said, My dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I am glad to see you: You are not angry with me, I hope. She said she was sorry Things had gone so far; and that she had a great deal of Talk with my Master, after I was gone; that he seem'd mov'd at what I said, and at my falling on my Knees to him, and my Prayer for him, at my going away. He said, I was a strange Girl; he knew not what to make of me: And is she gone? said he: I intended to say something else to her, but she behav'd so oddly, that I had not Power to stop her. She ask'd, If she should call me again? He said, Yes; and then, No, let her go; it is best for her and me too; and she shall go, now I have given her Warning. Where she had it, I can't tell; but I never met with the Fellow of her in my Life, at any Age. She said, he had order'd her not to tell me all: But she believ'd he never would offer any thing to me again, and I might stay, she fancy'd, if I would beg it as a Favour; tho' she was not *sure* neither.

I STAY! dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I; why 'tis the best News that could have come to me, that he will let me go. I do nothing but long to go back again to my *Poverty* and *Distress*, as he threaten'd I should; for tho' I am sure of

the *Poverty*, I shall not have half the *Distress* I have had for some Months past, I'll assure you.

Mrs. *Jervis*, dear good Soul! wept over me, and said, Well, well, *Pamela*, I did not think I had shew'd so little Love to you, as that you should express so much Joy upon leaving me. I am sure I never had a Child half so dear to me as you are.

I WEPT to hear her so good to me, as indeed she has always been; and said, What would you have me to do, dear Mrs. *Jervis*? I love you next to my own Father and Mother, and to leave you is the chief Concern I have at quitting this Place; but I know it will be certain Ruin if I stay. After such Offers, and such Threatenings, and his comparing himself to a wicked Ravisher, in the very Time of his last Offer; and turning it into a Jest, that we should make a pretty Story in Romance; can I stay, and be safe? Has he not demean'd himself twice? And it behoves me to beware of the third time, for fear he should lay his Snares surer; for may-hap he did not expect a poor Servant would resist her Master so much. And must it not be look'd upon as a sort of Warrant for such Actions, if I stay after this? For I think, when one of our Sex finds she is attempted, it is an Encouragement to the Attempter to proceed, if one puts one's self in the Way of it, when one can help it; 'tis neither more nor less than inviting him to think, that one forgives what, in short, ought *not* to be

be forgiven: Which is no small Countenance to foul Actions, I'll assure you.

SHE hugg'd me to her, and said, *I'll assure you!* Pretty-face, where gottest thou all thy Knowledge, and thy good Notions, at these Years? Thou art a Miracle for thy Age, and I shall always love thee. — But, do you *resolve* to leave us, *Pamela*?

YES, my dear Mrs. *Fervis*, said I; for, as Matters stand, how can I do otherwise? — But I'll finish the Duties of my Place first, if I may; and hope you'll give me a Character, as to my Honesty, that it may not be thought I was turn'd away for any Harm. Ay, that I will, said she; I will give thee such a Character as never Girl at thy Years deserv'd. And, I am sure, said I, I will always love and honour you, as my third best Friend, where-ever I go, or whatever becomes of me.

AND so we went to Bed, and I never wak'd till 'twas time to rise; which I did, as blythe as a Bird, and went about my Business with Pleasure.

BUT I believe my Master is fearfully angry with me; for he pass'd by me two or three times, and would not speak to me; and towards Evening he met me in the Passage going into the Garden, and said such a Word to me as I never heard in my Life from him, to Man, Woman or Child; for he first said, This Creature's always in my Way, I think. I said, standing up as close as I could, (and the Entry was wide enough for a Coach too) I hope I

shan't be long in your Honour's Way. D — n you! said he, (that was the hard Word) for a little Witch; I have no Patience with you.

I PROFESS, I trembled to hear him say so; but I *saw* he was vex'd; and as I am going away, I minded it the less. Well! I see, my dear Parents, that when a Person will do wicked Things, it is no Wonder he will speak wicked Words. May God keep out of the Way of them both,

Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XIX.

Dear Father and Mother,

OUR *John* having no Opportunity to go your Way, I write again, and send both Letters at once. I can't say, yet, when I shall get away, nor how I shall come; because Mrs. *Jervis* shew'd my Master the Waistcoat I am flowering for him, and he said, It looks well enough: I think the Creature had best stay till she has finish'd it.

THERE is some private Talk carry'd on betwixt him and Mrs. *Jervis*, that she don't tell me of; but yet she is very kind to me, and I don't mistrust her at all. I should be very base, if I did. But, to be sure, she must oblige him, and keep all his lawful Commands; and other, I dare say, she won't keep: She is too good, and

and loves *me* too well; but *she* must stay when *I* am gone, and so must get no Ill-will.

SHE has been at me to ask to stay, and humble myself. But what have I done, Mrs. *Jervis*? said I: If I have been a Sauce-box, and a Bold-face, and Pert, and a Creature, as he calls me, have I not had Reason? Do you think I should ever have forgot *myself*, if he had not forgot to act as my *Master*? Tell me, from your own Heart, dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, if you think I could stay and be safe: What would *you* think, or how would *you* act, in *my* Case?

MY dear *Pamela*, said she, and kiss'd me, I don't know how I should act, or what I should think. I hope I should act as *you* do: But I know nobody else that would. My Master is a fine Gentleman; he has a great deal of Wit and Sense, and is admir'd, as I know, by half a dozen Ladies, who would think themselves happy in his Addresses. He has a noble Estate; and yet I believe he loves my good Maiden, tho' his Servant, better than all the Ladies in the Land; and he has try'd to overcome it, because you are so much his Inferior; and 'tis my Opinion he finds he can't; and that vexes his proud Heart, and makes him resolve you shan't stay; and so he speaks so cross to you, when he sees you by Accident.

WELL, but, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, let me ask you, If he can stoop to like such a poor Girl as me, as perhaps he may, (for I have read of Things almost as strange, from great Men to poor Damsels) What can it be *for*? — He may

condescend, may-hap, to think I may be good enough for his Harlot; and those Things don't disgrace Men, that ruin poor Women, as the World goes. And so, if I was wicked enough, he would keep me till I was undone, and till his Mind changed; for even wicked Men, I have read, soon grow weary of Wickedness, and love *Variety*. Well then, poor *Pamela* must be turn'd off, and look'd upon as a vile abandon'd Creature, and every body would despise her; ay, and *justly* too, Mrs. *Fervis*, for she that can't keep her Virtue, ought to live in Disgrace.

BUT, Mrs. *Fervis*, continued I, let me tell you, that, I hope, if I was sure he would always be kind to me, and never turn me off at all, that I shall have so much Grace, as to hate and withstand his Temptations, were he not only my Master, but my King; and that for the *Sin's* sake. This my poor dear Parents have always taught me; and I should be a sad wicked Creature indeed, if, for the sake of Riches or Favour, I should forfeit my good Name; yea, and worse than any other young Body of my Sex; because I can so contentedly return to my Poverty again, and think it less Disgrace to be oblig'd to wear Rags, and live upon Rye-bread and Water, as I used to do, than to be a Harlot to the greatest Man in the World.

MRS. *Fervis* lifted up her Hands, and had her Eyes full of Tears. God bless you, my dear Love! said she; you are my Admiration and Delight.—How shall I do to part with you!

WELL,

WELL, good Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, let me ask you now: — You and he have had some Talk, and you mayn't be suffer'd to tell me all. But, do you think, if I was to ask to stay, that he is sorry for what he has done? ay, and *asham'd* of it too? for I am sure he ought, considering his *high* Degree, and my *low* Degree, and how I have nothing in the World to trust to but my Honesty: Do you think in *your own* Conscience now, (pray answer me truly) that he would never offer any thing to me again, and that I could be safe?

ALAS! my dear Child, said she, don't put thy home Questions to me, with that pretty becoming Earnestness in thy Look. I know this, that he is vex'd at what he has done; he was vex'd the *first* time, more vex'd the *second* time.

YES, said I; and so he will be vex'd, I suppose, the *third* and the *fourth* time too, till he has quite ruin'd your poor Maiden; and who will have Cause to be vex'd then?

NAY, *Pamela*, said she, don't imagine that I would be accessary to your Ruin for the World. I only can say, that he has, yet, done you no Hurt; and 'tis no Wonder he should love you, you are so pretty; tho' so much beneath him: But I dare swear for him, he never will offer you any Force.

YOU say, reply'd I, that he was sorry for his *first* Offer in the Summer-house: Well, and how long did his Sorrow last? — Only till he found me by myself; and then he was worse than before: and so became sorry *again*. And

if he has deign'd to love me, and you say can't *help* it, why, he can't *help* it neither, if he should have an Opportunity, a *third* time to distress me. And I have read, that many a Man has been ashamed of his wicked Attempts, when he has been repuls'd, that would never have been ashamed of them, had he succeeded. Besides, Mrs. *Jervis*, if he really intends to offer no *Force*, What does *that* mean?— While you say he can't *help* liking me, for *Love* it cannot be— Does it not imply, that he hopes to ruin me by my own *Consent*? I *think*, said I, (and I hope I should have Grace to *do* so) that I should not give way to his Temptations on *any* Account; but it would be very presumptuous in me to rely upon my own Strength, against a Gentleman of his Qualifications and Estate, and who is my *Master*; and thinks himself intitled to call me Bold-face, and what not? only for standing on my necessary Defence: And that, too, where the Good of my Soul and Body, and my Duty to God, and my Parents, are all concern'd. How then, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, can I *ask*, or *wish* to stay?

WELL, well, says she, as he seems very desirous you should *not* stay, I hope it is from a good Motive; for fear he should be tempted to disgrace *himself* as well as *you*. No, no, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I; I have thought of that too; for I would be glad to consider him with that Duty that becomes me: But then he would have let me go to Lady *Davers*, and not have hinder'd my *Preferment*. And he would not have said, I should
return

return to my *Poverty* and *Distress*, when by his Mother's Goodness, I had been taken out of it; but that he intended to fright me, and *punish* me, as he thought, for not complying with his Wickedness: and this shews me well enough what I have to expect from his future Goodness, except I will deserve it at his own dear, dear Price.

SHE was silent, and I added, Well, there's no more to be said; I must go, that's certain: All my Concern will be how to part with *you*; and indeed, after you, with *every body*; for all my Fellow-servants have loved me, and you and they will cost me a Sigh and a Tear too, now-and-then, I am sure. And so I fell a-crying: I could not help it. For it is a pleasant Thing to one to be in a House among a great many Fellow-servants, and be belov'd by them all.

NAY, I should have told you before now, how kind and civil Mr. *Longman* our Steward is; vastly courteous, indeed, on all Occasions! And he said once to Mrs. *Jervis*, he wish'd he was a young Man for my sake; I should be his Wife, and he would settle all he had upon me, on Marriage; and, you must know, he is reckon'd worth a Power of Money.

I TAKE no Pride in this; but bless God, and your good Example, my dear Parents, that I have been enabled so to carry myself, as to have every body's good Word: Not but that our Cook one Day, who is a little snappish and cross sometimes, said once to me, Why this *Pamela* of *ours* goes as fine as a Lady. See
what

what it is to have a fine Face! — I wonder what the Girl will come to at last!

SHE was hot with her Work; and I sneak'd away; for I seldom go down into the Kitchen; and I heard the Butler say, Why, *Jane*, nobody has your good Word: What has Mrs. *Pamela* done to you? I am sure *she* offends nobody. And what, said the foolish Wench, have I said to her, *Foolatum*; but that she was pretty? They quarrell'd afterwards, I heard: I was sorry for it, but troubled myself no more about it. Forgive this silly Prattle, from

Your dutiful Daughter.

O! I forgot to say, that I would stay to finish the Waistcoat; I never did a prettier Piece of Work; and I am up early and late to get it over; for I long to come to you.

LETTER XX.

Dear Father and Mother,

I DID not send my last Letters so soon as I hop'd, because *John* (whether my Master mistrusts or no, I can't say) had been sent to Lady *Davers's*, instead of *Isaac*, who us'd to go; and I could not be so free with, nor so well trust *Isaac*; tho' he is very civil to me too. So I was forc'd to stay till *John* return'd.

As

As I may not have Opportunity to send again soon, and yet as I know you keep my Letters, and read them over and over, (so *John* told me) when you have done Work, (so much does your Kindness make you love all that comes from your poor Daughter) and as it may be some little Pleasure to me, may-hap, to read them myself, when I am come to you, to remind me what I have gone thro', and how great God's Goodness has been to me (which, I hope, will further strengthen my good Resolutions, that I may not hereafter, from my bad Conduct, have Reason to condemn myself from my own Hand, as it were): For all these Reasons, I say, I will write as I have Time, and as Matters happen, and send the Scribble to you as I have Opportunity; and if I don't every time, in Form, subscribe as I ought, I am sure you will always believe, that it is not for want of Duty. So I will begin where I left off, about the Talk between Mrs. *Jervis* and me, for me to ask to stay.

UNKNOWN to Mrs. *Jervis*, I put a Project, as I may call it, in Practice. I thought with myself some Days ago, Here I shall go home to my poor Father and Mother, and have nothing on my Back, that will be fit for my Condition; for how should your poor Daughter look with a Silk Night-gown, Silken Petticoats, Cambrick Head-cloaths, fine Holland Linen, lac'd Shoes, that were my Lady's, and fine Stockens! And how in a little while must these have look'd, like old Cast-offs indeed,
and

and I look'd so for wearing them! And People would have said, (for poor Folks are envious, as well as rich) See there Goody *Andrew's* Daughter, turn'd home from her fine Place! What a tawdry Figure she makes! And how well that Garb becomes her poor Parents Circumstances! — And how would they look upon me, thought I to myself, when they should come to be thread-bare and worn out? And how should I look, even if I could purchase home-spun Cloaths, to dwindle into them one by one, as I got them? — May-be, an old Silk Gown, and a Linsley-woolsey Petticoat, and the like. So, thought I, I had better get myself at once 'quipp'd in the Dress that will become my Condition; and tho' it may look poor to what I have been us'd to wear of late Days, yet it will serve me, when I am with you, for a good Holiday and *Sunday* Suit, and what, by a Blessing on my Industry, I may, perhaps, make shift to keep up to.

So, as I was saying, unknown to any body, I bought of Farmer *Nichols's* Wife and Daughters, a good sad-colour'd Stuff, of their own Spinning, enough to make me a Gown, and two Petticoats; and I made Robings and Faceings of a pretty Bit of printed Calico, I had by me.

I HAD a pretty good Camblet quilted Coat, that I thought might do tolerably well; and I bought two Flanel Under-coats; not so good as my Swan-skin and fine Linen ones, but what will keep me warm, if any Neighbour should
get

get me to go out to help 'em to milk, now-and-then, as sometimes I used to do formerly; for I am resolved to do all your Neighbours what Kindness I can; and hope to make myself as much belov'd about you, as I am here.

I GOT some pretty good *Scots* Cloth, and made me, at Mornings and Nights, when nobody saw me, Two Shifts; and I have enough left for Two Shirts, and Two Shifts, for you, my dear Father and Mother. When I come home, I'll make 'em for you, and desire your Acceptance.

THEN I bought of a Pedlar, two pretty enough round-ear'd Caps, a little Straw-hat, and a Pair of knit Mittens, turn'd up with white Calico; and two Pair of ordinary blue Worsted Hose, that make a smartish Appearance, with white Clocks, I'll assure you! and Two Yards of black Ribband for my Shift Sleeves, and to serve as a Necklace; and when I had 'em all come home, I went and look'd upon them once in Two Hours, for Two Days together: For, you must know, tho' I lie with Mrs. *Jervis*, I keep my own little Apartment still for my Cloaths; and nobody goes thither but myself. You'll say, I was no bad Housewife to have sav'd so much Money; but my dear good Lady was always giving me something.

I BELIEV'D myself the more oblig'd to do this, because, as I was turn'd away for what my good Master thought Want of Duty; and as he expected other Returns for his Presents, than I intended to make him, so I thought it was but
just

just to leave his Presents behind me, when I went away; for, you know, if I would not *earn* his Wages, why should I *have* them?

DON'T trouble yourself about the Four Guineas, nor borrow to make them up; for they were given me, with some Silver, as I told you, as a Perquisite, being what my Lady had about her when she dy'd; and, as I hope for no Wages, I am so vain as to think I have deserv'd all that Money in the fourteen Months, since my Lady's Death: For she, good Soul! overpaid me before, in Learning and other Kindnesses. — Had *she* liv'd, none of these Things might have happen'd! — But I ought to be thankful 'tis no worse. Every thing will turn out for the best; that's my Confidence.

So, as I was saying, I have provided a new and more suitable Dress, and I long to appear in it, more than ever I did in any new Cloaths in my Life; for then I shall be soon after with you, and at Ease in my Mind. — But, mum! — Here he comes, I believe. — I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

My dear Father and Mother,

I WAS forc'd to break off; for I fear'd my Master was coming; but it prov'd to be only Mrs. *Jervis*. She said, I can't endure you should be so much by yourself, *Pamela*. And

I, said I, dread nothing so much as Company; for my Heart was up at my Mouth now, for fear my Master was coming. But I always rejoice to see my dear Mrs. *Jervis*.

SAID she, I have had a world of Talk with my Master about you. I am sorry for it, said I, that I am made of so much Consequence as to be talk'd of by him. O, said she, I must not tell you all; but you are of more Consequence to him, than you *think* for. —

OR *wish* for, said I; for the Fruits of being of Consequence to him, would make me of none to myself, or any body else.

SAID she, Thou art as witty as any Lady in the Land: I wonder where thou gottest it. But they must be poor Ladies, with such great Opportunities, I am sure, if they have no more Wit than I! — But let that pass.

I SUPPOSE, said I, that I am of so much Consequence to him, however, as to vex him, if it be but to think, he can't make a Fool of such a one as I; and that is nothing at all, but a Rebuke to the Pride of his high Condition, which he did not expect, and knows not how to put up with.

THERE is something in that, may-be, said she; but indeed, *Pamela*, he is very angry with you *too*; and calls you Twenty perverse Things; wonders at his own Folly, to have shewn you so much Favour, as he calls it; which he was first inclin'd to, he says, for his Mother's sake, and would have persisted to shew you

you for your own, if you was not your own Enemy.

NAY, now I shan't love you, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I; you are going to persuade me to ask to stay, tho' you know the Hazards I run. — No, said she, he says you *shall* go; for he thinks it won't be for his Reputation to keep you: But he wish'd, (don't speak of it for the World, *Pamela*) that he knew a Lady of Birth, just such another as yourself, in Person and Mind, and he would marry her To-morrow.

I COLOUR'D up to the Ears at this Word; but said, Yet if I was the Lady of Birth, and he would offer to be rude first, as he has twice done to poor me, I don't know whether I would have him: For *she* that can bear an Insult of that kind, I should think not worthy to be a Gentleman's Wife; any more than *he* wou'd to be a Gentleman, that could offer it.

NAY, now, *Pamela*, said she, thou carriest thy Notions a great way. Well, dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, very seriously, (for I could not help it) I am more full of Fears than ever. I have only to beg of you, as one of the best Friends I have in the World, to say nothing of my asking to stay. To say my Master likes me, when I know what End he aims at, is Abomination to my Ears; and I shan't think myself safe, till I am at my poor Father's and Mother's.

SHE was a little angry with me, 'till I assur'd her, that I had not the least Uneasiness on her Account,

Account, but thought myself safe under her Protection and Friendship. And so we dropp'd the Discourse for that Time.

I HOPE to have finish'd this ugly Waistcoat in Two Days; after which, I have only some Linen to get up, and shall then let you know how I contrive as to my Passage; for the heavy Rains will make it sad travelling on Foot: But may-be I shall get a Place to—, which is Ten Miles of the Way, in Farmer *Nichols's* close Cart; for I can't sit a Horse well at all; and may-be nobody will be suffer'd to see me on upon the Way. But I hope to let you know more,

From, &c.

L E T T E R XXII.

My dear Father and Mother,

ALL my Fellow-servants have now some Notion, that I am to go away; but can't imagine for what. Mrs. *Jervis* tells them, that my Father and Mother, growing in Years, cannot live without me; and so I go home to them, to help to comfort their old Age; but they seem not to believe it.

WHAT they found it out by, was, the Butler heard him say to me, as I pass'd by him, in the Entry leading to the Hall, Who's that? *Pamela*, Sir, said I. *Pamela!* said he, how long are you to stay here? —Only, please your

Honour, said I, till I have done the Waistcoat; and it is almost finish'd.—You might, says he, (very roughly indeed) have finish'd that long enough ago, I should have thought. Indeed, and please your Honour, said I, I have work'd early and late upon it; there is a great deal of Work in it.—*Work in it!* said he: You mind your Pen more than your Needle; I don't want such idle Sluts to stay in my House.

HE seem'd startled, when he saw the Butler, as he enter'd the Hall, where Mr. *Jonathan* stood. What do you here? said he.—The Butler was as much confounded as I; for, never having been tax'd so roughly, I could not help crying sadly; and got out of both their ways to Mrs. *Jervis*, and told my Complaint. This Love, said she, is the D—l! in how many strange Shapes does it make People shew themselves? And in some the farthest from their Hearts.

So one, and then another, has been since whispering, Pray, Mrs. *Jervis*, are we to lose Mrs. *Pamela*? as they always call me—What has she done? And then she tells them as above, about going home to you.

SHE said afterwards to me, Well, *Pamela*, you have made our Master, from the sweetest-temper'd Gentleman in the World, one of the most peevish. But you have it in your Power to make him as sweet-temper'd as ever; tho' I hope you'll never do it on his Terms.

THIS was very good in Mrs. *Jervis*; but it intimated, that she thought as ill of his Designs

as I; and as she knew his Mind more than I, it convinced me, that I ought to get away as fast as I could.

My Master came in, just now, to speak to Mrs. *Fervis* about Household Matters, having some Company to dine with him To-morrow; and I stood up, and having been crying, at his Roughness in the Entry, I turn'd away my Face.

You may well, said he, turn away your cursed Face; I wish I had never seen it! — Mrs. *Fervis*, how long is she to be about this Waistcoat?

SIR, said I, if your Honour had pleased, I would have taken it with me; and tho' it would be now finish'd in a few Hours, I will do so still, and remove this hated poor *Pamela* out of your House and Sight for ever.

MRS. *Fervis*, said he, (not speaking to me) I believe this little Slut has the Power of Witchcraft, if ever there was a Witch; for she enchants all that come near her. She makes even *you*, who should know better what the World is, think her an Angel of Light.

I OFFER'D to go away; for I believ'd he wanted me to ask to stay in my Place, for all this his great Wrath; and he said, Stay here! stay here, when I bid you! and snatch'd my Hand. I trembled, and said, I will! I will! for he hurt my Fingers, he grasped me so hard.

HE seem'd to have a mind to say something to me; but broke off abruptly, and said, Be-

gone! And away I tripp'd, as fast as I could; and he and Mrs. *Jervis* had a deal of Talk, as she told me; and among the rest, he expressed himself vex'd to have spoken in Mr. *Jonathan's* Hearing.

Now you must know, that Mr. *Jonathan*, our Butler, is a very grave good sort of old Man, with his Hair as white as Silver! and an honest worthy Man he is. I was hurrying out with a Flea in my Ear, as the Saying is; and, going down Stairs into the Parlour, met him. He took hold of my Hand, (in a gentler manner tho' than my Master) with both his; and he said, Ah! sweet, sweet Mrs. *Pamela*! what is it I heard but just now! — I am sorry at my Heart; but I am sure I will sooner believe *any body* in Fault than *you*. Thank you, Mr. *Jonathan*, said I; but as you value your Place, don't be seen speaking to such an one as me. I cry'd too; and slip't away as fast as I could from him, for his own sake, lest he should be seen to pity me.

AND now I will give you an Instance how much I am in Mr. *Longman's* Esteem also.

I HAD lost my Pen some-how; and my Paper being written out, I stepp'd to Mr. *Longman's* our Steward's Office, to beg him to give me a Pen or two, and a Sheet or two of Paper. He said, Ay, that I will, my sweet Maiden! And gave me Three Pens, some Wafers, a Stick of Wax, and Twelve Sheets of Paper; and coming from his Desk, where he was writing, he said, Let me have a Word or

tWO

two with you, my sweet little Mistress (for so these Two good old Gentlemen often call me; for I believe they love me dearly): I hear bad News; that we are going to lose you: I hope it is not true? Yes, it is, Sir, said I; but I was in Hopes it would not be known till I went away.

WHAT a D—l, said he, ails our Master of late! I never saw such an Alteration in any Man in my Life! He is pleas'd with nobody, as I see; and by what Mr. *Jonathan* tells me just now, he was quite out of the way with you. What could *you* have done to him, tro'? Only Mrs. *Jervis* is a very good Woman, or I should have fear'd *she* had been your Enemy.

No, said I, nothing like it. Mrs. *Jervis* is a just good Woman, and, next to my Father and Mother, the best Friend I have in the World. — Well then, said he, it must be worse, Shall I guess? You are too *pretty*, my sweet Mistress, and, may-be, too *virtuous*. Ah! have I not hit it? No, good Mr. *Longman*, said I, don't think any thing amiss of my Master; he is cross and angry with me, that's true; but I have given Occasion for it, may-be; and because I chuse to go to my Father and Mother, rather than stay here, may-hap, he thinks me ungrateful. But, you know, Sir, said I, that a Father and Mother's Comfort is the dearest thing to a good Child that can be. Sweet Excellence! said he, this becomes *you*; but I know the World and Mankind too well; tho' I must hear, and see,

and say nothing! And so a Blessing attend my little Sweeting, where-ever you go! And away went I, with a Court'sy and Thanks.

Now this pleases one, my dear Father and Mother, to be so belov'd—How much better, by good Fame and Integrity, is it, to get every one's good Word but *one*, than by pleasing *that one*, to make *every one else* one's Enemy, and be an execrable Creature besides! I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

My dear Father and Mother,

WE had a great many neighbouring Gentlemen, and their Ladies, this Day at Dinner; and my Master made a fine Entertainment for them. And *Isaac*, and Mr. *Jonathan*, and *Benjamin*, waited at Table. And *Isaac* tells Mrs. *Jervis*, that the Ladies will by-and-by come to see the House, and have the Curiosity to see me; for, it seems, they said to my Master, when the Jokes flew about, Well, Mr. *B*—, we understand, you have a Servant-maid, who is the greatest Beauty in the County; and we promise ourselves to see her before we go.

THE Wench is well enough, said he; but no such Beauty as you talk of, I'll assure ye. She was my Mother's Waiting-maid, who, on her Death-bed, engag'd me to be kind to her. She is young, and every thing is *pretty* that is *young*.

AY, ay, said one of the Ladies, that's true; but if your Mother had *not* recommended her
so

so strongly, there is so much Merit in Beauty, that I make no Doubt, so fine a Gentleman would have wanted no such strong Inducement to be kind to it.

THEY all laugh'd at my Master: And he, it seems, laugh'd for Company; but said, I don't know how it is, but I see with different Eyes from other People; for I have heard much more Talk of her Prettiness, than I think it deserves: She is well enough, as I said; but her greatest Excellence is, that she is humble, and courteous, and faithful, and makes all her Fellow-servants love her: My House-keeper, in particular, doats upon her; and you know, Ladies, *she* is a Woman of Discernment: And, as for Mr. *Longman*, and *Jonathan*, here, if they thought themselves young enough, I am told, they would fight for her. Is it not true, *Jonathan*? Troth, Sir, said he, an't please your Honour, I never knew her Peer; and all your Honour's Family are of the same Mind. Do you hear now? said my Master—Well, said the Ladies, we will make a Visit to Mrs. *Jervis* by-and-by, and hope to see this Paragon.

I BELIEVE they are coming; and will tell you the rest by-and-by. I wish they had come, and were gone. Why can't they make their Game without me?

WELL, these fine Ladies have been here, and are gone back again. I would have been absent, if I could; and did step into the Closet; so they saw me not when they came in.

THERE were Four of them, Lady *Arthur* at the great white House on the Hill, Lady *Brooks*, Lady *Towers*, and the other, it seems, a Countess, of some hard Name, I forget what.

Now, if I shall not tire you, I will give you some little Account of the Characters and Persons of these Four Ladies; for when I was hardly Twelve Years old, you us'd not to dislike my Descriptions.

You must know, then, That Lady *Arthur* (for she is of a Quality-Family, tho' married only to a 'Squire) is a comely Person, inclinable to be fat; but very easy with it, and has pretty good Features, tho' a little too masculine, in my Opinion. She has the Air of a Person of Birth, and seems by it to shew, that she expects to be treated as such; and has a Freedom and Presence of Mind in all she *says* or *does*, that sets her above being in the least conscious of Imperfection in *either*. It is said, she is pretty passionate in her Family on small Occasions, and reminds her Husband, now-and-then, that he is not of Birth equal to her own; tho' he is of a good Gentleman's Family too: And yet her Ancestor was ennobled, it seems, but two Reigns ago. On the Whole, however, she bears no bad Character, when her Passion is over; and will be sometimes very familiar with her Inferiors: Yet, Mrs. *Jervis* says, Lady *Davers* is more passionate a great deal; but has better Qualities, and is more bountiful. Mr. *Arthur* has the Character of a worthy Gentleman,

Gentleman, as Gentlemen go; for he drinks hard, it seems; so indeed all the Gentlemen around us do, except my Master, who has not *that* Vice to answer for: I am sure, I have a double Reason, to wish, — for *his* sake, as well as my *own* — he had no worse! But let that pass, at present.

MRS. *Brooks* is well descended, tho' not of Quality. And has as much Pride as if she *was*, if I can guess by her scornful Looks: For being a tall, thin Lady, and of a forbidding kind of Aspect, she looks *down* upon one, as it were, with *so* much Disdain! — Yet she has no bad Character in her Family; is of few Words, but affects to be thought a Lady of great Discernment. Her Spouse bears a pretty good Character; but he gives himself great Airs of Jestings and Rallying upon serious Things; and particularly on Matrimony, which is his standing Jest, whenever his Lady is not by. And some People impute this to him as Wit: But I remember a Saying of my good Lady's, That any-body might have a Character for Wit, who could give themselves the Liberty to *say* what would shock others to *think*.

THE Countess is not only Noble by Marriage, but by Birth: — But don't you wonder to find *me* scribble so much about *Family* and *Birth*? — When, had I Reason to boast of it, I should, if I know my own Mind, very little value myself upon it; but, contrarily, think with the Poet I have heard quoted, That VIRTUE is the only Nobility. — But, indeed,
even

even we Inferiors, when we get into genteel Families, are infected with this Vanity; and tho' we cannot brag of our *own*, we will sometimes pride ourselves in that of our *Principals*. But, for my part, I cannot forbear smiling at the Absurdity of Persons even of the first Quality, who value themselves upon their *Ancestors* Merits, rather than *their own*? For is it not as much as to say, they are conscious they have *no other*? — But how strangely I run on! — Let me proceed with the Countess's Character, and don't think me too bold, to take these Freedoms with my Betters. Her Ladyship is not handsome, yet has such an affable Look, that one cannot chuse but respect her. I have thought, that she looks as if she was *secure* of every one's Regard, being really a Countess; while Lady *Arthur* gives herself Airs, as if she would *exact* Respect, for fear (being only a 'Squire's Lady) her Birth should be forgotten. But then, my Lady Countess has, with this affable Aspect, an Air quite — intrepid — Methinks, I want a Word — that shews, as if she could not easily be daunted. And I don't know how it is, but one of the chief Beauties of the Sex seems banish'd from the Faces of Ladies, now-a-days: For they not only don't know how to blush themselves, but they laugh at any innocent young Body that does, as rustick and half-bred; and (as I have more than once heard them) toss their Jest about, and their *Double-meanings*, as they own them, as freely as the Gentlemen.

men. But whatever Reputation these Freedoms may give to their *Wit*, I think they do but little Credit to their *Hearts* --- For does not the Observation hold severely against such, *That out of the Abundance of the Heart the Mouth speaketh?* The Countess's Lord, it seems, is a bad Man, and a bad Husband, and her Ladyship lives very unhappily with him; and this all the World knows; for he is a *Lord*, and *above* the World's Opinion. And indeed I never heard of any Couple so happy as *you*, my dear Parents, tho' you labour so hard for a poor Livelihood. But Providence gives one thing to one, and another to another. No one has *every thing*. But to you, my dear Father and Mother, is given *Content*; and that is better than all the Riches in the World, without it.

BUT Lady *Towers* out-does all the Ladies in the Neighbourhood for Wit and Repartee; and her Conversation is mightily coveted by every body, Gentlemen as well as Ladies: For no one, they say, can be sad in her Company. She has something smart and humourous to say to every body, and on every Occasion: So that, tho' she were to speak a silly thing, (and that I have the Boldness to think she has many an one, on Visits to my Lady) yet every body has such an Opinion of her, that they are prepared to laugh and applaud, before she opens her Lips. Then she, too, is of Family, and so is call'd Lady; tho', you know, we simple Bodies are us'd to give that Title to all fine Folks, who live upon their Means. Lady *Towers* is well-shap'd,

is of an easy Deportment, and has no one ill Feature, taken separately: Yet I know not how it is; but they seem as if they were not well put together, if I may so say. And this makes me think of what I have read of a great Painter, in former Times, *Apelles* by Name, who being to draw a Picture of *Venus*, the Goddess of Beauty, took a Mouth from one Lady, a Nose from another, Eyes from a Third, Brows and Forehead from a Fourth; but when they were all put together, they made but a poor Piece; tho' separately they were Beauties on their own proper Faces. It was talk'd, that the rakish Squire *Martin* of the Grove, and this Lady, were to make a Match; but she refus'd him, because of his free Life: For tho' she takes great Liberties of Speech, and can't help it, being a *Wit*, as they call it, yet she is a Lady of Virtue, and *Morals*, at least.---- But what a Length have I run! It is time to return to their Visit to Mrs. *Jervis*.

THEY enter'd the Room with great Flutter, laughing heartily at something Lady *Towers* had said, coming up-stairs. Mrs. *Jervis* stood up at their Appearance: So, Mrs. *Jervis*, says one of the Ladies, how do you do? We are all come to inquire after your Health. I am much oblig'd to your Ladyships, said Mrs. *Jervis*: Will your Ladyships please to sit down? But, said the Countess, we are not *only* come to ask after Mrs. *Jervis's* Health neither: We are come to see a Rarity besides. Ay, says Lady *Arthur*, I have not seen your *Pamela* these two Years, and they

they tell me she is grown wond'rous pretty in that Time.

THEN I wish'd I had not been in the Closet; for when I came out, they must needs know I heard them: But I have often found, that bashful Bodies owe themselves a Spite, and frequently confound themselves more, by endeavouring to avoid Confusion.

WHY, yes, says Mrs. *Fervis*, *Pamela* is very pretty indeed; she's but in the Closet there:---*Pamela*, pray step hither. I came out, all cover'd with Blushes; and they smil'd at one another.

THE Countess took me by the Hand: Why, indeed, she was pleased to say, Report has not been too lavish, I'll assure you. Don't be asham'd, Child (and star'd full in my Face); I wish I had just such a Face to be asham'd of, O how like a Fool I look'd!

LADY *Arthur* said, Ay, my good *Pamela*, I say as her Ladyship says: Don't be so confus'd; tho' indeed it becomes you too. I think your good Lady departed made a sweet Choice of such a pretty Attendant. She would have been mighty proud of you, as she always was praising you, had she liv'd till now. This was a high Compliment from Lady *Arthur*, you must think.

AH! Madam, said Mrs. *Brooks*, do you believe, that so *dutiful* a Son as our Neighbour, who always *admir'd* what his Mother *lov'd*, does not pride himself, for all what he said at Table, in such a pretty Maiden?

SHE

SHE look'd with such a malicious sneering Countenance, I cannot abide her.

LADY *Towers* said, with her usual free Air, Well, Mrs. *Pamela*, I can't say I like you so well as these Ladies do; for I should never care, if I had a Husband, and you were *my* Servant, to have *you* and your *Master* in the same House together. Then they all set up a great Laugh.

I KNOW what I could have said, if I durst. But they are Ladies---- and Ladies may say any thing.

SAYS Lady *Towers*, Can the pretty Image *speak*, Mrs. *Jervis*? I vow she has *speaking* Eyes! O you little Rogue, said she, and tapp'd me on the Check, you seem born to undo, or to be undone!

GOD forbid, and please your Ladyship, said I, it should be *either*! — I beg, said I, to withdraw; for the Sense I have of my Unworthiness, renders me unfit for such a Presence.

I THEN went away, with one of my best Court'sies; and Lady *Towers* said, as I went out, Prettily said, I vow! — And Lady *Brooks* said, See that Shape! I never saw such a Face and Shape in my Life; why she must be better descended than you have told me!

AND so, belike, their Tongues ran for half an Hour in my Praises; and glad was I, when I got out of the Hearing of them.

BUT, it seems, they went down with *such* a Story to my Master, and so full of *me*, that he had much ado to stand it; but as it was very little to my Reputation, I am sure I could take no Pride in it; and I fear'd it would make

no

no better for me. This gives me another Cause for wishing myself out of this House.

THIS is *Thursday* Morning, and next *Thursday* I hope to set out; for I have finish'd my Task, and my Master is horrid cross! And I am vex'd his Crossness affects me so. If ever he had any Kindness towards me, I believe he now hates me heartily.

Is it not strange, that Love borders so much upon Hate? But this wicked Love is not like the true virtuous Love, to be sure: *That* and *Hatred* must be as far off, as *Light* and *Darkness*. And how must this Hate have been increas'd, if he had met with a base Compliance, after his wicked Will had been gratify'd?

WELL, one may see by a little, what a great deal means: For if *Innocence* cannot attract common Civility, what must *Guilt* expect, when Novelty had ceas'd to have its Charms, and Changeableness had taken place of it? Thus we read in Holy Writ, that wicked *Amnon*, when he had ruin'd poor *Tamar*, hated her more than ever he lov'd her, and would have her turn'd out of Door!

How happy am I, to be turn'd out of Door, with that sweet Companion my Innocence!---- O may that be always my Companion! And while I presume not upon my own Strength, and am willing to avoid the Tempter, I hope the Divine Grace will assist me.

FORGIVE me, that I repeat in my Letter Part of my hourly Prayer. I owe every thing, next to God's Goodness, to your Piety and
good

good Examples, my dear Parents; my dear *poor* Parents! I say that Word with Pleasure; for your *Poverty* is my *Pride*, as your Integrity shall be my Imitation.

As soon as I have din'd, I will put on my new Cloaths. I long to have them on. I know I shall surprise Mrs. *Jervis* with them; for she shan't see me till I am full-dress'd. — *John* is come back, and I'll soon send you some of what I have written. — I find he is going early in the Morning; and so I'll close here, that I am

Your most dutiful Daughter.

Don't lose your Time in meeting me; because I am so uncertain. It is hard, if some-how or other, I can't get a Passage to you. But may-be my Master won't refuse to let *John* bring me. I can ride behind him, I believe, well enough; for he is very careful, and very honest; and you know *John* as well as I; for he loves you both. Besides, may-be, Mrs. *Jervis* can put me in some way.

LETTER XXIV.

Dear Father and Mother,

I SHALL write on, as long as I stay, tho' I should have nothing but Sillinesses to write; for I know you divert yourselves on Nights with

with what I write, because it is mine. *John* tells me how much you long for my coming; but he says, he told you, he hop'd something would happen to hinder it.

I AM glad you did not tell him the Occasion of my coming away; for were my Fellow-servants to guess, it were better so, than to have it from you or me: Besides, I really am concern'd, that my Master should cast away a Thought upon such a poor Creature as me; for besides the Disgrace, it has quite turn'd his Temper; and I begin to believe what Mrs. *Fervis* told me, that he likes me, and can't help it; and yet strives to conquer it, and so finds no way but to be cross to me.

DON'T think me presumptuous and conceited; for it is more my Concern than my Pride, to see such a Gentleman so demean himself, and lessen the Regard he used to have in the Eyes of his Servants, on my Account.--- But I am to tell you of my new Dress To-day.

AND so, when I had din'd, up-stairs I went, and lock'd myself into my little Room. There I trick'd myself up as well as I could in my new Garb, and put on my round-ear'd ordinary Cap; but with a green Knot, however, and my home-spun Gown and Petticoat, and plain-leather Shoes; but yet they are what they call *Spanish* Leather, and my ordinary Hose, ordinary I mean to what I have been lately used to; tho' I shall think good Yarn may do very well for every Day, when I come home.

A plain Muslin Tucker I put on, and my black

Silk Necklace, instead of the *French* Necklace my Lady gave me; and put the Ear-rings out of my Ears; and when I was quite 'quipp'd, I took my Straw Hat in my Hand, with its two blue Strings, - and look'd about me in the Glass, as proud as any thing. — To say Truth, I never lik'd myself so well in my Life.

O THE Pleasure of descending with Ease, Innocence, and Resignation! — Indeed there is nothing like it! An humble Mind, I plainly see, cannot meet with any very shocking Disappointment, let Fortune's Wheel turn round as it will.

So I went down to look for Mrs. *Jervis*, to see how she lik'd me.

I MET, as I was upon the Stairs, our *Rachel*, who is the House-maid; and she made me a low Court'sy, and I found did not know me. So I smil'd, and went to the House-keeper's Parlour: And there sat good Mrs. *Jervis* at Work, making a Shift: And, would you believe it? *she* did not know me at first; but rose up, and pull'd off her Spectacles; and said, Do you want *me*, forsooth? I could not help laughing, and said, Hey-day! Mrs. *Jervis*, what! don't you know me? — She stood all in Amaze, and look'd at me from Top to Toc; Why, you surprise me, said she; what! *Pamela*! thus metamorphos'd! How came this about?

As it happen'd, in stepp'd my Master; and my Back being to him, he thought it was a Stranger speaking to Mrs. *Jervis*, and withdrew again; and did not hear her ask, If his

Honour

Honour had any Commands with her? — She turn'd me about and about, and I shew'd her all my Dress, to my Under-petticoat; and she said, sitting down, Why, I am all in Amaze: I must sit down. What can all this mean? I told her, I had no Cloaths suitable to my Condition, when I return'd to my Father's; and so it was better to begin here, as I was soon to go away, that all my Fellow-servants might see I knew how to suit myself to the State I was returning to.

WELL, said she, I never knew the like of thee. But this sad Preparation for going away, (for now I see you are quite in Earnest) is what I know not how to get over. O my dear *Pamela*, how can I part with you!

My Master rung in the Back-parlour, and so I withdrew, and Mrs. *Fervis* went to attend him. It seems, he said to her, I was coming in to let you know that I shall go to *Lincolnshire*, and, may-be, to my Sister *Davers's*, and be absent some Weeks. But, pray, what pretty neat Damsel was that with you? She says, she smil'd, and ask'd, If his Honour did not know who it was? No, said he, I never saw her before. Farmer *Nichols*, or Farmer *Brady*, have neither of them such a tight prim Lass for a Daughter; have they? — Tho' I did not see her Face neither, said he. If your Honour won't be angry, said she, I will introduce her into your Presence; for, I think, says she, she out-does our *Pamela*.

Now I did not thank her for this, as I told her afterwards; for it brought a great deal of Trouble upon me, as well as Crossness, as you shall hear. That can't be, he was pleased to say. But if you can find an Excuse for it, let her come in.

At that she stepp'd to me, and told me, I must go in with her to my Master; but, said she, for Goodness sake, let him find you out; for he don't know you. O fie, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, how could you serve me so? Besides, it looks too free both *in me*, and *to him*. I tell you, said she, you *shall* come in; and pray don't reveal yourself till he finds you out.

So I went in, foolish as I was; tho' I must have been seen by him another time, if I had not then. And she would make me take my Straw Hat in my Hand.

I DROPP'D a low Court'sy, but said never a Word. I dare say, he knew me as soon as he saw my Face; but was as cunning as *Lucifer*. He came up to meet me, and took me by the Hand, and said, Whose pretty Maiden are you? — I dare say you are *Pamela's* Sister, you are so like her: So neat, so clean, so pretty! Why, Child, you far surpass your Sister *Pamela*!

I was all Confusion, and would have spoken; but he took me about the Neck; Why, said he, you are very pretty, Child: I would not be so free with your *Sister*, you may believe; but I must kiss *you*.

O SIR, said I, I am *Pamela*, indeed I am: Indeed I am *Pamela*, *her own self*!

HE

H E kissed me, for all I could do; and said, Impossible! you are a lovelier Girl by half than *Pamela*; and sure I may be innocently free with you, tho' I would not do her so much Favour.

T H I S was a sad Bite upon me indeed, and what I could not expect; and Mrs. *Jervis* look'd like a Fool, as much as I, for her Officiousness. — At last I got away, and ran out of the Parlour, most sadly vex'd, as you may well think.

H E talk'd a good deal to Mrs. *Jervis*, and at last order'd me to come in to him: Come in, said he, you little Villain! for so he call'd me; Good-sirs! what a Name was there! Who is it you put your Tricks upon; I was resolv'd never to honour your Unworthiness, said he, with so much Notice again; and so you must disguise yourself, to attract me, and yet pretend, like an Hypocrite as you are —

I WAS out of Patience, then; Hold, good Sir, said I; don't impute Disguise and Hypocrisy to me, above all things; for I hate them both, mean as I am. I have put on no Disguise. — What a plague, said he, for that was his Word, do you mean then by this Dress? — Why, and please your Honour, said I, I mean one of the honestest things in the world. I have been in Disguise indeed ever since my good Lady your Mother took me from my poor Parents. I came to her Ladyship so poor and mean, that these Cloaths I have on, are a princely Suit, to those I had then. And her Goodness heap'd upon me rich Cloaths, and other Bounties: And as I

am now returning to my poor Parents again so soon, I cannot wear those good things without being whooted at; and so have bought what will be more suitable to my Degree, and be a good Holiday-suit too when I get home.

HE then took me in his Arms, and presently push'd me from him. Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, take the little Witch from me; I can neither *bear*, nor *forbear* her! (Strange Words these!) --- But stay; you shan't go! --- Yet begone! --- No, come back again.

I THOUGHT he was mad, for my Share; for he knew not what he would have. I was going, however; but he stepp'd after me, and took hold of my Arm, and brought me in again: I am sure he made my Arm black and blue; for the Marks are upon it still. Sir, Sir, said I, pray have Mercy; I will, I will come in.

HE sat down, and look'd at me, and, as I thought afterwards, as sillily as such a poor Girl as I. At last, he said, Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, as I was telling you, you may permit her to stay a little longer, till I see if my Sister *Davers* will have her; if, mean time, she humble herself, and ask this as a Favour, and is sorry for her Pertness, and the Liberty she has taken with my Character, out of the House, and in the House. Your Honour indeed told me so, said Mrs. *Jervis*; but I never found her inclinable to think herself in a Fault. Pride and Perverseness, said he, with a Vengeance! Yet this is your Doating-piece! ----- Well, for once I'll submit

submit myself, to tell you, Hussy, said he to me, you may stay a Fortnight longer, till I see my Sister *Davers*: Do you hear what I say to you, Statue! Can you neither speak, nor be thankful?-----Your Honour frights me so, said I, that I can hardly speak: But I will venture to say, that I have only to beg, as a Favour, that I may go to my Father and Mother.----Why, Fool, said he, won't you like to go to wait on my Sister *Davers*? Sir, said I, I was once fond of that Honour; but you were pleased to say, I might be in Danger from her Ladyship's Nephew, or he from me.---D---d Impertinence! said he; do you hear, Mrs. *Jervois*, do you hear, how she retorts upon me! Was ever such matchless Assurance!-----

I THEN fell a weeping; for Mrs. *Jervois* said, Fie, *Pamela*, fie!---And I said, My Lot is very hard indeed! I am sure I would hurt nobody; and I have been, it seems, guilty of Indiscretions, which have cost me my Place, and my Master's Favour, and so have been turn'd away. And when the Time is come, that I should return to my poor Parents, I am not suffer'd to go quietly. Good your Honour, what have I done; that I must be used worse than if I had robb'd you!---Robb'd me! said he; why so you have, Hussy; you *have* robb'd me. Who! I, Sir! said I; have I robb'd you? Why then you are a Justice of Peace, and may send me to Gaol, if you please, and bring me to a Tryal for my Life!---If you can prove, that I have robb'd you, I am sure I ought to die.

Now I was quite ignorant of his Meanings, tho' I did not like it, when it was afterwards explain'd, neither; and, well, thought I, what will this come to at last, if poor *Pamela* is esteem'd a Thief! Then I thought, in an Instant, how I should shew my Face to my honest poor Parents, if I was only suspected.

BUT, Sir, said I, let me just ask you one Question, and pray let me not be call'd Names for it; for I don't mean disrespectfully: Why, if I have done amiss, am I not left to be discharg'd by your House-keeper, as the other Maids have been? And if *Jane*, or *Rachel*, or *Hannah*, were to offend, would your Honour stoop to take Notice of them? And why should you so demean yourself to take Notice of me? Pray, Sir, if I have not been worse than others, why should I suffer more than others? and why should I not be turn'd away, and there's an End of it? For indeed I am not of Consequence enough for my Master to concern himself, and be angry, about such a Creature as me.

Do you hear, Mrs. *Fervis*, cry'd he again, how pertly I am interrogated by this saucy Slut? Why, Sauce-box, says he, did not my good Mother desire me to take care of you? And have you not been always distinguish'd by me, above a common Servant? And does your Ingratitude upbraid me for this?

I SAID something mutteringly, and he vow'd he would hear it. I begg'd Excuse; but he insisted upon it. Why then, reply'd I, if your Honour must know, I said, That my good Lady did

did not desire your Care to extend to the *Summer-house* and her *Dressing-room*.

WELL, this was a little saucy, you'll say!— And he flew into such a Passion, that I was forc'd to run for it; and Mrs. *Jervis* said, It was happy I got out of his Way.

WHY what makes him provoke one so, then? — I'm almost sorry for it; but I would be glad to get away at any rate: For I begin to be more fearful now.

JUST now Mr. *Jonathan* sent me these Lines — (Bless me! what shall I do?)

“ Dear Mrs. *Pamela*, Take care of yourself;
“ for *Rachel* heard my Master say to Mrs. *Jer-*
“ *vis*, who, she believes, was pleading for
“ you, Say no more, Mrs. *Jervis*; for by G—
“ I will have her. Burn this instantly.”

O PRAY for your poor Daughter! I am call'd to go to-bed by Mrs. *Jervis*; for it is past Eleven; and I am sure she shall hear of it; for all this is owing to her, tho' she did not mean any Harm. But I have been, and am, in a strange Fluster; and I suppose too, she'll say, I have been full-pert.

O MY dear Father and Mother, Power and Riches never want Advocates: But, poor Gentlewoman! she cannot live without him: And he has been very good to her.

So Good-night. May-be I shall send this in the Morning? but may-be not; so won't conclude: tho' I can't say too often, that I am (tho' with great Apprehensions)

Your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T.

LETTER XXV.

My dear Parents,

LET me take up my Complaint, and say, Never was poor Creature so unhappy, and so barbarously used, as your *Pamela*! Indeed, my dear Father and Mother, my Heart's just broken! I can neither write as I should do, nor let it alone; for to whom but you can I vent my Griefs, and keep my poor Heart from bursting! Wicked, wicked Man! — I have no Patience when I think of him! — But yet, don't be frighted — for — I hope — I hope, I am honest! — But if my Head and my Heart will let me, you shall hear all. — Is there no Constable nor Headborough, tho', to take me out of his House? for I am sure I can safely swear the Peace against him: But, alas! he is greater than any Constable: He is a Justice himself; such a Justice, deliver me from! — But God Almighty, I hope, in time, will right me! — For he knows the Innocence of my Heart!

JOHN went your Way in the Morning; but I have been too much distracted to send by him; and have seen nobody but Mrs. *Jervis*, and *Rachel*, and one I hate to see, or be seen by: And indeed I hate now to see any body. Strange things I have to tell you, that happen'd since last Night, that good Mr. *Jonathan's* Letter, and my Master's Harshness, put me into such a Fluster. But I will no more *pre-ambulate*.

I WENT

I WENT to Mrs. *Jervis's* Chamber; and, O dreadful! my wicked Master had hid himself, base Gentleman as he is! in her Closet, where she has a few Books, and Chest of Drawers, and such-like. I little suspected it; tho' I used, till this sad Night, always to look into that Closet, and another in the Room, and under the Bed, ever since the Summer-house Trick, but never found any thing; and so I did not do it then, being fully resolved to be angry with Mrs. *Jervis* for what had happen'd in the Day, and so thought of nothing else.

I SAT myself down on one Side of the Bed, and she on the other, and we began to undress ourselves; but she on that Side next the wicked Closet, that held the worst Heart in the World. So, said Mrs. *Jervis*, you won't speak to me, *Pamela*! I find you are angry with me. Why, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, so I am, a little; 'tis a Folly to deny it. You see what I have suffer'd by your forcing me in to my Master: And a Gentlewoman of your Years and Experience must needs know, that it was not fit for me to pretend to be any body else for my own sake, nor with regard to my Master.

BUT, said she, who would have thought it would have turn'd out so? Ay, said I, little thinking who heard me, *Lucifer* always is ready to promote his own Work and Workmen. You see, presently, what Use he made of it, pretending not to know me, on purpose to be free with me: And when he
took

took upon himself to know me, to quarrel with me, and use me hardly: And you too, said I, to cry, Fie, fie, *Pamela!* cut me to the Heart: For that encouraged him,

Do you think, my Dear, said she, that I would encourage him?—I never said so to you before; but since you force it from me, I must tell you, that ever since you consulted me, I have used my utmost Endeavours to divert him from his wicked Purposes: And he has promised fair; but, to say all in a Word, he doats upon you; and I begin to see it is not in his Power to help it,

I LUCKILY said nothing of the Note from Mr. *Jonathan*; for I began to suspect all the World almost: But I said, to try Mrs. *Jervis*, Well then, what would you have me do? You see he is for having me wait on Lady *Davers* now,

WHY, I'll tell you freely, my dear *Pamela*, said she, and I trust to your Discretion to conceal what I say: My Master has been often desiring me to put you upon asking him to let you stay.—

YES, said I, Mrs. *Jervis*, let me interrupt you: I will tell you why I could not think of that: It was not the Pride of my *Heart*; but the Pride of my *Honesty*: For, what must have been the Case? Here my Master has been very rude to me, once and twice; and you say he cannot help it, though he pretends to be sorry for it: Well, he has given me Warning to leave my Place, and uses me very harshly; perhaps,

perhaps, to frighten me to his Purposes, as he supposes I would be fond of staying (as indeed I should, if I could be safe; for I love you and all the House, and value him, if he would act as my Master). Well then, as I know his Designs, and that he owns he cannot help it; must I not have ask'd to stay, knowing he would attempt me again? for all you could assure me of, was, he would do nothing by *Force*; so, I, a poor weak Girl, was to be left to my own Strength! And was not this to *allow* him to tempt me, as one may say? and to encourage him to go on in his wicked Devices!--How then, Mrs. *Jervis*, could I ask or wish to stay?

You say well, my dear Child, says she; and you have a Justness of Thought above your Years; and for all these Considerations, and for what I have heard this Day, after you ran away, (and I am glad you went as you did) I cannot persuade you to stay; and shall be glad, which is what I never thought I could have said, that you were well at your Father's; for if Lady *Davers* will entertain you, she may as well have you from thence as here. There's my good Mrs. *Jervis*! said I; God will bless you for your good Counsel to a poor Maiden, that is hard beset. But pray what did he say, when I was gone? Why, says she, he was very angry with you. But he would hear it! said I: I think it was a little bold; but then he provoked me to it. And had not my Honesty been in the Case, I would not by any means have been so saucy. Besides, Mrs. *Jervis*, consider,

consider, it was the Truth; if he does not love to hear of the *Summer-house* and the *Dressing-room*, why should he not be ashamed to continue in the same Mind? But, said she, when you had mutter'd this to yourself, you might have told him any thing else. Well, reply'd I, I cannot tell a wilful Lye, and so there's an End of it. But I find you now give him up, and think there's Danger in staying. — Lord bless me! I wish I was well out of the House; tho' it was at the Bottom of a wet Ditch, on the wildest Common in *England*.

WHY, said she, it signifies nothing to tell you all he said; but it was enough to make me fear you would not be so safe as I could wish; and, upon my Word, *Pamela*, I don't wonder he loves you; for, without Flattery, you are a charming Girl! and I never saw you look more lovely in my Life, than in that same new Dress of yours. And then it was such a Surprise upon us all! — I believe truly, you owe some of your Danger to the lovely *Appearance* you made. Then, said I, I wish the Cloaths in the Fire. I expected *no* Effect from them; but if *any*, a quite contrary one.

HUSH! said I, Mrs. *Fervis*, did you not hear something stir in the Closet? No, silly Girl! said she; your Fears are always awake. — But indeed, said I, I think I heard something rustle. — May-be, says she, the Cat may be got there: But I hear nothing.

I WAS hush; but she said, Pr'ythee, my good Girl, make haste to-bed. See if the Door
be

be fast. So I did, and was thinking to look in the Closet; but hearing no more Noise, thought it needless, and so went again and sat myself down on the Bed-side, and went on undressing myself. And Mrs. *Jervis*, being by this time undress'd, stepp'd into Bed, and bid me hasten, for she was sleepy.

I DON'T know what was the Matter; but my Heart sadly misgave me: Indeed, Mr. *Jonathan's* Note was enough to make it do so, with what Mrs. *Jervis* had said. I pulled off my Stays and my Stockens, and all my Cloaths to an Under-petticoat; and then hearing a Rustling again in the Closet, I said, Heaven protect us! but before I say my Prayers, I must look into this Closet. And so was going to it slip-shod, when, O dreadful! out rush'd my Master, in a rich Silk and Silver Morning Gown.

I SCREAM'D, and ran to the Bed; and Mrs. *Jervis* scream'd too; and he said, I'll do you no Harm, if you forbear this Noise; but otherwise take what follows.

INSTANTLY he came to the Bed (for I had crept into it, to Mrs. *Jervis*, with my Coat on, and my Shoes); and, taking me in his Arms, said, Mrs. *Jervis*, rise, and just step up-stairs, to keep the Maids from coming down, at this Noise: I'll do no Harm to this Rebel.

O, FOR Heaven's sake! for Pity's sake! Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, if I am not betray'd, don't leave me; and, I beseech you, raise all the House. No, said Mrs. *Jervis*, I will not stir, my dear Lamb; I will not leave you. I wonder at you,

Sir!

Sir! said she; and kindly threw herself upon my Coat, clasping me round the Waist: You shan't hurt this Innocent, said she; for I will lose my Life in her Defence. Are there not, added she, enough wicked ones in the World for your base Purpose, but you must attempt such a Lamb as this?

HE was desperate angry, and threaten'd to throw her out of the Window; and to turn her out of the House the next Morning. You need not, Sir, said she; for I will not stay in it. God defend my poor *Pamela* till To-morrow, and we will both go together. — Says he, Let me but expostulate a Word or two with you, *Pamela*. Pray, *Pamela*, said Mrs. *Jervis*, don't hear a Word, except he leaves the Bed, and goes to the other End of the Room. Ay, out of the Room, said I; expostulate To-morrow, if you must expostulate!

I FOUND his Hand in my Bosom, and when my Fright let me know it, I was ready to die; and I sigh'd, and screamed, and fainted away. And still he had his Arms about my Neck; and Mrs. *Jervis* was about my Feet, and upon my Coat: And all in a cold dewy Sweat was I. *Pamela! Pamela!* said Mrs. *Jervis*, as she tells me since, O-----h, and gave another Shriek, my poor *Pamela* is dead for certain! — And so, to be sure, I was for a time; for I knew nothing more of the Matter, one Fit following another, till about Three Hours after, as it prov'd to be, I found myself in Bed, and Mrs. *Jervis* sitting up on
one

one side, with her Wrapper about her, and *Rachel* on the other; and no Master, for the wicked Wretch was gone. But I was so overjoy'd, that I hardly could believe myself; and I said, (which were my first Words) Mrs. *Fervis*, Mrs. *Rachel*, can I be sure it is you? Tell me! can I? — Where have I been? Hush, my Dear, said Mrs. *Fervis*; you have been in Fit after Fit. I never saw any body so frightful in my Life.

By this I judg'd *Rachel* knew nothing of the Matter; and it seems my wicked Master had, upon Mrs. *Fervis*'s second Noise on my fainting away, slipp'd out; and, as if he had come from his own Chamber, disturb'd by the Screaming, went up to the Maids Room, (who hearing the Noise, lay trembling, and afraid to stir) and bid them go down and see what was the Matter with me and Mrs. *Fervis*. And he charg'd Mrs. *Fervis*, and promised to forgive her for what she had said and done, if she would conceal the Matter. So the Maids came down; for the Men lie in the Out-houses; and all went up again, when I came to myself a little, except *Rachel*, who staid to sit up with me, and bear Mrs. *Fervis* Company. I believe they guess the Matter to be bad enough; tho' they dare not say any thing.

WHEN I think of my Danger, and the Freedom he actually took, tho' I believe Mrs. *Fervis* saved me from worse, and she says she did, (tho' what can I think, who was in a Fit, and knew nothing of the Matter?) I am almost distracted.

At first I was afraid of Mrs. Jervis; but I am fully satisfy'd she is very good, and I should have been lost but for her; and she takes on grievously about it. What would have become of me, had she gone out of the Room, to still the Maids, as he bid her? He'd certainly have shut her out, and then, Mercy on me! what would have become of your poor *Pamela*?

I MUST leave off a little; for my Eyes and my Head are sadly bad. — This was a dreadful Trial! This was the worst of all! Oh! that I was out of the Power of this dreadfully wicked Man! Pray for

Your distressed Daughter.

LETTER XXVI.

My dear Father and Mother,

I DID not rise till Ten o'Clock, and I had all the Concerns and Wishes of the Family, and Multitudes of Inquiries about me. My wicked Master went out early to hunt; but left Word, he would be in to Breakfast. And so he was.

HE came up to our Chamber about Eleven, and had nothing to do to be sorry; for he was our *Master*, and so put on sharp Anger at first.

I HAD great Emotions at his entering the Room, and threw my Apron over my Head, and fell a crying, as if my Heart would break.

MRS. Jervis, said he, since I know *you*, and you *me* so well, I don't know how we shall live together for the future. Sir, said

she,

she, I will take the Liberty to say what I think is best for both. I have so much Grief, that you should attempt to do any Injury to this poor Girl, and especially in my Chamber, that I should think myself accessory to the Mischief, if I was not to take Notice of it. Tho' my Ruin therefore may depend upon it, I desire not to stay; but pray let poor *Pamela* and me go together. With all my Heart, said he; and the sooner, the better. She fell a crying. I find, says he, this Girl has made a Party of the whole House in her Favour against me. Her Innocence deserves it of us all, said she very kindly: And I never could have thought, that the Son of my dear good Lady departed, could have so forfeited his Honour, as to endeavour to destroy a Virtue he ought to protect. No more of this, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he; I will not bear it. As for *Pamela*, she has a lucky Knack of falling into Fits, when she pleases. But the cursed Yellings of you both made me not myself. I intended no Harm to her, as I told you both, if you'd have left your Squallings; and I did no Harm neither, but to myself; for I rais'd a Hornets Nest about my Ears, that, as far as I know, may have stung to Death my Reputation. Sir, said Mrs. *Jervis*, then I beg Mr. *Longman* may take my Accounts, and I will go away as soon as I can. As for *Pamela*, she is at her Liberty, I hope, to go away next *Thursday*, as she intends?

ISAT still; for I could not speak, nor look up, and his Presence discompos'd me extremely;

but I was forry to hear myself the unhappy Occasion of Mrs. *Jervis's* losing her Place, and hope that may be still made up.

WELL, said he, let Mr. *Longman* make up your Accounts, as soon as you will; and Mrs. *Jewkes* (who is his House-keeper in *Lincolnshire*) shall come hither in your Place, and won't be less obliging, I dare say, than *you* have been. Said she, I have never disoblig'd you till now; and let me tell you, Sir, if you knew what belong'd to your own Reputation or Honour ---- No more, no more, said he, of these antiquated Topicks. I have been no bad Friend to you; and I shall always esteem you, tho' you have not been so faithful to my Secrets, as I could have wish'd, and have laid me open to this Girl, which has made her more afraid of me than she had Occasion. Well, Sir, said she, after what pass'd Yesterday, and last Night, I think I went rather too far in Favour of your Injunctions, than otherwise; and I should have deserv'd every body's Censure, as the basest of Creatures, had I been capable of contributing to your lawless Attempts. Still, Mrs. *Jervis*, still reflecting upon me, and all for imaginary Faults! for what Harm have I done the Girl? ---- I won't bear it, I'll assure you. But yet, in Respect to my Mother, I am willing to part friendly with you: Tho' you ought both of you to reflect on the Freedom of your Conversation, in relation to me; which I should have resented more than I do, but that I am conscious I had no Business to demean myself so as to be in
your

your Closet, where I might have expected to hear a Multitude of Impertinence between you.

WELL, Sir, said she, you have no Objection, I hope, to *Pamela's* going away on *Thursday* next? You are mighty solicitous, said he, about *Pamela*: But, no, not I; let her go as soon as she will: She is a naughty Girl, and has brought all this upon herself; and upon me more Trouble than she can have had from me: But I have overcome it all, and will never concern myself about her.

I HAVE a Proposal made me, added he, since I have been out this Morning, that I shall go near to embrace; and so wish only, that a discreet Use may be made of what is past; and there's an End of every thing with me, as to *Pamela*, I'll assure you.

I CLASP'D my Hands together thro' my Apron, overjoy'd at this, tho' I was soon to go away: For, naughty as he has been to me, I wish his Prosperity with all my Heart, for my good old Lady's sake.

WELL, *Pamela*, said he, you need not now be afraid to speak to me; tell me what you lifted up your Hands at? I said not a Word. Says he, if you like what I have said, give me your Hand upon it. I held my Hand up thro' my Apron; for I could not speak to him; and he took hold of it, and pressed it, tho' less hard than he did my Arm the Day before. What does the little Fool cover her Face for? said he: Pull your Apron away; and let me see

how you look, after your Freedom of Speech of me last Night. No wonder you're aſham'd to ſee me. You know you were very free with my Character.

I COULD not ſtand this barbarous Inſult, as I took it to be, conſidering his Behaviour to me; and I then ſpoke and ſaid, O the Difference between the Minds of thy Creatures, good God! How ſhall ſome be caſt down in their Innocence, while others can triumph in their Guilt!

AND ſo ſaying, I went up-ſtairs to my Chamber, and wrote all this; for tho' he vex'd me at his Taunting, yet I was pleas'd to hear he was likely to be marry'd, and that his wicked Intentions were ſo happily overcome as to me; and this made me a little eaſier. And I hope I have paſſ'd the worſt; or elſe it is very hard. And yet I ſhan't think myſelf at Eaſe quite, till I am with you: For, methinks, after all, his Repentance and Amendment are mighty ſuddenly reſolv'd upon. But the Divine Grace is not confin'd to Space; and Remorſe may, and I hope has ſmitten him to the Heart at once, for his Injuries to poor me! Yet I won't be too ſecure neither.

HAVING Opportunity, I ſend now what I know will grieve you to the Heart. But I hope I ſhall bring my next Scribble myſelf; and ſo conclude, tho' half broken-hearted,

Your ever-dutiful Daughter.

L E T.

LETTER XXVII.

Dear Father and Mother,

I AM glad I desir'd you not to meet me, and *John* says you won't; for he told you, he is sure I shall get a Passage well enough, either behind some one of my Fellow-servants on Horse-back, or by Farmer *Nichols's* means: But as for the Chariot he talk'd to you of, I can't expect that Favour, to be sure; and I should not care for it, because it would look so much above me. But Farmer *Brady*, they say, has a Chaise with one Horse, and we hope to borrow that, or hire it rather than fail; tho' Money runs a little lowish, after what I have laid out; but I don't care to say so here: tho' I warrant I might have what I would of Mrs. *Jervis*, or Mr. *Jonathan*, or Mr. *Longman*; but then how shall I pay it, you'll say? And besides, I don't love to be beholden.

BUT the chief Reason I'm glad you don't set out to meet me, is the Uncertainty; for it seems I must stay another Week still, and hope certainly to go *Thursday* after. For poor Mrs. *Jervis* will go at the same time, she says, and can't be ready before.

OH! that I was once well with you!—Tho' he is very civil too at present, and not so cross as he was; and yet he is as vexatious another way, as you shall hear. For Yesterday he had a rich Suit of Cloaths brought home, which they call a Birth-day Suit; for he intends to go

to *London* against next Birth-day, to see the Court; and our Folks will have it, he is to be made a Lord. — I wish they would make him an honest Man, as he was always thought; but I have not found it so: Alas for me!

AND so, as I was saying, he had these Cloaths brought home, and he try'd them on. And before he pull'd them off, he sent for me, when nobody else was in the Parlour with him: *Pamela*, said he, you are so neat and so nice in your own Dress, (Alack-a-day, I didn't know I was!) that you must be a Judge of ours. How are these Cloaths made? Do they fit me? — I am no Judge, said I, and please your Honour; but I think they look very fine.

HIS Waistcoat stood on End with Gold Lace, and he look'd very grand. But what he offer'd last, has made me very serious, and I could make him no Compliments. Said he, Why don't you wear your usual Cloaths? Tho' I think every thing looks well upon you (For I still continue in my new Dress). I said, I have no Cloaths, Sir, I ought to call my own, but these: And it is no matter what such an one as I wears. Said he, Why, you look very serious, *Pamela*: I see you can bear Malice. — Yes, so I can, Sir, said I, according to the Occasion! Why, said he, your Eyes always look red, I think. Are you not a Fool, to take my last Freedom so much to Heart? I am sure, you, and that other Foo!, Mrs. *Jervis*, frighten'd me by your hideous Squalling, as much as I could frighten you. That is all we had

had for it, said I; and if you could be so afraid of your own Servants knowing of your Attempts upon a poor unworthy Creature, that is under your Protection while I stay, surely your Honour ought to be more afraid of God Almighty, in whose Presence we all stand, in every Action of our Lives, and to whom the Greatest, as well as the Least, must be accountable, let them think what they list.

HE took my Hand, in a kind of good-humour'd Mockery, and said, Well urg'd, my pretty Preacher! When my *Lincolnshire* Chaplain dies, I'll put thee on a Gown and Cassock, and thou'lt make a good Figure in his Place! ---I wish, said I, a little vex'd at his Jeer, your Honour's Conscience would be your Preacher, and then you would need no other Chaplain. Well, well, *Pamela*, said he, no more of this unfashionable Jargon. I did not send for you so much for your Opinion of my new Suit, as to tell you, you are welcome to stay, since Mrs. *Jervis* desires it, till she goes. I welcome! said I; I am sure I shall rejoice when I am out of the House!

WELL, said he, you are an ungrateful Baggage; but I am thinking it would be Pity, with these fair soft Hands, and that lovely Skin, (as he call'd it, and took hold of my Hand) that you should return again to hard Work, as you must, if you go to your Father's; and so I would advise Mrs. *Jervis* to take a House in *London*, and let Lodgings to us Members of Parliament, when we come to Town; and such a pretty
Daughter,

Daughter, as you may pass for, will always fill her House, and she'll get a great deal of Money.

I WAS sadly vex'd at this barbarous Joke; but being ready to cry before, the Tears gush'd out, and (endeavouring to get my Hand away from him, but in vain) I said, I can expect no better: Your Behaviour, Sir, to me, has been just of a Piece with these Words; nay, I will say't, tho' you were to be ever so angry. ----- I angry, *Pamela*! No, no, said he, I have overcome all that; and as you are to go away, I look upon you now as Mrs. *Jervis's* Guest, while you both stay, and not as my Servant; and so you may say what you will. But I'll tell you, *Pamela*, why you need not take this Matter in such high Disdain! --- You have a very pretty romantick Turn for Virtue, and all that. --- And I don't suppose but you'll hold it still; and nobody will be able to prevail upon you. But, my Child, (sneeringly he spoke it) do but consider what a fine Opportunity you will then have, for a Tale every Day to good Mother *Jervis*, and what Subjects for Letter-writing to your Father and Mother, and what pretty Preachments you may hold forth to the young Gentlemen! Ad's my Heart! I think it would be the best Thing you and she could do.

You do well, Sir, said I, to even your Wit to such a poor Maiden as me. But, permit me to say, that if you was not rich and great, and I poor and little, you would not insult me thus. --- Let me ask you, Sir, if this becomes your fine Cloaths, and a Master's Station? Why so serious,

serious, my pretty *Pamela*? said he; Why so grave? And would kiss me; but my Heart was full, and I said, Let me alone! I *will* tell you, if you was a King, and insulted me as you have done, that you have forgotten to act like a Gentleman: And I won't stay to be used thus! I will go to the next Farmer's, and there wait for Mrs. *Jervis*, if she must go: And I'd have you know, Sir, that I can stoop to the ordinarieft Work of your Scullions, for all these nasty soft Hands, sooner than bear such ungentlemanly Imputations.

I SENT for you in, said he, in high good Humour; but 'tis impossible to hold it with such an Impertinent: However, I'll keep my Temper. But while I see you here, pray don't put on those dismal grave Looks! Why, Girl, you should forbear 'em, if it were but for your Pride-sake; for the Family will think you are grieving to leave the House. Then, Sir, said I, I will try to convince them of the contrary, as well as your Honour; for I will endeavour to be more chearful while I stay, for that very Reason.

WELL, reply'd he, I will set this down by itself, as the first Time that ever what I advis'd had any Weight with you. And I will add, said I, as the first Advice you have given me of late, that was fit to be follow'd! — I wish, said he, (I'm almost asham'd to write it, impudent Gentleman as he is! I wish) I had thee as *quick another way*, as thou art in thy Repartees! — And he laugh'd, and I snatch'd my Hand from

from him, and tripp'd away as fast as I could. Ah! thought I, marry'd! I'm sure 'tis time you were marry'd, or at this Rate no honest Maiden ought to live with you!

WHY, dear Father and Mother, to be sure he grows quite a Rake! How easy it is to go from bad to worse, when once People give way to Vice!

How would my poor Lady, had she liv'd, have griev'd to see it! But may-be he would have been better *then*! ---- Tho', it seems, he told Mrs. *Jervis*, he had an Eye upon me in his Mother's Life-time; and he intended to let me know as much by-the-bye, he told her! Here's Shamelessness for you! Sure the World must be near at an End! for all the Gentlemen about are as bad as he almost, as far as I can hear! — And see the Fruits of such bad Examples! There is 'Squire *Martin* in the Grove has had three Lyings-in, it seems, in his House, in three Months past; one by himself, and one by his Coachman, and one by his Woodman; and yet he has turn'd none of them away. Indeed, how can he, when they but follow his own vile Example! There is he, and two or three more such as he, within ten Miles of us; who keep Company, and hunt with our fine Master, truly; and I suppose, he's never the better for their Examples. But, Heaven bless me, say I, and send me out of this wicked House!

BUT, dear Father and Mother, what Sort of Creatures must the Women-kind be, do
you

you think, to give way to such Wickedness? Why, this it is that makes every one be thought of alike: And, Alack-a-day! what a World we live in! for it is grown more a Wonder, that the Men are *resisted*, than that the Women *comply*. This, I suppose, makes me such a a Sauce-box, and Bold-face, and a Creature; and all because I won't be a Sauce box and Bold-face indeed.

B U T I am sorry for these Things; one don't know what Arts and Stratagems Men may devise to gain their vile Ends; and so I will think as well as I can of these poor undone Creatures, and pity them. For you see by my sad Story, and narrow Escapes, what Hardships poor Maidens go thro', whose Lot it is to go out to Service; especially to Houses where there is not the Fear of God, and good Rule kept by the Heads of the Family.

Y O U see I am quite grown grave and serious: Indeed it becomes the present Condition of

Your dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Dear Father and Mother,

J O H N says you wept when you read my last Letter, that he carry'd. I am sorry you let him see that; for they all mistrust already how Matters are; and as it is no Credit, that I have

have been *attempted*, tho' it is, that I have *resisted*; yet I am sorry they have Cause to think so evil of my Master from any of us.

MRS. *Jervis* has made up her Accounts with Mr. *Longman*, and will stay in her Place. I am glad of it, for her own sake, and for my Master's; for she has a good Master of him; so indeed all have, but poor me! — and he has a good House-keeper in her.

MR. *Longman*, it seems, took upon him to talk to my Master, how faithful and careful of his Interests she was, and how exact in her Accounts; and he told him, there was no Comparison between her Accounts and Mrs. *Jewkes's*, at the *Lincolnshire* Estate. He said so many fine Things, it seems, of Mrs. *Jervis*, that my Master sent for her in Mr. *Longman's* Presence, and said, *Pamela* might come along with her: I suppose to mortify me, that I must go, while she was to stay: But as, when I go away, I am not to go with her, nor was she to go with me; so I did not matter it much: only it would have been creditable to such a poor Girl, that the House-keeper would bear me Company, if I went.

SAID he to her, Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, Mr. *Longman* says you have made up your Accounts with him, with your usual Fidelity and Exactness. I had a good Mind to make you an Offer of continuing with me, if you can be a little sorry for your hasty Words, which indeed were not so respectful as I have deserv'd at your Hands. She seem'd at a sad Loss what to say,
because

because Mr. *Longman* was there; and she could not speak of the Occasion of those Words, which was *me*.

INDEED, said Mr. *Longman*, I must needs say before your Face, that since I have known my Master's Family, I have never found such good Management in it, nor so much Love and Harmony neither. I wish the *Lincolnshire* Estate was as well serv'd! — No more of that, said my Master; but Mrs. *Jervis* may stay, if she will; and here, Mrs. *Jervis*, pray accept of this, which, at the Close of every Year's Accounts, I will present you with, besides your Salary, as long as I find your Care so useful and agreeable. And he gave her Five Guineas. — She made a low Court'fy, and thanking him, look'd to me, as if she would have spoken for me.

HE took her Meaning, I believe; for he said, — Indeed I love to encourage Merit and Obligingness, Mr. *Longman*; but I can never be equally kind to those who don't deserve it at my Hands, as to those who do; and then he look'd full at me. Mr. *Longman*, continued he, I said that Girl might come in with Mrs. *Jervis*, because they love to be always together: For Mrs. *Jervis* is very good to her, and loves her as well as if she was her Daughter. But else — Mr. *Longman*, interrupting him, said, Good to Mrs. *Pamela*! Ay, Sir, and so she is, to be sure! But every body must be good to her; for —

HE

HE was going on. But my Master said, No more, no more, Mr. *Longman*! I see old Men are taken with pretty young Girls, as well as other Folks; and fair Looks hide many a Fault, where a Person has the Art to behave obligingly. Why, and please your Honour, said Mr. *Longman*, every body — and was going on, I believe to say something more in my Praise; but he interrupted him, and said, Not a Word more of this *Pamela*. I can't let her stay, I'll assure you; not only for her own Freedom of Speech, but her Letter-writing of all the Secrets of my Family. Ay! said the good old Man; I'm sorry for that too! But, Sir! — No more, I say, said my Master; for my Reputation is so well known, (mighty fine, thought I!) that I care not what any body writes or says of *me*: But to tell you the Truth, (not that it need go further) I think of changing my Condition soon; and, you know, young Ladies of Birth and Fortune will chuse their own Servants, and that's my chief Reason why *Pamela* can't stay. As for the rest, said he, the Girl is a good sort of Body, take her all together; tho' I must needs say, a little pert, since my Mother's Death, in her Answers, and gives me Two Words for One; which I can't bear; nor is there Reason I should, you know, Mr. *Longman*. No, to be sure, Sir, said he; but 'tis strange methinks, she should be so mild and meek to every one of us in the House, and forget herself so where she should shew most Respect! Very true, Mr. *Longman*, said he;

he; but so it is, I'll assure you; and it was from her Pertness, that Mrs. *Jervis* and I had the Words: And I should mind it the less, but that the Girl (there she stands, I say it to her Face) has Wit and Sense above her Years, and knows better.

I WAS in great Pain to say something, but yet I knew not what, before Mr. *Longman*; and Mrs. *Jervis* look'd at me, and walk'd to the Window to hide her Concern for me. At last, I said, It is for *you*, Sir, to say what you please; and for *me* only to say, God bless your Honour!

POOR Mr. *Longman* falter'd in his Speech, and was ready to cry. Said my insulting Master to me, Why pr'ythee, *Pamela*, now, shew thyself as thou art, before Mr. *Longman*. Can'st not give *him* a Specimen of that Pertness which thou hast exercis'd upon *me* sometimes?

DID he not, my dear Father and Mother, deserve all the Truth to be told? Yet I overcame myself so far, as to say, Well, your Honour may play upon a poor Girl, that you know *can* answer you, but *dare* not.

WHY, pr'ythee now, Insinuator, reply'd he, say the worst you *can* before Mr. *Longman*, and Mrs. *Jervis*. I challenge the utmost of thy Impertinence; and as you are going away, and have the Love of every body, I would be a little justify'd to my Family, that you have no Reason to complain of Hardships from me, as I have of pert saucy Answers from you, besides exposing me by your Letters.

SURELY, Sir, said I, I am of no Consequence equal to this, in your Honour's Family, that such a great Gentleman as you, should need to justify yourself about me. I am glad Mrs. *Jervis* stays with your Honour; and I know I have *not deserv'd* to stay; and more than that, I don't *desire* to stay.

ADS-BOBBERS! said Mr. *Longman*, and ran to me; don't say so, don't say so, dear Mrs. *Pamela*! We all love you dearly; and pray down of your Knees, and ask his Honour's Pardon, and we will all become Pleaders in a Body, and I, and Mrs. *Jervis* too, at the Head of it, to beg his Honour's Pardon, and to continue you, at least till his Honour marries. — No, Mr. *Longman*, said I, I cannot ask; nor would I stay, if I might. All I desire, is, to return to my poor Father and Mother; and tho' I love you all, I won't stay. — O well-a-day, well-a-day, said the good old Man, I did not expect this! — When I had got Matters thus far, and had made all up for Mrs. *Jervis*, I was in Hopes to have got a double Holiday of Joy for all the Family, in *your* Pardon too. Well, said my Master, this is a little Specimen of what I told you, Mr. *Longman*. You see there's a Spirit you did not expect.

MRS. *Jervis* told me after, that she could stay no longer, to hear me so hardly used; and must have spoken, had she stay'd, what would never have been forgiven her; so she went out. I look'd after her, to go too; but my Master said, Come, *Pamela*, give another Specimen,
I desire

I desire you, to Mr. *Longman*: I am sure you must, if you will but *speake*. Well, Sir, said I, since it seems your Greatness wants to be justified by my Lowness, and I have no Desire you should suffer in the Sight of your Family, I will say, on my bended Knees, (and so I kneel'd down) that I have been a very faulty, and a very ungrateful Creature to the *best* of Masters: I have been very perverse and saucy; and have deserv'd nothing at your Hands, but to be turn'd out of your Family with Shame and Disgrace. I, therefore, have nothing to say for myself, but that I am not *worthy* to stay, and so cannot *wish* to stay, and *will* not stay: And so God Almighty bless you, and you, Mr. *Longman*, and good Mrs. *Jervis*, and every living Soul of the Family! and I will pray for you as long as I live. — And so I rose up, and was forc'd to lean upon my Master's Elbow-chair, or I should have sunk down.

THE poor old Man wept more than I, and said, Ads-bobbers, was ever the like heard! 'Tis too much, too much! I can't bear it. As I hope to live, I am quite melted. Dear Sir, forgive her: The poor Thing prays for you; she prays for us all! She owns her Fault; yet *won't* be forgiven! I profess I know not what to make of it.

MY Master himself, harden'd Wretch as he was, seem'd a little mov'd, and took his Handkerchief out of his Pocket, and walk'd to the Window: What Sort of a Day is it? said he. — And then getting a little more Hard-heartedness, he added, Well, you may be gone from my Pre-

sence, thou strange Medley of Inconsistence! but you shan't stay after your Time in the House.

NAY, pray, Sir, pray, Sir, said the good old Man, relent a little. Ads-heartlikins! you young Gentlemen are made of Iron and Steel, I think: I'm sure, said he, my Heart's turn'd into Butter, and is running away at my Eyes. I never felt the like before. — Said my Master, with an imperious Tone, Get out of my Presence, Hussy! I can't bear you in my Sight. Sir, said I, I'm going as fast as I can.

BUT indeed, my dear Father and Mother, my Head was so giddy, and my Limbs trembled so, that I was forc'd to go holding by the Wainscot all the way with both my Hands, and thought I should not have got to the Door: But when I did, as I hop'd this would be my last Interview with this terrible hard-hearted Master, I turn'd about, and made a low Court'sy, and said, God bless you, Sir! God bless you, Mr. *Longman*! And I went into the Lobby leading to the great Hall, and dropp'd into the first Chair; for I could get no further a good while.

I LEAVE all these Things to your Reflection, my dear Parents; but I can write no more. My poor Heart's almost broken! Indeed it is. — O when shall I get away! — Send me, good God, in Safety, once more to my poor Father's peaceful Cot! — and there the worst that can happen will be Joy in Perfection to what I now bear! — O pity

Your distressed Daughter.
LET.

LETTER XXIX.

My dear Father and Mother,

I MUST write on, tho' I shall come so soon; for now I have hardly any thing else to do. I have finish'd all that lay upon me, and only wait the good Time of setting out. Mrs. *Jervis* said, I must be low in Pocket, for what I have laid out; and so would have presented me with Two Guineas of her Five; but I could not take them of her, because, poor Gentlewoman! she pays old Debts for her Children that were extravagant, and wants them herself. This, however, was very good in her.

I AM sorry, I shall have but little to bring with me; but I know *you* won't, you are so good! — and I will work the harder, when I come home, if I can get a little Plain-work, or any thing to do. But all your Neighbourhood is so poor, that I fear I shall want Work; except, may-be, Dame *Mumford* can help me to something, from any good Family she is acquainted with.

HERE, what a sad Thing it is! I have been brought up wrong, as Matters stand. For, you know, my good Lady, now in Heav'n, lov'd Singing and Dancing; and, as she would have it I had a Voice, she made me learn both; and often and often has she made me sing her an innocent Song, and a good Psalm too, and dance before her: And I must learn to flower and draw too, and to work fine Work with my Needle;

why, all this too I have got pretty tolerably at my Fingers End, as they say; and she us'd to praise me, and was a good Judge of such Matters.

WELL now, what is all this to the Purpose, as Things have turn'd about?

WHY, no more nor less, than that I am like the Grasshopper in the Fable, which I have read of in my Lady's Books, as follows*:

“ As the Ants were airing their Provisions
 “ one Winter, a hungry Grasshopper (as suppose it was poor I) begg'd a Charity of them.
 “ They told him, That he should have wrought
 “ in Summer, if he would not have wanted in
 “ Winter. Well, says the Grasshopper, but I
 “ was not idle neither; for I sung out the
 “ whole Season. Nay, then, said they, you'll
 “ e'en do well to make a merry Year of it, and
 “ dance in Winter to the Tune you sung in
 “ Summer.”

So I shall make a fine Figure with my Singing and my Dancing, when I come home to you! Nay, I shall be unfit even for a *May-day* Holiday-time; for these Minuets, Rigadoons, and *French* Dances, that I have been practising, will make me but ill Company for my Milk-maid Companions that are to be. To be sure, I had better, as Things stand, have

* See the *Æsop's Fables*, sold by J. Osborn, in *Pater-noster Row*, which has lately been corrected and reform'd from those of Sir R. L'Estrange, and the most eminent Mythologists.

learn'd to wash and scour, and brew and bake, and such-like. But I hope, if I can't get Work, and can meet with a Place, to learn these soon, if any body will have the Goodness to bear with me, till I am able: For, notwithstanding what my Master says, I hope I have an humble and a teachable Mind; and next to God's Grace, that is all my Comfort: For I shall think nothing too mean that is honest. It may be a little hard at first; but woe to my proud Heart, if I find it so, on Trial! for I will make it bend to its Condition, or break it.

I HAVE read of a good Bishop, that was to be burnt for his Religion; and he try'd how he could bear it, by putting his Fingers into the lighted Candle: So I t'other Day try'd, when *Rachel's* Back was turn'd, if I could not scour a Pewter Plate she had begun. I see I could do't by degrees: It only blister'd my Hand in two Places.

ALL the Matter is, if I could get Plain-work enough, I need not spoil my Fingers. But if I can't, I hope to make my Hands as red as a Blood-pudden, and as hard as a Beechen Trencher, to accommodate them to my Condition, — But I must break off: Here's somebody coming.

'TIS only our *Hannah* with a Message from Mrs. *Jervis*. — But, hold, here is somebody else. — Well, it is only *Rachel*.

I AM as much frightened as were the City Mouse and the Country Mouse, in the same

Book of Fables, at every thing that stirs. Oh ! I have a Power of these Things to entertain you with in Winter Evenings, when I come home. If I can but get Work, with a little Time for Reading, I hope we shall be very happy, over our Peat Fires.

WHAT made me hint to you, that I should bring but little with me, is this:

YOU must know, I did intend to do, as I have this Afternoon : And that is, I took all my Cloaths, and all my Linen, and I divided them into three Parcels, as I had before told Mrs. *Fervis* I intended to do; and I said, It is now *Monday*, Mrs. *Fervis*, and I am to go away on *Thursday* Morning betimes; so tho' I know you don't doubt my *Honesty*, I beg you will look over my poor Matters, and let every one have what belongs to them; for, said I, you know I am resolv'd to take with me only what I can properly call my own.

SAID she, (I did not know her Drift then; to be sure she meant well; but I did not thank her for it, when I did know it) Let your Things be brought down into the Green-room, and I will do any thing you would have me do.

WITH all my Heart! said I, Green-room or any-where; but I think you might step up, and see 'em as they lie.

HOWEVER, I fetch'd 'em down, and laid them in three Parcels, as before; and when I had done, I went down to call her up to look at them.

Now,

NOW, it seems, she had prepar'd my Master for this Scene, unknown to me; and in this Green-room was a Closet, with a Sash-door and a Curtain before it; for there she puts her Sweetmeats and such things; and this she did, it seems, to turn his Heart, as knowing what I intended; I suppose, that he should make me take the Things; for if he had, I should have made Money of them, to help us when we got together; for, to be sure, I could never have appear'd in them.

WELL, as I was saying, he had got, unknown to me, into this Closet; I suppose while I went to call Mrs. *Jervis*: And she since own'd to me, it was at his Desire, when she told him something of what I intended, or else she would not have done it: Tho' I have Reason, I'm sure, to remember the last Closet-work.

So I said, when she came up, Here, Mrs. *Jervis*, is the first Parcel; I will spread it all abroad. These are the Things my good Lady gave me. — In the first place, said I — and so I went on describing the Cloaths and Linen my Lady had given me, mingling Blessings, as I proceeded, for her Goodness to me; and when I had turn'd over that Parcel, I said, Well, so much for the first Parcel, Mrs. *Jervis*; that was my Lady's Gifts.

Now I come to the Presents of my dear virtuous Master: Hay! you know, *Closet* for that, Mrs. *Jervis*! She laugh'd, and said, I never saw such a comical Girl in my Life! But

go on. I will, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, as soon as I have open'd the Bundle; for I was as brisk and as pert as could be, little thinking who heard me.

Now, here, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, are my ever-worthy Master's Presents; and then I particularized all those in the second Bundle.

AFTER which, I turn'd to my own, and said:

Now, Mrs. *Jervis*, comes poor *Pamela's* Bundle, and a little one it is, to the others. First, here is a Calico Night-gown, that I used to wear o'Mornings. 'Twill be rather too good for me when I get home; but I must have something. Then there is a quilted Calimanco Coat, and a Pair of Stockens I bought of the Pedlar, and my Straw Hat with blue Strings; and a Remnant of *Scots* Cloth, which will make two Shirts and two Shifts, the same I have on, for my poor Father and Mother. And here are four other Shifts, one the fellow to that I have on; another pretty good one, and the other two old fine ones, that will serve me to turn and wind with at home, for they are not worth leaving behind me; and here are two Pair of Shoes; I have taken the Lace off, which I will burn, and may-be will fetch me some little Matter at a Pinch, with an old Silver Buckle or two.

WHAT do you laugh for, Mrs. *Jervis*? said I. — Why you are like an *April* Day; you cry and laugh in a Breath.

WELL,





P. Hignion del.

M. Goussier sculp.

WELL, let me see; ay, here is a Cotton Handkerchief I bought of the Pedlar; there should be another somewhere. O here it is! and here too are my new-bought knit Mittens: And this is my new Flanel Coat, the fellow to that I have on. And in this Parcel pinn'd together, are several Pieces of printed Calico, Remnants of Silks, and such-like; that, if good Luck should happen, and I should get Work, would serve for Robings and Facings, and such-like Uses. And here too are a Pair of Pockets; they are too fine for me; but I have no worse. Bless me! said I, I did not think I had so many good Things!

WELL, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, you have seen all my Store, and I will now sit down, and tell you a Piece of my Mind.

BE brief, then, said she, my good Girl; for she was afraid, she said afterwards, that I should say too much.

WHY then the Case is this: I am to enter upon a Point of Equity and Conscience, Mrs. *Jervis*; and I must beg, if you love me, you'd let me have my own Way. Those things there of my Lady's, I can have no Claim to, so as to take them away; for she gave them me, supposing I was to wear them in her Service, and to do Credit to her bountiful Heart. But since I am to be turn'd away, you know, I cannot wear them at my poor Father's; for I should bring all the little Village upon my Back: and so I resolve not to have *them*.

THEN,

THEN, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, I have far less Right to these of my worthy Master's: For you see what was his Intention in giving them to me. So they were to be the Price of my Shame, and if I *could* make use of them, I should think I should never prosper with them; and besides, you know, Mrs. *Jervis*, if I would not do the good Gentleman's Work, why should I take his Wages? So in Conscience, in Honour, in every thing, I have nothing to say to thee, thou *second, wicked, Bundle!*

BUT, said I, come to my Arms, my dear *third* Parcel, the Companion of my Poverty, and the Witness of my Honesty; and may I never deserve the least Rag that is contain'd in thee, when I forfeit a Title to that Innocence which I hope will ever be the Pride of my Life! and then I am sure it will be my highest Comfort at my Death, when all the Riches and Pomp in the World will be worse than the vilest Rags that can be worn by Beggars! And so I hugg'd my *third* Bundle.

BUT, said I, Mrs. *Jervis*, (and she wept to hear me) one thing more I have to trouble you with, and that's all.

THERE are Four Guineas, you know, that came out of my good Lady's Pocket, when she dy'd, that, with some Silver, my Master gave me: Now these same Four Guineas I sent to my poor Father and Mother, and they have broken them; but would make them up, if I would: And if you think it should be so, it shall. But pray tell me honestly your Mind:

As

As to the Three Years before my Lady's Death, do you think, as I had no Wages, I may be suppos'd to be Quits? --- By Quits, I cannot mean, that my poor Services should be equal to my Lady's Goodness; for that's impossible. But as all her Learning and Education of me, as Matters have turn'd, will be of little Service to me now; for it had been better for me to have been brought up to hard Labour, to be sure; for that I must turn to at last, if I can't get a Place (and you know, in Places too, one is subject to such Temptations as are dreadful to think of): So I say, by Quits I only mean, as I return all the good things she gave me, whether I may not set my little Services against my Keeping; because, as I said, my Learning is not now in the Question; and I am sure my dear good Lady would have thought so, had she liv'd: But that, too, is now out of the Question. Well then, if so, I would ask, Whether in above this Year that I have liv'd with my Master, as I am resolv'd to leave all his Gifts behind me, I may not have earn'd, besides my Keeping, these Four Guineas, and these poor Cloaths here upon my Back, and in my third Bundle? Now tell me your Mind freely, without Favour or Affection.

ALAS! my dear Maiden, said she, you make me unable to speak to you at all: To be sure, it will be the highest Affront that can be offer'd, for you to leave any of these things behind you; and you must take all your Bundles

dles with you, or my Master will never forgive you.

WELL, well, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, I don't care; I have been too much used to be snubb'd and hardly treated by my Master, of late. I have done him no Harm; and I shall always pray for him, and wish him happy. But I don't deserve these Things; I know I don't. Then I can't wear them, if I should take them; so they can be of no Use to me: And I trust I shall not want the poor Pittance, that is all I desire to keep Life and Soul together. Bread and Water I can live upon, Mrs. *Jervis*, with Content. Water I shall get any-where; and if I can't get me Bread, I will live like a Bird in Winter upon Hips and Haws, and at other times upon Pig-nuts, and Potatoes, or Turneps, or any thing. So what Occasion have I for these Things? — But all I ask is about these Four Guineas, and if you think I need not return them, that is all I want to know. — To be sure, my Dear, you need not, said she; you well earn'd them by that Waistcoat only. No, I think not *so*, in that only; but in the Linen, and other Things, do you think I have? Yes, yes, said she, and more. And my Keeping allow'd for, I mean, said I, and these poor Cloaths on my Back, besides? Remember that, Mrs. *Jervis*. Yes, my dear Odd-one, no doubt you have! Well then, said I, I am as happy as a Princess! I am quite as rich as I wish to be! And, once more, my dear third Bundle, I will hug thee to my Bosom. And I beg you'll say nothing

thing of all this till I am gone, that my Master mayn't be so angry, but that I may go in Peace; for my Heart, without other Matters, will be ready to break to part with you all.

Now, Mrs. *Fervis*, said I, as to one Matter more: and that is, my Master's last Usage of me, before Mr. *Longman*. --- Said she, Pr'ythee, dear *Pamela*, step to my Chamber, and fetch me a Paper I left on my Table. I have something to shew you in it. I will, said I, and stepp'd down; but that was only a Fetch to take the Orders of my Master, I found. It seems, he said, he thought two or three times to have burst out upon me; but he could not stand it, and wish'd I might not know he was there. But I tripp'd up again so nimbly, (for there was no Paper) that I just saw his Back, as if coming out of that Green-room, and going into the next to it, the first Door that was open. ----- I whipp'd in, and shut the Door, and bolted it. O Mrs. *Fervis*, said I, what have you done by me? --- I see I can't confide in any body. I am beset on all Hands! Wretched, wretched *Pamela*! where shalt thou expect a Friend, if Mrs. *Fervis* joins to betray me thus? ----- She made so many Protestations, (telling me all, and that he own'd I had made him wipe his Eyes two or three times; and said, she hop'd it would have a good Effect; and remember'd me, that I had said nothing but would rather move Compassion than Resentment) that I forgave her. But O! that I was safe from this House! for never poor Creature sure was so
fluster'd

fluster'd as I have been for so many Months together!-----I am call'd down from this most tedious Scribble. I wonder what will next befall

Your dutiful Daughter.

Mrs. *Jervis* says, she is sure I shall have the Chariot to carry me home to you. Tho' this will look too great for me, yet it will shew as if I was not turn'd away quite in Disgrace. The travelling Chariot is come from *Lincolnshire*, and I fancy I shall go in that; for the other is quite grand.

LETTER XXX.

My dear Father and Mother,

I WRITE again, tho', may-be, I shall bring it to you in my Pocket; for I shall have no Writing, nor Writing-time, I hope, when I come to you. This is *Wednesday* Morning, and I shall, I hope, set out to you to-morrow Morning; but I have had more Trials, and more Vexation; but of another Complexion too a little, tho' all from the same Quarter.

YESTERDAY my Master, after he came from Hunting, sent for me. I went with great Terror; for I expected he would storm, and be in a fine Passion with me for my Freedom of Speech before: So I was resolv'd to begin first, with Submission, to disarm his Anger; and I
fell

fell upon my Knees as soon as I saw him; and said, Good Sir, let me beseech you, as you hope to be forgiven yourself, and for the sake of my dear good Lady your Mother, who recommended me to you with her last Words, to forgive me all my Faults: And only grant me this Favour, the last I shall ask you, that you will let me depart your House with Peace and Quietness of Mind, that I may take such a Leave of my dear Fellow-servants as befits me; and that my Heart be not quite broken.

HE took me up, in a kinder manner, than ever I had known; and he said, Shut the Door, *Pamela*, and come to me in my Closet: I want to have a little serious Talk with you. How can I, Sir, said I, how can I? and wrung my Hands. O pray, Sir, let me go out of your Presence, I beseech you. By the G--d that made me, said he, I'll do you no Harm. Shut the Parlour-door, and come to me in my Library.

HE then went into his Closet, which is his Library, and full of rich Pictures besides; a noble Apartment, tho' call'd a Closet, and next the private Garden, into which it has a Door that opens. I shut the Parlour-door, as he bid me; but stood at it irresolute. Place some Confidence in me, said he: Surely you may, when I have spoken thus solemnly. So I crept towards him with trembling Feet, and my Heart throbbing thro' my Handkerchief. Come in, said he, when I bid you. I did so. Pray, Sir, said I, pity and spare me. I will, said he,

as I hope to be sav'd. He sat down upon a rich Settee; and took hold of my Hand, and said, Don't doubt me, *Pamela*. From this Moment I will no more consider you as my Servant; and I desire you'll not use me with Ingratitude for the Kindness I am going to express towards you. This a little embolden'd me; and he said, holding both my Hands between his, You have too much Wit and good Sense not to discover, that I, in spite of my Heart, and all the Pride of it, cannot but love you. Yes, look up to me, my sweet-fac'd Girl! I *must* say I love you; and have put on a Behaviour to you, that was much 'gainst my Heart, in hopes to frighten you from your Reservedness. You see I own it ingenuously; and don't play your Sex upon me for it.

I WAS unable to speak; and he, seeing me too much oppress'd with Confusion to go on in that Strain, said, Well, *Pamela*, let me know in what Situation of Life is your Father: I know he is a poor Man; but is he as low and as honest, as he was when my Mother took you?

THEN I could speak a little; and with a down Look, (and I felt my Face glow like Fire) I said, Yes, Sir, as *poor* and as *honest* too, and that is my Pride. Says he, I will do something for him, if it be not your Fault, and make all your Family happy. Ah! Sir, said I, he is happier already than ever he can be, if his Daughter's Innocence is to be the Price of your Favour. And I beg you will not
speak

speak to me on the *only* Side that can wound
 me. I have no Design of that sort, said he.
 O Sir, said I, tell me not so, tell me not so!
 — 'Tis easy, said he, for me to be the Making
 of your Father, without injuring *you*. Well,
 Sir, said I, if this can be done, let me know
 how; and all I can do with Innocence shall
 be the Study and Practice of my Life. ---- But
 Oh! what can such a poor Creature as I do,
 and do my Duty? ---- Said he, I would have you
 stay a Week or a Fortnight only, and behave
 yourself with Kindness to me: I stoop to beg it
 of you, and you shall see all shall turn out be-
 yond your Expectation. I see, said he, you are
 going to answer otherwise than I would have
 you; and I begin to be vex'd I should thus
 meanly sue; and so I will say, that your Be-
 haviour before honest *Longman*, when I used
 you as I did, and you could so well have vin-
 dicated yourself, has quite charm'd me. And
 tho' I am not pleas'd with all you said Yester-
 day, while I was in the Closet, yet you have
 mov'd me more to admire you than before;
 and I am awaken'd to see more Worthiness in
 you, than ever I saw in any Lady in the World.
 All the Servants, from the highest to the low-
 est, doat upon you, instead of envying you;
 and look upon you in so superior a Light, as
 speaks what you ought to be. I have seen
 more of your Letters than you imagine, (This
 surpris'd me!) and am quite overcome with
 your charming manner of Writing, so free, so
 easy, and many of your Sentiments so much

above your Years, and your Sex; and all put together, makes me, as I tell you, love you to Extravagance. Now, *Pamela*, when I have stoop'd to acknowledge all this, oblige me only to stay another Week or Fortnight, to give me time to bring about some certain Affairs; and you shall see how much you may find your Account in it.

I TREMBLED to feel my poor Heart giving way.---- O good Sir, said I, spare a poor Maiden, that cannot look up to you, and speak. My Heart is full: And why should you wish to undo me?--- Only oblige me, said he, in staying a Fortnight longer, and *John* shall carry Word to your Father, that I will see him in the Time, either here, or at the *Swan* in his Village. O Sir, said I, my Heart will burst; but on my bended Knees, I beg you to let me go To-morrow, as I designed: and don't offer to tempt a poor Creature, whose whole Will would be to do yours, if my Virtue would permit.--- It shall permit it, said he; for I intend no Injury to you, God is my Witness!--- Impossible! said I; I cannot, Sir, believe you, after what has passed: How many ways are there to undo poor Creatures! Good God, protect me this *one* Time, and send me but to my dear Father's Cot in Safety! -- Strange, damn'd Fate, says he, that when I speak so solemnly, I can't be believ'd!---What *should* I believe, Sir? return'd I; what *can* I believe? What have you said, but that I am to stay a Fortnight longer? and what then is to become of me?--- My Pride of Birth
I and

and Fortune (damn them both! said he, since they cannot obtain Credit with you, but must add to your Suspicions) will not let me descend, all at once; and I ask you but a Fortnight's Stay, that, after this Declaration, I may pacify those proud Demands upon me.

O HOW my Heart throbb'd! and I began (for I did not know what I did) to say the Lord's Prayer. None of your Beads to me, *Pamela*, said he; thou art a perfect Nun, I think.

BUT I said aloud, with my Eyes lifted up to Heaven, *Lead me not into Temptation; but deliver me from Evil*, O my good God! He hugg'd me in his Arms, and said, Well, my dear Girl, then you stay this Fortnight, and you shall see what I will do for you. ---- I'll leave you a Moment, and walk into the next Room, to give you time to think of it, and to shew you I have no Design upon you. Well, this, I thought, did not look amiss.

HE went out, and I was tortur'd with Twenty different Doubts in a Minute: Sometimes I thought, that to stay a Week or Fortnight longer in this House to obey him, while Mrs. *Jervis* was with me, could do no great Harm: But then, thought I, how do I know what I may be *able* to do? I have withstood his *Anger*; but may I not relent at his *Kindness*? --- How shall I stand *that*! ---- Well, I hope, thought I, by the same protecting Grace, in which I will always confide! ---- But then, what has he promised? Why he will make my poor Father and

Mother's Life comfortable. O! said I to my self, that is a rich Thought; but let me not dwell upon it, for fear I should indulge it to my Ruin. — What can he do for *me*, poor Girl as I am! — What can his Greatness stoop to! He talks, thought I, of his Pride of Heart, and Pride of Condition! O these are in his *Head*, and in his *Heart* too, or he would not confess them to me at *such* an Instant. Well then, thought I, this can be only to seduce me! — He has promis'd nothing. — But I am to *see* what he will do, if I stay a Fortnight; and this Fortnight, thought I again, is no such great Matter; and I shall see in a few Days, how he carries it. — But then, when I again reflected upon the Distance between him and me, and his now open Declaration of Love, as he call'd it; and that after this, he would talk with me on that Subject *more plainly* than ever, and I should be *less* arm'd, may-be, to withstand him; and then I bethought myself, why, if he meant no Dishonour, he should not speak before Mrs. *Fervis*; and the odious frightful Closet came again into my Head, and my narrow Escape upon it; and how easy it might be for him to send Mrs. *Fervis* and the Maids out of the Way; and so that all the Mischief he design'd me might be brought about in less than that Time; I resolv'd to go away, and trust all to Providence, and nothing to myself. And how ought I to be thankful for this Resolution! — as you shall hear.

BUT

BUT just as I have writ to this Place, *John* sends me Word, that he is going this Minute your Way; and so I will send so far as I have written, and hope, by to-morrow Night, to ask your Blessings, at your own poor, but happy Abode, and tell you the rest by Word of Mouth; and so I rest, till then, and for ever,

Your dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R XXXI.

My dear Father and Mother,

I WILL continue my Writing still, because, may-be, I shall like to read it, when I am with you, to see what Dangers I have been enabled to escape; and tho' I bring it along with me.

I TOLD you my Resolution, my happy Resolution, as I have Reason to think it: And just then he came in again, with great Kindness in his Looks; and said, I make no Doubt, *Pamela*, you will stay this Fortnight to oblige me. I knew not how to frame my Words so as to deny, and yet not make him storm: But said I, Forgive, Sir, your poor distressed Maiden: I know I cannot possibly deserve any Favour at your Hands, consistent with Virtue; and I beg you will let me go to my poor Father. Why, said he, thou art the veriest Fool that I ever knew. I tell you I will *see* your Father; I'll

K 4

send

send for him hither To-morrow, in my travelling Chariot, if you will; and I'll let him know what I intend to do for *him* and *you*. What, Sir, may I ask you, can that be? Your Honour's noble Estate may easily make *him* happy, and not unuseful perhaps to *you* in some respect or other. But what Price am I to pay for all this? — You shall be happy as you can wish, said he, I do assure you: And here I will now give you this Purse, in which are Fifty Guineas, which I will allow your Father yearly, and find an Employ suitable to his Liking, to deserve *that* and *more*: *Pamela*, he shall never want, depend upon it. I would have given you still more for him; but that perhaps you would suspect I intended it as a Design upon you. — O Sir! said I, take back your Guineas; I will not touch one, nor will my Father, I am sure, till he knows what is to be done *for* them; and particularly what is to become of *me*. Why then, *Pamela*, said he, suppose I find a Man of Probity, and genteel Calling, for a Husband for you, that shall make you a Gentlewoman as long as you live? — I want no Husband, Sir, said I; for now I began to see him in all his black Colours: Yet being so much in his Power, I thought I would a little dissemble. But, said he, you are so pretty, that go where you will, you can never be free from the Designs of some or other of our Sex; and I shall think I don't answer the Care of my dying Mother for you, who committed you to me, if I don't provide you a Husband to protect
your

your Virtue, and your Innocence; and a worthy one I have thought of for you.

O BLACK, perfidious Creature! thought I, what an Implement art thou in the Hands of *Lucifer*, to ruin the innocent Heart! — Yet still I dissembled; for I fear'd much both him and the Place I was in. But, whom, pray, Sir, have you thought of? — Why, said he, young Mr. *Williams*, my Chaplain, in *Lincolnshire*, who will make you happy. Does he know, Sir, said I, any thing of your Honour's Intentions? — No, my Girl, answer'd he, and kissed me (much against my Will; for his very Breath was now Poison to me); but his Dependence upon my Favour, and your Beauty and Merit, will make him rejoice at my Kindness to him. Well, Sir, said I, then it is time enough to consider of this Matter; and it cannot hinder me from going to my Father's: For what will staying a Fortnight longer signify to this? Your Honour's Care and Goodness may extend to me *there* as well as *here*; and Mr. *Williams*, and all the World, shall know that I am not ashamed of my Father's Poverty,

HE would kiss me again, and I said, If I am to think of Mr. *Williams*, or any body, I beg *you'll* not be so free with me: That is not pretty, I'm sure. Well, said he, but you stay this next Fortnight, and in that time I'll have both *Williams* and your Father here; for I will have the Match concluded in my House; and when I have brought it on, you shall settle it as you please together. Mean time take and send only these

these Fifty Pieces to your Father, as an Earnest of my Favour, and I'll make you all happy.—

Sir, said I, I beg at least Two Hours to consider of this. I shall, said he, be gone out in one Hour; and I would have you write to your Father, what I propose, and *John* shall carry it on purpose, and he shall take the Purse with him for the good old Man, if you approve it. Sir, said I, I will then let you know, in one Hour, my Resolution. Do so, reply'd he; and gave me another Kiss, and let me go.

O HOW I rejoiced I had got out of his Clutches!—So I write you this, that you may see how Matters stand; for I am resolved to come away, if possible. Base, wicked, treacherous Gentleman, as he is!

So here was a Trap laid for your poor *Pamela*! I tremble to think of it! O what a Scene of Wickedness was here contrived for all my wretched Life! Black-hearted Wretch! how I hate him!—For at first, as you'll see by what I have written, he would have made me believe other Things; and this of Mr. *Williams*, I suppose, came into his Head, after he walk'd out from his Closet, to give himself time to think how to delude me better: But the Covering was now too thin, and easy to be seen through.

I WENT to my Chamber, and the first thing I did, was to write to him; for I thought it was best not to see him again, if I could help it; and I put it under his Parlour-door, after I had copy'd it, as follows:

‘ Honour’d

! Honour'd Sir,

! YOUR last Proposal to me convinces me,
 ! that I ought not to stay, but to go to my
 ! Father, if it were but to ask his Advice about
 ! Mr. *Williams*. And I am so set upon it,
 ! that I am not to be persuaded. So, honour'd
 ! Sir, with a thousand Thanks for all Favours,
 ! I will set out To-morrow early; and the Ho-
 ! nour you design'd me, as Mrs. *Jervis* tells
 ! me, of your Chariot, there will be no Occa-
 ! sion for; because I can hire, I believe, Farmer
 ! *Brady's* Chaise. So, begging you will not
 ! take it amiss, I shall ever be

! Your dutiful Servant.

! As to the Purse, Sir, my poor Father, to
 ! be sure, won't forgive me, if I take it,
 ! 'till he can know how to deserve it:
 ! Which is impossible.

So he has just now sent Mrs. *Jervis*, to tell
 me, That since I am resolv'd to go, go I may,
 and the travelling Chariot shall be ready; but
 it shall be worse for me; for that he will never
 trouble himself about me as long as he lives.
 Well, so I get out of the House, I care not;
 only I should have been glad I could with In-
 nocence have made you, my dear Parents,
 happy.

I CANNOT

I CANNOT imagine the Reason of it, but *John*, who I thought was gone with my last, is but now going; and he sends to know if I have any thing else to carry. So I break off to send you this with the former.

I AM now preparing for my Journey, and about taking Leave of my good Fellow-servants. And if I have not time to write, I must tell you the rest, when I am so happy as to be with you.

ONE Word more: I slip in a Paper of Verses, on my going; sad poor Stuff! but as they come from me, you'll not dislike them, may-be. I shew'd them to Mrs. *Jervis*, and she liked them, and took a Copy; and made me sing them to her, and in the Green-room too; but I look'd into the Closet first. I will only add, That I am

Your dutiful Daughter.

Let me just say, That he has this Moment sent me Five Guineas by Mrs. *Jervis*, as a Present for my Pocket: So I shall be very rich; for as *she* brought them, I thought I might take them. He says he won't see me; and I may go when I will in the Morning; and *Lincolnshire Robin* shall drive me: But he is so angry, he orders that nobody shall go out at the Door with me, not so much as into the Court-yard. Well! I can't help it, not I! but does not this expose *himself*. more than *me*?

But

But *John* waits, and I would have brought this and the other myself; but he says, he has put it up, among other things, and so can take both as well as one.

John is very good, and very honest; I am under great Obligations to him. I'd give him a Guinea, now I'm so rich, if I thought he'd take it. I hear nothing of my Lady's Cloaths, and those my Master gave me: For I told Mrs. *Fervis*, I would not take them; but I fancy, by a Word or two that dropp'd, they will be sent after me. Dear Sirs! what a rich *Pamela* you'll have, if they should! But as I can't wear them, if they do, I don't desire them; and, if I have them, will turn them into Money, as I can have Opportunity. Well, no more—I'm in a fearful Hurry!

V E R S E S *on my going away.*

I.

*M*Y Fellow-servants dear, attend
To these few Lines, which I have penn'd:
I'm sure they're from your hearty Friend,
And Wisher-well, poor *Pamela*.

II.

*I from a State of low Degree
Was plac'd in this good Family:
Too high a Fate for humble me,
The helpless, hopeless *Pamela*.*

III.

III.

*Tet tho' my happy Lot was so,
 Joyful I, homeward, from it go,
 No less content, when poor and low,
 Than here you found your Pamela.*

IV.

*For what indeed is Happiness
 But conscious Innocence and Peace?
 And that's a Treasure I possess;
 Thank Heav'n, that gave it Pamela.*

V.

*My future Lot I cannot know:
 But this, I'm sure, where-e'er I go,
 What'e'er I am, what'e'er I do,
 I'll be the grateful Pamela.*

VI.

*No sad Regrets my Heart annoy;
 I'll pray for all your Peace and Joy,
 From Master high, to Scullion Boy,
 For all your Loves to Pamela.*

VII.

*One thing or two I've more to say:
 God's holy Will be sure obey;
 And for our Master always pray,
 As ever shall poor Pamela.*

VIII.

*For, Oh! we pity should the Great,
Instead of envying their Estate;
Temptations always on 'em wait,
Exempt from which are such as we.*

IX.

*Their Riches, gay deceitful Snares!
Inlarge their Fears, increase their Cares.
Their Servants Joy surpasses theirs;
At least, so judges Pamela.*

X.

*Your Parents and Relations love:
Let them your Duty ever prove;
And you'll be blest'd by Heav'n above,
As will, I hope, poor Pamela.*

XI.

*For if ashamed I e'er could be
Of my dear Parents low Degree,
What Lot had been too mean for me,
Unblest'd, unvirtuous Pamela!*

XII.

*Thrice happy may you ever be,
Each one in his and her Degree;
And, Sirs, whene'er you think of me,
Pray for Content to Pamela.*

XIII.

XIII.

*Pray for her wish'd Content and Peace;
And, rest assur'd, she'll never cease
To pray for all your Joys Increase,
While Life is lent to Pamela.*

XIV.

*On God all future Good depends:
Serve Him. And so my Sonnet ends,
With Thank-ye, thank-ye, honest Friends,
For all your Loves to Pamela.*

HERE it is necessary the Reader should know, that the fair *Pamela's* Trials were not yet over; but the worst were to come, at a time when she thought them at an End, and that she was returning to her Father: For when her Master found her Virtue was not to be subdu'd, and he had in vain try'd to conquer his Passion for her, being a Gentleman of Pleasure and Intrigue, he had order'd his *Lincolnshire* Coachman to bring his travelling Chariot from thence, not caring to trust his *Bedfordshire* Coachman, who, with the rest of the Servants, so greatly lov'd and honour'd the fair Damsel; and having given Instructions accordingly, and prohibited his other Servants, on Pretence of resenting *Pamela's* Behaviour, from accompanying her any Part of the Road, he drove her

Five Miles on the Way to her Father's; and then turning off, cross'd the Country, and carry'd her onward towards his *Lincolnshire* Estate.

It is also to be observ'd, that the Messenger of her Letters to her Father, who so often pretended Business that way, was an Implement in his Master's Hands, and employ'd by him for that Purpose; and always gave her Letters first to him, and his Master us'd to open and read them, and then send them on; by which means as he hints to her, (as she observes in one of her Letters, *p.* 131.) he was no Stranger to what she wrote. Thus every way was the poor Virgin beset: And the Whole will shew the base Arts of designing Men to gain their wicked Ends; and how much it behoves the Fair Sex to stand upon their Guard against artful Contrivances, especially when Riches and Power conspire against Innocence and a low Estate.

A FEW Words more will be necessary to make the Sequel better understood. The intriguing Gentleman thought fit, however, to keep back from her Father her Three last Letters; in which she mentions his concealing himself to hear her partitioning out her Cloaths, his last Effort to induce her to stay a Fortnight, his pretended Proposal of the Chaplain, and her Hopes of speedily seeing them, as also her Verses; and to send himself a Letter to her Father, which is as follows:

Goodman ANDREWS,

' **Y**OU will wonder to receive a Letter from
 ' me: But I think I am obliged to let you
 ' know, that I have discovered the strange Cor-
 ' respondence carried on between you and your
 ' Daughter, so injurious to my Honour and
 ' Reputation, and which, I think, you should
 ' not have encouraged, till you knew there
 ' were sufficient Grounds for those Aspersions,
 ' which she so plentifully casts upon me. Some-
 ' thing possibly there might be in what she has
 ' written from time to time; but, believe me,
 ' with all her pretended Simplicity and Inno-
 ' cence, I never knew so much romantick In-
 ' vention as she is Mistress of. In short, the
 ' Girl's Head's turn'd by Romances, and such
 ' idle Stuff, to which she has given herself up,
 ' ever since her kind Lady's Death. And she
 ' assumes Airs, as if she was a Mirror of Per-
 ' fection, and every body had a Design upon
 ' her.

' DON'T mistake me, however; I believe her
 ' very honest, and very virtuous; but I have
 ' found out also, that she is carrying on a sort
 ' of Correspondence, or Love Affair, with a
 ' young Clergyman, that I hope in time to
 ' provide for; but who, at present, is destitute
 ' of any Subsistence but my Favour: And what
 ' would be the Consequence, can you think,
 ' of Two young Folks, who have nothing in
 ' the World to trust to of their own, to come
 ' together,

‘ together, with a Family multiplying upon
 ‘ them, before they have Bread to eat?

‘ For my part, I have too much Kindness to
 ‘ them both, not to endeavour to prevent it,
 ‘ if I can: And for this Reason I have sent her
 ‘ out of his way for a little while, till I can
 ‘ bring them both to better Consideration;
 ‘ and I would not therefore have you be sur-
 ‘ prised you don’t see your Daughter so soon as
 ‘ you might possibly expect.

‘ YET, I do assure you, upon my Honour,
 ‘ that she shall be safe and inviolate; and I hope
 ‘ you don’t doubt me, notwithstanding any
 ‘ Airs she may have given herself, upon my
 ‘ jocular Pleasantry to her, and perhaps a little
 ‘ innocent Romping with her, so usual with
 ‘ young Folks of the Two Sexes, when they
 ‘ have been long acquainted, and grown up
 ‘ together; for Pride is not my Talent.

‘ As she is a mighty Letter-writer, I hope
 ‘ she has had the Duty to apprise you of her
 ‘ Intrigue with the young Clergyman; and I
 ‘ know not whether it meets with your Coun-
 ‘ tenance: But now she is absent for a little
 ‘ while, (for I am sure he would have followed
 ‘ her to your Village, if she had gone home;
 ‘ and there perhaps they would have ruined one
 ‘ another, by marrying) I doubt not I shall
 ‘ bring him to see his Interest, and that he
 ‘ engages not before he knows how to provide
 ‘ for a Wife: And when that can be done, let
 ‘ them come together in God’s Name, for
 ‘ me.

‘ I EXPECT not to be answered on this
 ‘ Head, but by your good Opinion, and the
 ‘ Confidence you may repose in my Honour;
 ‘ being

‘ *Your hearty Friend to serve you.*

‘ *P. S.* I find my Man *John* has been the
 ‘ Manager of the Correspondence, in
 ‘ which such Liberties have been taken
 ‘ with *me*. I shall soon, in a manner that
 ‘ becomes me, let the saucy Fellow
 ‘ know, how much I resent *his* Part of the
 ‘ Affair. It is a hard thing, that a Man
 ‘ of my Character in the World should
 ‘ be used thus freely by his own Ser-
 ‘ vants.’

It is easy to guess at the poor old Man’s Con-
 cern upon reading this Letter, from a Gentle-
 man of so much Consideration. He knew not
 what Course to take, and had no manner of
 Doubt of his Daughter’s Innocence, and that
 foul Play was design’d her. Yet he some-
 times hop’d the best, and was ready to believe
 the surmised Correspondence between the Cler-
 gyman and her, having not receiv’d the Letters
 she wrote, which would have clear’d up that
 Affair.

BUT after all, he resolv’d, as well to quiet
 his own as her Mother’s Uneasiness, to under-
 take a Journey to the ‘Squire’s; and leaving his
 poor Wife to excuse him to the Farmer who
 employ’d

employ'd him, he set out that very Evening, late as it was; and travelling all Night, found himself, soon after Day-light, at the Gate of the Gentleman, before the Family was up: And there he sat down to rest himself, till he should see somebody stirring.

THE Grooms were the first he saw, coming out to water their Horses; and he ask'd in so distressful a manner, what was become of *Pamela*, that they thought him crazy; and said, Why, what have you to do with *Pamela*, old Fellow? Get out of the Horse's Way.—Where is your Master? said the poor Man; pray, Gentlemen, don't be angry: My Heart's almost broken.—He never gives any thing at the Door, I assure you, says one of the Grooms; so you'll lose your Labour.—I am not a Beggar yet, said the poor old Man; I want nothing of him, but my *Pamela*:—O my Child! my Child!

I'LL be hang'd, says one of them, if this is not Mrs. *Pamela's* Father.—Indeed, indeed, said he, wringing his Hands, I am; and weeping, Where is my Child? Where is my *Pamela*?—Why, Father, said one of them, we beg your Pardon; but she is gone home to you: How long have you been come from home?—O! but last Night, said he; I have travell'd all Night: Is the 'Squire at home, or is he not?—Yes, but he is not stirring tho', said the Groom, as yet. Thank God for that! said he; thank God for that! Then I hope I may be permitted to speak to him anon. They asked him to go

in, and he stepp'd into the Stable, and sat down on the Stairs there, wiping his Eyes, and sighing so sadly, that it grieved the Servants to hear him.

THE Family was soon raised, with the Report of *Pamela's* Father coming to inquire after his Daughter; and the Maids would fain have had him go into the Kitchen. But Mrs. *Jervis*, having been told of his coming, arose, and hasten'd down to her Parlour, and took him in with her, and there heard all his sad Story, and read the Letter. She wept bitterly; but yet endeavour'd before him to hide her Concern; and said, Well, Goodman *Andrews*, I cannot help weeping at your Grief; but I hope there is no Occasion. Let nobody see this Letter, whatever you do. I dare say your Daughter's safe.

WELL, but said he, I see, *you*, Madam, know nothing about her:— If all was right, so good a Gentlewoman as you are, would not have been a Stranger to this. To be sure you thought she was with me!

SAID she, My Master does not always inform his Servants of his Proceedings; but you need not doubt his Honour: You have his Hand for it. And you may see he can have no Design upon her, because he is not from hence, and does not talk of going hence. O that is all I have to hope for! said he; that is all, indeed!— But, said he—and was going on, when the Report of his coming having reached the 'Squire, he came down





J. Hayman del.

H. Gravelle sculp.

down in his Morning-gown and Slippers, into the Parlour, where he and Mrs. *Jervis* were talking.

WHAT's the Matter, Goodman *Andrews*? said he, what's the Matter? O my Child! said the good old Man; give me my Child! I beseech you, Sir. — Why, I thought, says the 'Squire, that I had satisfied you about her: Sure you have not the Letter I sent you written with my own Hand. Yes, yes, but I have, Sir, said he, and that brought me hither; and I have walked all Night, Poor Man! return'd he, with great seeming Compassion, I am sorry for it, truly! Why your Daughter has made a strange Racket in my Family; and if I thought it would have disturb'd you so much, I would have e'en let her have gone home; but what I did was to serve *her* and *you* too. She is very safe, I do assure you, Goodman *Andrews*; and you may take my Honour for it, I would not injure her for the World. Do you think I would, Mrs. *Jervis*? No, I hope not, Sir! said she. — *Hope not!* said the poor Man, so do I; but pray, Sir, give me my Child; that is all I desire; and I'll take care no Clergyman shall come near her.

WHY, *London* is a great way off, said the 'Squire, and I can't send for her back presently. What, then, said he, have you sent my poor *Pamela* to *London*? I would not have it said so, reply'd the 'Squire; but I assure you, upon my Honour, she is quite safe and satisfied, and will quickly inform you of it by Letter. She is in

a reputable Family, no less than a Bishop's; and is to wait on his Lady, till I get the Matter over, that I mention'd to you.

O how shall I know this? reply'd he — What! said the 'Squire, pretending Anger, am I to be doubted? — Do you believe I can have any View upon your Daughter? And if I had, do you think I would take such Methods as *these* to effect it? — Why, surely, Man, thou forgettest whom thou talkest to! O Sir, said he, I beg your Pardon; but consider, my dear Child is in the Case: Let me know, what Bishop, and where; and I'll travel to *London* on Foot to see my Daughter, and then shall be satisfied.

WHY, Goodman *Andrews*, I believe thou hast read Romances as well as thy Daughter, and thy Head's turn'd with them. May I not have my Word taken? Do you think, once more, I would offer any thing dishonourable to your Daughter? Is there any thing looks like it? — Pr'ythee, Man, recollect a little who I am; and if I am not to be believ'd, what signifies talking? Why, Sir, said he, pray forgive me; but there is no Harm to say, What Bishop's, or whereabouts? What, and so you'd go troubling his Lordship with your impertinent Fears and Stories! Will you be satisfied, if you have a Letter from her within a Week, it may be less, if she be not negligent, to assure you all is well with her? Why that, said the poor Man, will be some Comfort. Well then, said the Gentleman, I can't answer for her Negligence, if she don't write: And if she should send a Letter

ter to you, Mrs. *Jervis*, (for I desire not to see it; I have had Trouble enough about her already) be sure you send it by a Man and Horse the Moment you receive it. To be sure I will, answered she. Thank your Honour, said the good Man. And then I must wait with as much Patience as I can for a Week, which will be a Year to me.

I TELL you, said the Gentleman, it must be her own Fault, if she don't write; for 'tis what I insisted upon for my own Reputation; and I shan't stir from this House, I assure you, till she is heard from, and that to Satisfaction. God bless your Honour, said the poor Man, as you say and mean Truth. *Amen, Amen*, Goodman *Andrews*, said he; you see I am not afraid to say *Amen*. So, Mrs. *Jervis*, make the good Man as welcome as you can; and let me have no Uproar about the Matter.

HE then, whispering her, bid her give him a couple of Guineas to bear his Charges home; telling him, he should be welcome to stay there till the Letter came, if he would; and be a Witness, that he intended honourably, and not to stir from his House for one while.

THE poor old Man staid and din'd with Mrs. *Jervis*, with some tolerable Ease of Mind, in hopes to hear from his beloved Daughter in a few Days; and then accepting the Present, return'd for his own House, and resolv'd to be as patient as possible.

MEAN time Mrs. *Jervis*, and all the Family, were in the utmost Grief for the Trick
put

put upon the poor *Pamela*, and she and the Steward represented it to their Master in as moving Terms as they durst: But were forced to rest satisfy'd with his general Assurances of intending her no Harm; which however Mrs. *Jervis* little believ'd, from the Pretence he had made in his Letter, of the Correspondence between *Pamela* and the young Parson; which she knew to be all mere Invention; tho' she durst not say so.

BUT the Week after, they were made a little more easy, by the following Letter brought by an unknown Hand, and left for Mrs. *Jervis*; which how procur'd, will be shewn in the Sequel.

‘ Dear Mrs. *Jervis*,

‘ I HAVE been vilely trick'd, and, instead
 ‘ of being driven by *Robin* to my dear Fa-
 ‘ ther's, I am carry'd off, to where I have no
 ‘ Liberty to tell. However, I am at present
 ‘ not used hardly, *in the main*; and I write to
 ‘ beg of you to let my dear Father and Mother
 ‘ (whose Hearts must be well-nigh broken)
 ‘ know, That I am well, and that I am, and
 ‘ by the Grace of God, ever will be, their ho-
 ‘ nest, as well as dutiful Daughter, and

‘ Your obliged Friend,

PAMELA ANDREWS.

‘ I must

I must neither send Date nor Place: But
 have most solemn Assurances of honour-
 able Usage. *This is the only Time my*
low Estate has been troublesome to me,
since it has subjected me to the Frights I
have undergone. Love to your good
Self, and all my dear Fellow-servants.
Adieu! Adieu! But pray for poor
 PAMELA.

THIS, tho' it quieted not intirely their Apprehensions, was shewn to the whole Family, and to the Gentleman himself, who pretended not to know how it came; and Mrs. *Jervis* sent it away to the good old Folks; who at first suspected it was forged, and not their Daughter's Hand; but finding the contrary, they were a little easier to hear she was alive and honest. And having inquir'd of all their Acquaintance, what could be done, and no one being able to put them in a way how to proceed, with Effect, on so extraordinary an Occasion, against so rich and so resolute a Gentleman; and being afraid to make Matters worse, (tho' they saw plainly enough, that she was in no Bishop's Family, and so mistrusted all the rest of his Story) they apply'd themselves to Prayers for their poor Daughter, and for a happy Issue to an Affair that almost distracted them.

WE shall now leave the honest old Pair, praying for their dear *Pamela*; and return to the Account she herself gives of all this; having written it Journal-wise, to amuse and employ her

her Time, in hopes some Opportunity might offer to send it to her Friends, and, as was her constant View, that she might afterwards thankfully look back upon the Dangers she had escaped, when they should be happily overblown, as in time she hoped they would be; and that then she might examine, and either approve or repent of her own Conduct in them.

LETTER XXXII.

O my dearest Father and Mother,

LET me write, and bewail my miserable hard Fate, tho' I have no Hope how what I write can be convey'd to your Hands! — I have now nothing to do but write, and weep, and fear, and pray! But yet what can I hope for, when I seem to be devored as a Victim to the Will of a wicked Violator of all the Laws of God and Man! — But, gracious Heaven, forgive me my Rashness and Despondency! O let me not sin against thee; for thou best knowest what is fit for thine Handmaid! — And as thou sufferest not thy poor Creatures to be temptred above what they can bear, I will resign myself to thy good Pleasure. And still, I hope, desperate as my Condition seems, that as these Trials are not of my own seeking, nor the Effects of my Presumption and Vanity, I shall be enabled to overcome them, and, in God's own good Time, be delivered from them.

THUS

THUS do I pray, imperfectly, as I am forc'd by my distracting Fears and Apprehensions; and O join with me, my dear Parents! — But, alas! how can you know, how can I reveal to you, the dreadful Situation of your poor Daughter! The unhappy *Pamela* may be undone, (which God forbid, and sooner deprive me of Life!) before you can know her hard Lot!

OTHE unparallell'd Wickedness, Stratagems, and Devices of those who call themselves Gentlemen, yet pervert the Design of Providence, in giving them ample Means to do Good, to their own everlasting Perdition, and the Ruin of poor oppressed Innocence!

BUT now I will tell you what has befallen me; and yet how shall you receive it? Here is no honest *John* to carry my Letters to you! And, besides, I am watch'd in all my Steps; and no doubt shall be, till my hard Fate may ripen his wicked Projects for my Ruin. I will every Day, however, write my sad State; and some way, perhaps, may be open'd to send the melancholy Scribble to you. But, alas! when you *know* it, what will it do but aggravate your Troubles? For, O! what can the abject Poor do against the mighty Rich, when they are determined to oppress?

WELL, but I must proceed to write what I had hoped to tell you in a few Hours, when I believed I should receive your grateful Blessings, on my Return to you from so many Hardships.

I WILL

I WILL begin with my Account from the last Letter I wrote you, in which I inclosed my poor Stuff of Verses; and continue it at times, as I have Opportunity; tho' as I said, I know not how it can reach you.

THE often wish'd-for *Thursday* Morning came, when I was to set out. I had taken my Leave of my Fellow-servants over-night; and a mournful Leave it was to us all: For Men, as well as Women-servants, wept much to part with me; and, for *my* Part, I was overwhelm'd with Tears, and the affecting Instances of their Esteem. They all would have made me little Presents, as Tokens of their Love; but I would not take any thing from the lower Servants, to be sure. But Mr. *Longman* would have me accept of several Yards of *Holland*, and a Silver Snuff-box, and a Gold Ring, which he desired me to keep for his sake; and he wept over me; but said, I am sure, so good a Maiden God will bless; and tho' you return to your poor Father again, and his low Estate, yet Providence will find you out: Remember I tell you so, and *one* Day, tho' I mayn't live to see it, you *will* be rewarded.

I SAID, O dear Mr. *Longman*, you make me too rich, and too mody; and yet I must be a Beggar before my Time: For I shall want often to be scribbling, (little thinking it would be my only Employment so soon) and I will beg you, Sir, to favour me with some Paper; and as soon as I get home, I will write you a Letter,

to thank you for all your Kindness to me; and a Letter to good Mrs. *Jervis* too.

THIS was lucky; for I should have had none else, but at Pleasure of my rough-natur'd Governess, as I may call her; but now I can write to ease my Mind, tho' I can't send it to you; and write what I please, for she knows not how well I am provided: For good Mr. *Longman* gave me above Forty Sheets of Paper, and a dozen Pens, and a little Phyal of Ink; which last I wrapp'd in Paper, and put in my Pocket; and some Wax and Wafers.

O DEAR Sir, said I, you have set me up. How shall I requite you? He said, By a Kiss, my fair Mistress; and I gave it very willingly; for he is a good old Man.

RACHEL and *Hannah* cry'd sadly when I took my Leave; and *Jane*, who sometimes used to be a little crossish, and *Cicely* too, wept sadly, and said they would pray for me: But poor *Jane*, I doubt, will forget that; for she seldom says her Prayers for herself: More's the Pity!

THEN *Arthur* the Gardener, our *Robin* the Coachman, and *Lincolnshire Robin* too, who was to carry me, were very civil; and both had Tears in their Eyes; which I thought then very good-natur'd in *Lincolnshire Robin*, because he knew but little of me.---But since, I find he might well be concern'd; for he had then his Instructions, it seems, and knew how he was to be a Means to entrap me.

THEN

THEN our other three Footmen, *Harry*, *Isaac*, and *Benjamin*, and Grooms, and Helpers, were very much affected likewise; and the poor little Scullion-boy, *Tommy*, was ready to run over for Grief.

THEY had got all together over-night, expecting to be differently employ'd in the Morning; and they all begg'd to shake Hands with me, and I kiss'd the Maidens, and pray'd to God to bless them all; and thank'd them for all their Love and Kindnesses to me: And indeed I was forc'd to leave them sooner than I would, because I could not stand it: Indeed I could not. *Harry* (I could not have thought it; for he is a little wildish, they say) cry'd till he sobb'd again. *John*, poor honest *John*, was not then come back from you. But as for the Butler, Mr. *Jonathan*, he could not stay in Company.

I THOUGHT to have told you a deal about this; but I have worse things to employ my Thoughts.

Mrs. *Fervis*, good Mrs. *Fervis*, cry'd all Night long, and I comforted her all I could: and she made me promise, that if my Master went to *London* to attend Parliament, or to *Lincolnshire*, I would come and stay a Week with her. And she would have given me Money; but I would not take it.

WELL, next Morning came, and I wonder'd I saw nothing of poor honest *John*; for I waited to take Leave of him, and thank him for all
his

his Civilities to me and to you: But I suppose he was sent further by my Master, and so could not return; and I desired to be remember'd to him.

AND when Mrs. *Fervis* told me, with a sad Heart, the Chariot was ready, with Four Horses to it, I was just upon sinking into the Ground, tho' I wanted to be with you.

MY Master was above-stairs, and never ask'd to see me. I was glad of it in the main; but he knew, false Heart as he is! that I was not to be out of his Reach. --- O preserve me, Heaven, from his Power, and from his Wickedness!

WELL, they were not suffer'd to go with me one Step, as I writ to you before; for he stood at the Window to see me go. And in the Passage to the Gate, out of his Sight, there they stood all of them, in two Rows; and we could say nothing on both Sides, but, God bless you! and God bless you! But *Harry* carry'd my own Bundle, my third Bundle, as I was us'd to call it, to the Coach, and some Plum-cakes, and Diet-bread, made for me over Night, and some Sweet-meats, and Six Bottles of *Canary* Wine, which Mrs. *Fervis* would make me take in a Basket, to chear our Hearts now-and-then, when we got together, as she said. And I kiss'd all the Maids again, and shook Hands with the Men again; but Mr. *Jonathan* and Mr. *Longman* were not there; and then I tripp'd down-steps to the Chariot, Mrs. *Fervis* crying most sadly.

I LOOK'D up when I got to the Chariot, and I saw my Master at the Window, in his

Gown; and I court'sy'd three times to him very low, and pray'd for him with my Hands lifted up; for I could not speak; indeed I was not able. And he bow'd his Head to me, which made me then very glad he would take such Notice of me; and in I stepp'd, and was ready to burst with Grief; and could only, till *Robin* began to drive, wave my white Handkerchief to them, wet with my Tears. And at last away he drove, *Jehu-like*, as they say, out of the Court-yard: And I too soon found I had Cause for greater and deeper Grief.

WELL, said I to myself, at this rate I shall soon be with my dear Father and Mother; and till I had got, as I suppos'd, half-way, I thought of the good Friends I had left. And when, on stopping for a little Bait to the Horses, *Robin* told me, I was near half-way, I thought it was high time to wipe my Eyes, and remember to whom I was going; as then, alack for me! I thought. So I began to ponder what a Meeting I should have with you; how glad you'd both be, to see me come safe and innocent to you, after all my Dangers; and so I began to comfort myself, and to banish the other gloomy Side from my Mind; tho', too, it return'd now-and-then; for I should be ingrateful not to love them, for their Love.

WELL, I believe I set out about Eight o'Clock in the Morning; and I wonder'd, and wonder'd, when it was about Two, as I saw by a Church-dial in a little Village we pass'd thro', that I was still more and more out of my Knowledge.

ledge. Hey-dey! thought I, to drive this strange Pace, and to be so long a-going little more than Twenty Miles, is very odd! But, to be sure, thought I, *Robin* knows the Way.

A t last he stopp'd, and look'd about him, as if he was at a Loss for the Road; and I said, Mr. *Robert*, sure you are out of the Way! — I'm afraid I am, said he: But it can't be much; I'll ask the first Person I see. Pray do, said I; and he gave his Horses a Mouthful of Hay; and I gave him some Cake, and two Glasses of *Canary* Wine; and he stopp'd about half an Hour in all. Then he drove on very fast again.

I HAD so much to think of, of the Dangers I now doubted not I had escap'd, of the loving Friends I had left, and my best Friends I was going to, and the many things I had to relate to you; that I the less thought of the Way, till I was startled out of my Meditations by the Sun beginning to set, and still the Man driving on, and his Horses sweating and foaming; and then I began to be alarm'd all at once, and call'd to him; and he said he had horrid ill Luck, for he had come several Miles out of the Way, but was now right, and should get in still before it was quite dark. My Heart began then to misgive me a little, and I was very much fatigued; for I had no Sleep for several Nights before, to signify; and at last I said, Pray, Mr. *Robert*, there is a Town before us; what do you call it? — If we are so much out of the Way, we had better put up there; for the

Night comes on apace: And, Lord protect me! thought I, I shall have new Dangers, mayhap, to encounter with the *Man*, who have escap'd the *Master*-----little thinking of the base Contrivance of the latter. Says he, I am just there: 'Tis but a Mile on one Side of the Town before us—Nay, said I, I may be mistaken; for it is a good while since I was this Way; but I am sure the Face of the Country here is nothing like what I remember it.

HE pretended to be much out of Humour with himself for mistaking the Way, and at last stopp'd at a Farm-house, about two Miles beyond the Village I had seen; and it was then almost dark, and he alighted, and said, We must make shift here; for I am quite out.

LORD, thought I, be good to the poor *Pamela*! More Trials still!—What will befall me next?

THE Farmer's Wife, and Maid, and Daughter, came out; and the Wife said, What brings you this Way at this time of Night, Mr. *Robert*? And with a Lady too?—Then I began to be frighten'd out of my Wits; and laying Middle and both Ends together, I fell a crying, and said, God give me Patience! I am undone for certain!—Pray, Mistress, said I, do you know 'Squire *B.* of *Bedfordshire*?

THE wicked Coachman would have prevented the answering me; but the simple Daughter said, Know his Worship! yes, surely! why he is my Father's Landlord!—Well, said I, then I am undone, undone for ever!—O wicked

wicked Wretch! what have I done to *you*, said I to the Coachman, to serve me thus?—Vile Tool of a wicked Master!—Faith, said the Fellow, I'm sorry this Task was put upon me: But I could not help it. But make the best of it now; here are very civil, reputable Folks; and you'll be safe here, I'll assure you. — Let me get out, said I, and I'll walk back to the Town we came through, late as it is.—For I will not enter here.

SAID the Farmer's Wife, You'll be very well used here, I'll assure you, young Gentlewoman, and have better Conveniencies than any-where in the Village. I matter not Conveniencies, said I: I am betray'd and undone! As you have a Daughter of your *own*, pity me, and let me know, if your Landlord, as you call him, be here!—No, I'll assure you, he is not, said she.

AND then came the Farmer, a good-like sort of Man, grave, and well-behav'd; and he spoke to me in such sort, as made me a little pacify'd; and seeing no Help for it, I went in; and the Wife immediately conducted me upstairs to the best Apartment, and told me, that was mine as long as I staid; and nobody should come near me but when I call'd. I threw myself on the Bed in the Room, tir'd and frighten'd to Death almost, and gave way to the most excessive Fit of Grief that I ever had.

THE Daughter came up, and said, Mr. *Robert* had given her a Letter to give me; and *there* it was. I raised myself, and saw it was

the Hand and Seal of the wicked Wretch my Master, directed To Mrs. *Pamela Andrews*. --- This was a little better than to have him here; tho', if he had, he must have been brought thro' the Air; for I thought I was.

THE good Woman (for I began to see Things about a little reputable, and no Guile appearing in them, but rather a Face of Grief for my Grief) offer'd me a Glas of some cordial Water, which I accepted, for I was ready to sink; and then I sat up in a Chair a little, tho' very faintish: And they brought me two Candles, and lighted a Brush-wood Fire; and said, If I call'd, I should be waited upon instantly; and so left me to ruminate on my sad Condition, and to read my Letter, which I was not able to do presently. After I had a little come to myself, I found it to contain these Words:

“ Dear PAMELA,

“ THE Passion I have for you, and your
 “ Obstinacy, have constrain'd me to act
 “ by you in a manner that I know will occasion
 “ you great Trouble and Fatigue, both of
 “ Mind and Body. Yet, forgive me, my dear
 “ Girl; for although I have taken this Step, I
 “ will, by all that's good and holy! use you
 “ honourably. Suffer not your Fears to trans-
 “ port you to a Behaviour, that will be dis-
 “ reputable to us both. For the Place where
 “ you'll receive this, is a Farm that belongs to
 “ me;

“ me; and the People civil, honest, and obliging.

“ YOU will by this time be far on your Way to the Place I have allotted for your Abode for a few Weeks, till I have manag’d some Affairs, that will make me shew myself to you in a much different Light, than you may possibly apprehend from this rash Action. And to convince you, that I mean you no Harm, I do assure you, that the House you are going to, shall be so much at your Command, that even I myself will not approach it without Leave from you. So make yourself easy; be discreet and prudent; and a happier Turn shall reward these your Troubles, than you may at present apprehend.

“ MEAN time I pity the Fatigue you will have, if this comes to your Hand in the Place I have directed: And will write to your Father, to satisfy him, that nothing but what is honourable shall be offer’d to you, by

“ *Your passionate Admirer, (so I must style myself) —*

“ Don’t think hardly of poor *Robin*: You have so possess’d all my Servants in your Favour, that I find they had rather serve you than me; and ’tis reluctantly the poor Fellow undertook this Task; and I was forc’d to submit to assure him of my honourable Intentions to you, which I am fully resolv’d to make good,

“ if you compel me not to a contrary
“ Conduct.”

I BUT too well apprehended, that this Letter was only to pacify me for the present; but as my Danger was not so immediate as I had Reason to dread, and he had promised to forbear coming to me, and to write to you, my dear Parents, to quiet your Concern, I was a little more easy than before: And I made shift to eat a little Bit of boil'd Chicken they had got for me, and drank a Glass of my Sack, and made each of them do so too.

BUT after I had so done, I was again a little fluster'd; for in came the Coachman with the Look of a Hangman, I thought, and *Madam'd* me up strangely; telling me, he would beg me to get ready to pursue my Journey by Five in the Morning, or else he should be late in. I was quite griev'd at this; for I began not to dislike my Company, considering how Things stood, and was in Hopes to get a Party among them, and so to put myself into any worthy Protection in the Neighbourhood, rather than go forward.

WHEN he withdrew, I began to tamper with the Farmer and his Wife: But, alas! they had had a Letter deliver'd them at the same time I had; so securely had *Lucifer* put it into his Head to do his Work; and they only shook their Heads, and seem'd to pity me; and so I was forced to give over that Hope.

HOWEVER,

HOWEVER, the good Farmer shew'd me his Letter; which I copy'd as follows: For it discovers the deep Arts of this wicked Master; and how resolv'd he seems to be on my Ruin, by the Pains he took to deprive me of all Hopes of freeing myself from his Power.

“ *Farmer Norton,*

“ I SEND to your House, *for one Night*
 “ *only*, a young Gentlewoman, much against
 “ her Will, who has deeply embark'd in a
 “ Love-affair, which will be her Ruin, as well
 “ as the Person's to whom she wants to betroth
 “ herself. I have, *to oblige her Father*, order'd
 “ her to be carry'd to one of my Houses,
 “ where she will be well us'd, to try, if by
 “ Absence, and Expostulation with both, they
 “ can be brought to know their own Interest.
 “ And I am sure you will use her kindly for my
 “ sake: For, excepting this Matter, *which*
 “ *she will not own*, she does not want Pru-
 “ dence and Discretion. I will acknowledge
 “ any Trouble you shall be at in this Matter,
 “ the first Opportunity; and am

“ *Your Friend and Servant.*”

HE had said, too cunningly for me, that I would not *own* this pretended Love-affair; so that he had provided them not to believe me, say what I would; and as they were his Tenants, who all love him, (for he has some amiable Qualities,

lities, and so he had need!) I saw all my Plot cut out, and so was forced to say the less.

I W E P T bitterly, however; for I found he was too hard for me, as well in his Contrivances as Riches; and so had recourse again to my only Refuge, comforting myself, that God never fails to take the innocent Heart into his Protection, and is alone able to baffle and confound the Devices of the Mighty. Nay, the Farmer was so prepossess'd with the Contents of his Letter, that he began to praise his Care and Concern for me, and to caution me against entertaining Addresses without my Friends Advice and Consent, and made me the Subject of a Lesson for his Daughter's Improvement. So I was glad to shut up this Discourse; for I saw I was not likely to be believ'd.

I S E N T, however, to tell my Driver, that I was so fatigued, I could not set out so soon the next Morning. But he insisted upon it, and said, It would make my Day's Journey the lighter; and I found he was a more faithful Servant to his Master, notwithstanding what he wrote of his Reluctance, than I could have wish'd: So I saw still more and more, that all was deep Dissimulation, and Contrivance worse and worse.

I N D E E D I might have shewn them his Letter to me, as a full Confutation of his to them; but I saw no Probability of engaging them in my Behalf; and so thought it signify'd little, as I was to go away so soon, to enter more particularly into the Matter with them;
and

and besides, I saw they were not inclinable to let me stay longer for fear of disobliging him: So I went to-bed, but had very little Rest: And they would make their Servant-maid bear me Company in the Chariot Five Miles, early in the Morning, and she was to walk back.

I HAD contriv'd in my Thoughts, when I was on my Way in the Chariot, on *Friday* Morning, that when we came into some Town, to bait, as he must do for the Horses sake, I would, at the Inn, apply myself, if I saw I any way could, to the Mistress of the Inn, and tell her the Case, and refuse to go farther, having nobody but this wicked Coachman to contend with.

WELL, I was very full of this Project, and in great Hopes, some-how or other, to extricate myself this way. But, oh! the artful Wretch had provided for even this last Refuge of mine! for when we came to put up at a large Town on the Way, to eat a Morsel for Dinner, and I was fully resolv'd to execute my Design, who should be at the Inn that he put up at, but the wicked Mrs. *Jewkes*, expecting me! And her Sister-in-law was the Mistress of it; and she had provided a little Entertainment for me.

AND this I found, when I desir'd, as soon as I came in, to speak with the Mistress of the House. She came to me, and I said, I am a poor unhappy young Body, that want your Advice and Assistance; and you seem to be a good sort
of

of Gentlewoman, that would assist an oppressed innocent Person. Yes, Madam, said she, I hope you guess right, and I have the Happiness to know something of the Matter, before you speak. Pray call my Sister *Jewkes*. — *Jewkes! Jewkes!* thought I; I have heard of that Name; I don't like it.

THEN the wicked Creature appear'd, whom I had never seen but once before, and I was terrify'd out of my Wits. No Stratagem, thought I, not *one!* for a poor innocent Girl; but every thing to turn out against me; that is hard indeed!

So I began to pull in my Horns, as they say; for I saw I was now worse off than at the Farmer's.

THE naughty Woman came up to me with an Air of Confidence, and kiss'd me: See, Sister, said she, here's a charming Creature! Would she not tempt the best Lord in the Land to run away with her? O frightful! thought I; here's an Avowal of the Matter at once: I am now gone, that's certain. And so was quite silent and confounded; and seeing no Help for it, (for she would not part with me out of her Sight) I was forced to set out with her in the Chariot; for she came thither on Horseback with a Man-servant, who rode by us the rest of the Way, leading her Horse. And now I gave over all Thoughts of Redemption, and was in a desponding Condition indeed.

WELL, thought I, here are strange Pains taken to ruin a poor innocent, helpless, and
even

even *worthless* young Body. This Plot is laid too deep, and has been too long hatching, to be baffled, I fear. But then, I put my Trust in God, who I knew was able to do every thing for me, when all other possible Means should fail: And in Him I was resolv'd to confide.

Y O U may see — (Yet, oh! that kills me; for I know not whether ever you can see what I now write, or no — Else you will see) what sort of Woman this Mrs. *Jewkes* is, compar'd to good Mrs. *Jervis*, by this —

E V E R Y now-and-then she would be staring in my Face, in the Chariot, and squeezing my Hand, and saying, Why, you are very pretty, my silent Dear! And once she offer'd to kiss me. But I said, I don't like this sort of Carriage, Mrs. *Jewkes*; it is not like two Persons of one Sex. She fell a laughing very confidently, and said, That's prettily said, I vow! Then thou hadst rather be kiss'd by the other Sex? 'Ifackins, I commend thee for that!

I WAS sadly teiz'd with her Impertinence, and bold Way; but no Wonder; she was an Inn-keeper's House-keeper, before she came to my Master; and those sort of Creatures don't want Confidence, you know. And indeed she made nothing to talk boldly on Twenty Occasions, and said two or three times, when she saw the Tears every now-and-then, as we rid, trickle down my Cheeks, I was sorely hurt, truly, to have the handsomest and finest young Gentleman in Five Counties in Love with me!

So

So I find I am got into the Hands of a wicked Procurefs, and if I was not safe with good Mrs. *Jervis*, and where every body lov'd me, what a dreadful Prospect have I now before me, in the Hands of a Woman that seems to delight in Filthiness!

O dear Sirs! what shall I do! What shall I do!— Surely, I shall never be equal to all these Things!

ABOUT Eight at Night, we enter'd the Court-yard of this handsome, large, old, and lonely Mansion, that looks made for Solitude and Mischief, as I thought, by its Appearance, with all its brown nodding Horrors of lofty Elms and Pines about it: And here, said I to myself, I fear, is to be the Scene of my Ruin, unless God protect me, who is all-sufficient!

I WAS very sick at entering it, partly from Fatigue, and partly from Dejection of Spirits: And Mrs. *Jewkes* got me some mull'd Wine, and seem'd mighty officious to welcome me thither. And while she was absent, ordering the Wine, the wicked *Robin* came in to me, and said, I beg a Thousand Pardons for my Part in this Affair, since I see your Grief, and your Distress; and I do assure you, that I am sorry it fell to my Task.

MIGHTY well, Mr. *Robert*! said I; I never saw an Execution but once, and then the Hangman ask'd the poor Creature's Pardon, and wip'd his Mouth, as you do, and pleaded his Duty, and then calmly tuck'd up the Criminal.

But

But I am no Criminal, as you all know: And if I could have thought it my Duty to obey a wicked Master, in his unlawful Commands, I had sav'd you all the Merit of this vile Service.

I AM sorry, said he, you take it so. But every body don't think alike. Well, said I, you have done *your* Part, Mr. *Robert*, towards my Ruin, very faithfully; and will have Cause to be sorry, may-be, at the Long-run, when you shall see the Mischief that comes of it — Your Eyes were open, and you knew I was to be carry'd to my Father's, and that I was barbarously trick'd and betray'd; and I can only, once more, thank you for *your* Part of it. God forgive you!

So he went away a little sad. What have you said to *Robin*, Madam? said Mrs. *Jewkes* (who came in as he went out): The poor Fellow's ready to cry. I need not be afraid of *your* following his Example, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I: I have been telling him, that he has done *his* Part to my Ruin: And he now can't help it! So his Repentance does *me* no Good; I wish it may *him*.

I'LL assure you, Madam, said she, I should be as ready to cry as he, if I should do you any Harm. It is not in his Power to help it now, said I; but *your* Part is to come, and you may chuse whether you'll contribute to my Ruin or not. — Why, look ye, look ye, Madam, said she, I have a great Notion of doing my Duty to my Master; and therefore you may depend upon

upon it, if I can do *that*, and serve *you*, I will: But you must think, if *your* Desire, and *his* Will, come to clash once, I shall do as he bids me, let it be what it will.

PRAY, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, don't *Madam* me so: I am but a silly poor Girl, set up by the Gambol of Fortune, for a May-game; and now am to be Something, and now Nothing, just as that thinks fit to sport with me: And let you and me talk upon a Foot together; for I am a Servant inferior to you, and so much the more, as I am turn'd out of Place.

Ay, ay, says she, I understand something of the Matter; you have so great Power over my Master, that you will be soon Mistress of us all; and so I would oblige you, if I could. And I must and will call you *Madam*; for I am instructed to shew you all Respect, I'll assure you.

Who instructed you to do so? said I. Who! my Master, to be sure, said she. Why, said I, how can that be? You have not seen him lately. No, that's true, said she; but I have been expecting you here some time (O the deep-laid Wickedness! thought I); and besides, I have a Letter of Instructions by *Robin*; but, may-be, I should not have said so much. If you would shew them to me, said I, I should be able to judge how far I could, or could not, expect Favour from you, consistent with your Duty to our Master. I beg your Pardon, fair Mistress, for that, said she; I am sufficiently instructed, and you may depend upon it, I will observe

observe my Orders; and so far as they will let me, so far will I oblige you; and there's an End of it.

WELL, said I, you will not, I hope, do an unlawful or wicked thing, for any Master in the World. Look-ye, said she, he is my Master; and if he bids me do a thing that I *can* do, I think I *ought* to do it; and let him, who has Power to command me, look to the *Lawfulness* of it. Why, said I, suppose he should bid you cut my Throat, would you do it? There's no Danger of that, said she; but to be sure I would not; for then I should be hang'd; for that would be Murder. Well, said I, and suppose he should resolve to ensnare a poor young Creature, and ruin her, would you assist him in that? For to rob a Person of her Virtue, is worse than cutting her Throat.

WHY now, says she, how strangely you talk! Are not the two Sexes made for one another? And is it not natural for a Gentleman to love a pretty Woman? And suppose he can obtain his Desires, is that so bad as cutting her Throat? And then the Wretch fell a laughing, and talk'd most impertinently, and shew'd me, that I had nothing to expect from her Virtue or Conscience. And this gave me great Mortification; for I was in hopes of working upon her by degrees.

So we ended our Discourse here, and I bid her shew me where I must lie. — Why, said she, lie where you list, Madam; I can tell you, I must lie with you for the present. *For*

the present! said I, and Torture then wrung my Heart! — But is it in your *Instructions*, that you must lie with me? Yes, indeed, said she. I am sorry for it, said I. Why, said she, I am wholesome, and cleanly too, I'll assure you. Yes, said I, I don't doubt that; but I love to lie by myself. How so? said she; was not Mrs. *Jervis* your Bed-fellow at t'other House?

WELL, said I, quite sick of her, and my Condition, you must do as you are instructed, I think. I can't help myself; and am a most miserable Creature. She repeated her insufferable Nonsense, Mighty miserable indeed, to be so well belov'd by one of the finest Gentlemen in *England!*

I am now come down in my Writing to this present SATURDAY, and a deal I have written.

MY wicked Bed-fellow has very punctual Orders, it seems; for she locks me and herself in, and ties the two Keys (for there is a double Door to the Room) about her Wrist, when she goes to-bed. She talks of the House having been attempted to be broken open two or three times; whether to fright me, I can't tell; but it makes me fearful; tho' not so much as I should be, if I had not other and greater Fears.

I SLEPT but little last Night, and got up, and pretended to sit by the Window which
looks

looks into the spacious Gardens; but I was writing all the time, from Break of Day, to her getting up, and after, when she was absent.

At Breakfast she presented the two Maids to me, the Cook and House-maid, poor awkward Souls, that I can see no Hopes of, they seem so devoted to her and Ignorance. Yet I am resolv'd, if possible, to find some way to escape, before this wicked Master comes.

THERE are besides, of Servants, the Coachman *Robert*, a Groom, a Helper, a Footman; all but *Robert*, (and he is necessary to my Ruin) strange Creatures, that promise nothing; and all likewise devoted to this Woman. The Gardener looks like a good honest Man; but he is kept at a Distance, and seems reserv'd.

I WONDER'D I saw not Mr. *Williams* the Clergyman, but would not ask after him, apprehending it might give her some Jealousy; but when I had beheld the rest, he was the only one I had Hopes of; for I thought his Cloth would set him above assisting in my Ruin--- But in the Afternoon he came; for it seems he has a little *Latin* School in the neighbouring Village, which he attends; and this brings him in a little Matter, additional to my Master's Favour, till something better falls, of which he has Hopes.

HE is a sensible, sober young Gentleman; and when I saw him, I confirm'd myself in my Hopes of him; for he seem'd to take great Notice of my Distress and Grief (for I could not hide it); tho' he appear'd fearful of

Mrs. *Jewkes*, who watch'd all our Motions and Words.

HE has an Apartment in the House; but is mostly at a Lodging in the Town, for Convenience of his little School; only on *Saturday* Afternoons and *Sundays*: And he preaches sometimes for the Minister of the Village, which is about Three Miles off.

I HOPE to go to Church with him To-morrow: Sure it is not in her Instructions to deny me! He can't have thought of *every* thing! And something may strike out for me there.

I HAVE ask'd her, for a Feint, (because she shan't think I am so well provided) to indulge me with Pen and Ink, tho' I have been using my own so freely, when her Absence would let me; for I begg'd to be left to myself as much as possible. She says she will let me have it; but then I must promise not to send any Writing out of the House, without her seeing it. I said, It was only to divert my Grief, when I was by myself, as I desir'd to be; for I lov'd Writing, as well as Reading; but I had nobody to send to, she knew well enough.

No, not at *present*, may be, said she; but I am told you are a great Writer, and it is in my Instructions to see all you write; so, look you here, added she, I will let you have a Pen and Ink, and two Sheets of Paper; for this Employment will keep you out of worse Thoughts: But I must see them always when I ask, written or not written. That's very hard, said I; but may I not have to myself the Closet
in

in the Room where we lie, with the Key to lock up my Things? I believe I may consent to that, said she; and I will set it in Order for you, and leave the Key in the Door. And there is a Spinnet too, said she; if it be in Tune, you may play to divert you now-and-then; for I know my old Lady learnt you; and below is my Master's Library: You may take out what Books you will.

AND indeed these and my Writing will be all my Amusement; for I have no Work given me to do; and the Spinnet, if in Tune, will not find my Mind, I am sure, in Tune to play upon it. But I went directly, and pick'd out some Books from the Library, with which I filled a Shelf in the Closet she gave me Possession of; and from these I hope to receive Improvement, as well as Amusement. But no sooner was her Back turn'd, than I set about hiding a Pen of my own here, and another there, for fear I should come to be deny'd, and a little of my Ink in a broken China-cup, and a little in another Cup; and a Sheet of Paper here-and-there among my Linen, with a little Wax, and a few Wafers, in several Places, lest I should be search'd; and something, I thought, might happen to open a Way for my Deliverance, by these or some other Means. O the Pride, thought I, I shall have, if I can secure my Innocence, and escape the artful Wiles of this wicked Master! For, if he comes hither, I am undone, to be sure! For this naughty Woman will assist him, rather than fail, in the worst of

his Attempts; and he'll have no Occasion to send her out of the Way, as he would have done Mrs. *Jervis* once. So I must set all my little Wits at Work.

It is a Grief to me to write, and not to be able to send to you what I write; but now it is all the Diversion I have, and if God will favour my Escape with my Innocence, as I trust He graciously will, for all these black Prospects, with what Pleasure shall I read them afterwards!

I WAS going to say, Pray for your dutiful Daughter, as I used; but, alas! you cannot know my Distress, tho' I am sure I have your Prayers. And I will write on, as Things happen, that if a Way should open, my Scribble may be ready to be sent. For what I do, must be at a Jirk, to be sure.

O HOW I want such an obliging honest-hearted Man as *John*!

I am now come to SUNDAY.

WELL, here is a sad Thing! I am deny'd by this barbarous Woman to go to Church, as I had built upon I might. And she has huff'd poor Mr. *Williams* all to-pieces, for pleading for me. I find he is to be forbid the House, if she pleases. Poor Gentleman! all his Dependence is upon my Master, who has a very good Living for him, if the Incumbent die; and he has kept his Bed these Four Months, of old Age and Dropfy.

HE

HE pays me great Respect, and I see pities me; and would perhaps assist my Escape from these Dangers: But I have nobody to plead for me; and why should I wish to ruin a poor Gentleman, by engaging him against his Interest? Yet one would do any thing to preserve one's Innocence; and Providence would, perhaps, make it up to *him*!

O JUDGE (but how shall you see what I write!) of my distracted Condition, to be reduced to such a Pass as to desire to lay Traps for Mankind! — But he wants sadly to say something to me, as he whisperingly hinted.

THE Wretch (I think I will always call her the *Wretch* henceforth) abuses me more and more. I was but talking to one of the Maids just now, indeed a little to tamper with her by degrees; and she popp'd upon us, and said — Nay, Madam, don't offer to tempt poor innocent Country Maidens from doing their Duty. You wanted, I hear, she should take a Walk with you. But I charge you, *Nan*, never stir with her, nor obey her, without letting me know it, in the smallest Trifles. — I say, walk with you! and where would you go, I tro? Why, barbarous Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, only to look a little up the Elm-walk, since you would not let me go to Church.

NAN, said she, to shew me how much they were all in her Power, pull off Madam's Shoes, and bring them to me. I have taken care of her others. — Indeed she shan't, said I. —

Nay, said *Nan*, but I must, if my Mistress bids me; so pray, Madam, don't hinder me. And so, indeed, (would you believe it?) she took my Shoes off, and left me barefoot: And, for my Share, I have been so frighten'd at this, that I have not Power even to relieve my Mind by my Tears: I am quite stupify'd, to be sure!—Here I was forced to leave off.

Now I will give you a Picture of this Wretch! She is a broad, squat, purfy, *fat Thing*, quite ugly, if any thing human can be so call'd; about Forty Years old. She has a huge Hand, and an Arm as thick as my Waist, I believe. Her Nose is flat and crooked, and her Brows grow down over her Eyes; a dead, spiteful, grey, goggling Eye, to be sure she has. And her Face is flat and broad; and as to Colour, looks like as if it had been pickled a Month in Saltpetre: I dare say she drinks:—She has a hoarse, man-like Voice, and is as thick as she's long; and yet looks so deadly strong, that I am afraid she would dash me at her Foot in an Instant, if I was to vex her.—So that with a Heart more ugly than her Face, she frightens me sadly; and I am undone, to be sure, if God does not protect me; for she is very, very wicked—indeed she is.

THIS is poor helpless Spite in me:—But the Picture is too near the Truth notwithstanding. She sends me a Message just now, that I shall have my Shoes again, if I will accept of her Company to walk with me in the Garden.—To *waddle* with me, rather, thought I.

WELL,

WELL, 'tis not my Business to quarrel with her downright, I shall be watch'd the narrower, if I do; and so I will go with the hated Wretch. — O for my dear Mrs. *Jervis*! or rather to be safe with my dear Father and Mother!

OH! I am out of my Wits for Joy! Just as I have got my Shoes on, I am told *John*, honest *John*, is come on Horseback! — A Blessing on his faithful Heart! What Joy is this! But I'll tell you more by-and-by. I must not let her know I am so glad to see this dear, blessed *John*! Alas! but he looks sad, as I see him out of the Window! What can be the Matter! — I hope my dear Parents are well, and Mrs. *Jervis*, and Mr. *Longman*, and every body, my naughty Master not excepted; — for I wish him to live, and repent of all his Wickedness to poor me.

O DEAR Heart! what a World do we live in! — I am now come to take up my Pen again: But I am in a sad Taking truly! Another puzzling Trial! to be sure!

HERE was *John*, as I said; and the poor Man came to me, with Mrs. *Jewkes*, who whisper'd, that I would say nothing about the Shoes, for my *own* sake, as she said. The poor Man saw my Distress, by my red Eyes, and my haggard Looks, I suppose; for I have had a sad Time of it, you must needs think; and tho' he would have hid it, if he could, yet his own Eyes ran over. Oh Mrs. *Pamela*! said he;

he; Oh Mrs. *Pamela*! — Well, honest Fellow-servant, said I, I cannot help it at present: I am oblig'd to *your* Honesty and Kindness, to be sure; and then he wept more. Said I, (for my Heart was ready to break to see his Grief; for it is a touching thing to see a Man cry) Tell me the worst! Is my Master coming? No, no, said he, and sobb'd. — Well, said I, is there any News of my poor Father and Mother? How do they do? — I hope, well, said he, I know nothing to the contrary: There is no Mishap, I hope, to Mrs. *Jervis*, or Mr. *Longman*, or my Fellow-servants! No— said he, poor Man! with a long N—o, as if his Heart would burst. Well, thank God then! said I.

THE Man's a Fool, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I think; what ado is here! why, sure thou'rt in Love, *John*. Dost thou not see young Madam is well? What ails thee, Man? Nothing at all, said he; but I am such a Fool, as to cry for Joy to see good Mrs. *Pamela*: But I have a Letter for you.

I TOOK it, and saw it was from my Master; so I put it in my Pocket. Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, you need not, I hope, see this. No, no, said she, I see whose it is, well enough; or else may-be, I must have insisted on reading it.

AND here is one for you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he; but yours, said he to me, requires an Answer, which I must carry back early in the Morning; or To-night, if I can.

You

YOU have no more, *John*, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, for Mrs. *Pamela*, have you? No, said he, I have not; but every body's kind Love and Service. Ay, to us both, to be sure, said she. *John*, said I, I will read the Letter; and pray take care of yourself, for you are a good Man. God bless you; and I rejoice to see you, and hear from you all. But I long'd to say more; only that nasty Mrs. *Jewkes*----

So I went up, and lock'd myself in my Closet, and open'd the Letter; and this is a Copy of it:

“ *My dearest PAMELA,*

“ I SEND purposely to you on an Affair that
 “ concerns you very much, and me some-
 “ what, but chiefly for your sake. I am con-
 “ scious, that I have proceeded by you in such
 “ a manner as may justly alarm your Fears, and
 “ give Concern to your honest Friends: And
 “ all my Pleasure is, that I *can* and *will* make
 “ you amends for the Disturbance I have given
 “ you. As I promis'd, I sent to your Father
 “ the Day after your Departure, that he might
 “ not be too much concern'd for you; and assur'd
 “ him of my Honour to you; and made an
 “ Excuse, such an one as ought to have satisfy'd
 “ him, for your not coming to him. But this
 “ was not sufficient, it seems; for he, poor
 “ Man! came to me next Morning, and set my
 “ Family almost in an Uproar about you.

“ O my dear Girl, what Trouble has not
 “ your Obstinacy given me, and yourself too!

“ I had

“ I had no way to pacify him, but to promise,
 “ that he should see a Letter written from
 “ you to Mrs. *Jervis*, to satisfy him you are
 “ well.

“ Now all my Care in this Case is for your
 “ aged Parents, lest they should be touch’d
 “ with too fatal a Grief; and for you, whose
 “ Duty and Affection for them I know to be
 “ so strong and laudable: For this Reason I
 “ beg you will write a few Lines to them, and
 “ let me prescribe the Form; which I have
 “ done, putting myself as near as I can in your
 “ Place, and expressing your Sense, with a
 “ Warmth that I doubt will have too much
 “ possess’d you.

“ AFTER what is done, and which cannot
 “ now be help’d, but which, I assure you, shall
 “ turn out honourably for you, I expect not
 “ to be refus’d; because I cannot possibly have
 “ any View in it, but to satisfy your Parents;
 “ which is more *your* Concern than *mine*;
 “ and so I must beg you will not alter one Tittle
 “ of the underneath. If you do, it will be
 “ impossible for me to send it, or that it should
 “ answer the good End I propose by it.

“ I HAVE promis’d, that I will not approach
 “ you without your Leave: If I find you
 “ easy, and not attempting to dispute or avoid
 “ your present Lot, I will keep to my Word,
 “ although ’tis a Difficulty upon me. Nor
 “ shall your Restraint last long: For I will
 “ assure you, that I am resolv’d very soon to
 “ convince

“ convince you of my good Intentions, and
 “ with what Ardor I am

“ *Tours, &c.*”

The Letter he prescrib'd for me was this :

“ *Dear Mrs. JERVIS,*

“ **I** HAVE, instead of being driven, by *Robin*, to my dear Father's, been carry'd off,
 “ to where I have no Liberty to tell. How-
 “ ever, at present, I am not us'd hardly ; and
 “ I write to beg you to let my dear Father
 “ and Mother, whose Hearts must be well-nigh
 “ broken, know that I am well ; and that I
 “ am, and, by the Grace of God, ever will
 “ be, their honest as well as dutiful Daughter,
 “ and

“ *Your obliged Friend.*

“ I must neither send Date nor Place ; but
 “ have most solemn Assurances of honour-
 “ able Usage.”

I KNEW not what to do on this most strange Request and Occasion. But my Heart bled so much for you, my dear Father, who had taken the Pains to go yourself, and inquire after your poor Daughter, as well as for my dear Mother, that I resolv'd to write, and pretty much in the above * Form, that it might be sent to pacify you, till I could let you, some-how or other, know the true State of the Matter. And I

* See p. 154. Her Alterations are in a different Character.

wrote

wrote thus to my strange wicked Master himself:

“ SIR,

“ IF you knew but the Anguish of my Mind,
 “ and how much I suffer by your dreadful
 “ Usage of me, you would surely pity me, and
 “ consent to my Deliverance. What have I
 “ done, that I should be the *only* Mark of your
 “ Cruelty? I can have no Hope, no Desire of
 “ living left me, because I cannot have the
 “ least Dependence, after what has pass'd, upon
 “ your solemn Assurances. — It is impossible,
 “ they should be consistent with the dishonour-
 “ able Methods you take.

“ NOTHING but your Promise of not see-
 “ ing me here in my deplorable Bondage, can
 “ give me the least Ray of Hope.

“ DON'T, I beseech you, drive the poor
 “ distressed *Pamela* upon a Rock, that may be
 “ the Destruction both of her Soul and Body!
 “ You don't know, Sir, how dreadfully I
 “ *dare*, weak as I am of Mind and Intellect,
 “ when my Virtue is in Danger. And O!
 “ hasten my Deliverance, that a poor unwor-
 “ thy Creature, below the Notice of such a
 “ Gentleman as you, may not be made the
 “ Sport of a high Condition, for no Reason
 “ in the World, but because she is not able to
 “ defend herself, nor has a Friend that can right
 “ her.

“ I HAVE, Sir, in part to shew my Obe-
 “ dience to you, but indeed, I own, more to
 “ give

“ give Ease to the Minds of my poor distressed
 “ Parents, whose Poverty, one would think,
 “ should screen them from Violences of this sort,
 “ as well as their poor Daughter, follow’d
 “ pretty much the Form you have prescrib’d for
 “ me, in the Letter to Mrs. *Jervis*; and the
 “ Alterations I have made, (for I could not
 “ help a few) are of such a Nature, as, tho’
 “ they shew my Concern a little, yet must
 “ answer the End you are pleas’d to say you
 “ propose by this Letter.

“ FOR God’s sake, good Sir, pity my lowly
 “ Condition, and my present great Misery;
 “ and *let* me join with all the rest of your Ser-
 “ vants to bless that Goodness which you have
 “ extended to every one, but the poor, afflicted,
 “ heart-broken

“ PAMELA.”

I THOUGHT, when I had written this Letter, and that which he had prescrib’d, it would look like placing a Confidence in Mrs. *Jewkes*, to shew them to her; and I shew’d her at the same time my Master’s Letter to me; for I believ’d, the Value he express’d for me, would give me Credit with one who profess’d in every thing to serve him, right or wrong; tho’ I had so little Reason, I fear, to pride myself in it: And I was not mistaken; for it has seem’d to influence her not a little, and she is at present mighty obliging, and runs over in my Praises; but is the less to be minded, because she praises as much the Author of all my Miseries, and

his *honourable* Intentions, as she calls them; for I see, that she is capable of thinking, as I fear *he* does, that every thing that makes for his wicked Will, is honourable, tho' to the Ruin of the Innocent. Pray God I may find it otherwise! Tho', I hope, whatever the wicked Gentleman may intend, that I shall be at least rid of her impertinent bold way of Talk, when she seems to think, from his Letter, that he means honourably.

I am now come to MONDAY, the 5th Day of my Bondage and Misery.

I WAS in hope to have an Opportunity to see *John*, and have a little private Talk with him, before he went away; but it could not be. The poor Man's excessive Sorrow made Mrs. *Jewkes* take it into her Head, to think he lov'd me; and so she brought up a Message to me from him this Morning, that he was going. I desir'd he might come up to *my* Closet, as I call'd it; and she came with him. The honest Man, as I thought him, was as full of Concern as before, at taking Leave. And I gave him two Letters, the one for Mrs. *Jervis*, inclos'd in another for my Master: But Mrs. *Jewkes* would see me seal them up, lest I should inclose any thing else. I was surpris'd, at the Man's going away, to see him drop a Bit of Paper, just at the Head of the Stairs, which I took up without being observ'd by Mrs. *Jewkes*:
But

But I was a thousand times more surpris'd, when I return'd to my Closet, and opening it, read as follows:

“ *Good Mrs. PAMELA,*

“ I AM griev'd to tell you how much you
 “ have been deceiv'd and betray'd, and that
 “ by such a vile Dog as I. Little did I think it
 “ would come to this. But I must say, if ever
 “ there was a Rogue in the World, it is me. I
 “ have all along shew'd your Letters to my Ma-
 “ ster: He employ'd me for that Purpose; and
 “ he saw every one, before I carry'd them to
 “ your Father and Mother; and then seal'd
 “ them up, and sent me with them. I had
 “ some Business that way, but not half so often
 “ as I pretended: And as soon as I heard how
 “ it was, I was ready to hang myself. You
 “ may well think I could not stand in your
 “ Presence. O vile, vile Wretch, to bring
 “ you to this! If you are ruin'd, I am the Rogue
 “ that caus'd it. All the Justice I can do you,
 “ is to tell you, you are in vile Hands; and I
 “ am afraid will be undone, in spite of all your
 “ sweet Innocence; and I believe, I shall never
 “ live, after I know it. If you can forgive me,
 “ you are exceeding good; but I shall never
 “ forgive myself, that's certain. Howsomever,
 “ it will do you no Good to make this known;
 “ and may-hap I may live to do you Service.
 “ If I can, I will. I am sure I ought. — Ma-
 “ ster kept your last two or three Letters, and
 VOL. I. O “ did

“ did not send them at all. I am the most
 “ abandon’d Wretch of Wretches,

“ J. ARNOLD.

“ You see your Undoing has been long
 “ hatching. Pray take care of your
 “ sweet Self. Mrs. *Jewkes* is a Devil:
 “ But in my Master’s other House you
 “ have not one false Heart, but myself.
 “ Out upon me for a Villain!”

My dear Father and Mother, when you come to this Place, I make no Doubt your Hair will stand on End, as mine does!—O the Deceitfulness of the Heart of Man!—This *John*, that I took to be the honestest of Men; that you took for the same; that was always praising you to me, and me to you, and for nothing so much as for our *honest* Hearts; this *very* Fellow was all the while a vile Hypocrite, and a perfidious Wretch, and helping to carry on my Ruin.

BUT he says so much of himself, that I will only sit down with this sad Reflection, That Power and Riches never want Tools to promote their vilest Ends, and that there is nothing so hard to be known as the Heart of Man. —I can but pity the poor Wretch, since he seems to have great Remorse, and I believe it best to keep his Wickedness secret. I will, if it lies in my way, encourage his Penitence; for I may possibly make some Discoveries by it.

ONE

ONE thing I should mention in this Place; he brought down, in a Portmanteau, all the Cloaths and Things my Lady and Master had given me, and moreover, two Velvet Hoods, and a Velvet Scarf, that used to be worn by my Lady; but I have no Comfort in them, or any thing else.

MRS. *Jewkes* had the Portmanteau brought into my Closet, and she shew'd me what was in it; but then lock'd it up, and said, she would let me have what I would out of it, when I ask'd; but if I had the Key, it might make me want to go abroad, may-be; and so the confident Woman put it in her Pocket.

I GAVE myself over to sad Reflections upon this strange and surprising Discovery of *John's*, and wept much for him, and for myself too; for now I see, as he says, my Ruin has been so long hatching, that I can make no Doubt what my Master's *honourable* Professions will end in. What a heap of hard Names does the poor Fellow call himself! But what must they deserve, then, who set him to work? O what has this wicked Master to answer for, to be so corrupt himself, and to corrupt others; who would have been innocent! And all to carry on a poor Plot, I am sure, for a Gentleman, to ruin a poor Creature, who never did him Harm, nor wish'd him any; and who can still pray for his Happiness, and his Repentance.

I CANNOT but wonder what these *Gentlemen*, as they are called, can think of themselves for these vile Doings? *John* had some Induce-

ment; for he hoped to please his Master, who rewarded him, and was bountiful to him; and the same may be said, bad as she is, for this same odious Mrs. *Jewkes*. But what Inducement has my *Master* for taking so much Pains to do the Devil's Work for him?—If he loves me, as 'tis falsely called, must he therefore lay Traps for me, to ruin me, and to make me as bad as himself? I cannot imagine what Good the Undoing of such a poor Creature as I can procure him!—To be sure, I am a very worthless Body. People indeed say I am handsome; but if I was so, should not a Gentleman prefer an honest Servant to a guilty Harlot?—And must he be *more* earnest to seduce me, because I dread of all Things to be seduced, and would rather lose my Life than my Honesty?

WELL, these are strange Things to me! I cannot account for them, for my Share; but sure nobody will say, that these fine Gentlemen have any Tempter but their own wicked Wills!—This naughty Master could run away from me, when he apprehended his Servants might discover his vile Attempts upon me in that sad Closet Affair; but is it not strange, that he should not be afraid of the All-seeing Eye, from which even that base, plotting Heart of his, in its most secret Motions, could not be hid?—But what avail me these sorrowful Reflections? He is and will be wicked, and designs me a Victim to his lawless Attempts, if the God in whom I trust, and to whom I hourly pray, prevent it not.

TUES-

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY.

I HAVE been hinder'd, by this wicked Woman's watching me too close, from writing on *Tuesday*; and so I will put both these Days together. She took me with her a little Turn for an Airing, in the Chariot, and I have walked several times in the Garden; but have always her at my Heels.

MR. *Williams* came to see us, and took a Walk with us once; and while her Back was just turn'd, (encourag'd by the Hint he had before given me) I said, Sir, I see Two Tiles upon that Parsly-bed: Might not one cover them with Mould, with a Note between them, on Occasion? — A good Hint! said he: Let that Sun-flower by the Back-door of the Garden be the Place; I have a Key to that Door; for it is my nearest Way to the Town.

So I was forced to begin. O what Inventions will Necessity push one upon! I hugg'd myself at the Thought; and she coming to us, he said, as if he was continuing a Discourse we were in, No, not extraordinary pleasant. What's that? what's that? said Mrs. *Jewkes*. — Only, said he, the Town, I'm saying, is not very pleasant. No, indeed, said she, 'tis not; 'tis a poor Town, to my thinking. Are there any Gentry in it? said I. And so we chatted on about the Town, to deceive her. But my Deceit intended no Hurt to any body.

WE then talked of the Garden, how large and pleasant, and the like; and sat down on the turfed Slope of the fine Fish-pond, to see the Fishes play upon the Surface of the Water; and she said, I should angle, if I would.

I WISH, said I, you'd be so kind to fetch me a Rod and Baits. Pretty Mistress! said she. I know better than that, I'll assure you, at this time. — I mean no Harm, said I, indeed. Let me tell you, said she, I know none, who have their Thoughts more about them than you. A body ought to look to it, where you are. But we'll angle a little To-morrow. Mr. *Williams*, who is much afraid of her, turn'd the Discourse to a general Subject. I saunter'd in, and left them to talk by themselves; but he went away to Town, and she was soon after me.

I HAD got to my Pen and Ink; and I said, I want some Paper, Mrs. *Jewkes* (putting what I was about in my Bosom): You know I have written Two Letters, and sent them by *John* (O how his Name, poor guilty Fellow, grieves me!) Well, said she, you have some left: One Sheet did for those Two Letters. Yes, said I; but I used half another for a Cover, you know; and see how I have scribbled the other Half; and so I shewed her a Parcel of broken Scraps of Verses, which I had try'd to recollect, and had written purposely that she might see, and think me usually employ'd to such idle Purposes. Ay, said she, so you have; well, I'll give you Two Sheets more; but let me see how you dispose of them, either written or blank. Well, thought I,

I, I hope still, *Argus*, to be too hard for thee. Now *Argus*, the Poets say, had an hundred Eyes, and was set to watch with them all, as she does.

SHE brought me the Paper, and said, Now, Madam, let me see you write something. I will, said I; and took the Pen, and wrote, "I wish Mrs. *Jewkes* would be so good to me, "as I would be to her, if I had it in my Power." — That's pretty, now, said she; well, I hope I am; but what then? "Why then (*wrote I*) "she would do me the Favour to let me know, "what I have done to be made her Prisoner; "and what she thinks is to become of me." Well, and what then? said she. "Why then, "of Consequence, (*scribbled I*) she would let "me see her Instructions, that I may know "how far to blame or acquit her."

THUS I fool'd on, to shew her my Fondness for Scribbling; for I had no Expectation of any Good from her; that so she might suppose I employ'd myself, as I said, to no better Purpose at other Times: For she will have it, that I am upon some Plot, I am so silent, and love so much to be by myself. — She would have had me write on a little further. No, said I; you have not answered me. Why, said she, what can you doubt, when my Master himself assures you of his Honour? Ay, said I; but lay your Hand to your Heart, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and tell me, if you yourself believe him. Yes, said she, to be sure I do. But, said I, what do *you* call Honour? — Why, said she, what does *he* call

Honour, think you?-----Ruin! Shame! Disgrace! said I, I fear.----Pho, pho! said she; if you have any Doubt about it, he can best explain his own Meaning :-----I'll send him Word to come and satisfy you, if you will.-----Horrid Creature! said I, all in a Fright.-----Canst thou not stab me to the Heart! I'd rather thou wouldst, than say such another Word!-----But I hope there is no Thought of his coming.

SHE had the Wickedness to say, No, no; he don't intend to come, as I know of:-----But if I was he, I would not be long away. What means the Woman? said I.-----Mean! said she (turning it off); why I mean, I would come, if I was he, and put an End to all your Fears-----by making you as happy as you wish. 'Tis out of his Power, said I, to make *me* happy, great and rich as he is! but by leaving me innocent, and giving me Liberty to go to my dear Father and Mother.

SHE went away soon after, and I ended my Letter, in hopes to have an Opportunity to lay it in the appointed Place. So I went to her, and said, I suppose, as it is not dark, I may take another Turn in the Garden. 'Tis too late, said she; but if you will go, don't stay; and, *Nan*, see, and attend Madam, as she called me.

So I went towards the Pond, the Maid following me, and dropp'd purposely my Hussy; And when I came near the Tiles, I said, Mrs. *Ann*, I have dropp'd my Hussy; be so kind to look for it: I had it by the Pond-side. She
went

went back to look, and I slipp'd the Note between the Tiles, and cover'd them as quick as I could with the light Mould, quite unperceived; and the Maid finding the Hussy, I took it, and saunter'd in again, and met Mrs. *Jewkes* coming to seek after me. What I wrote was this:

Reverend Sir,

THE want of Opportunity to speak my Mind to you, I am sure will excuse this Boldness in a poor Creature that is betray'd hither, I have Reason to think, for the worst Purposes. You know something, to be sure, of my Story, my native Poverty, which I am not ashamed of, my late Lady's Goodness, and my Master's Designs upon me. 'Tis true, he promises Honour, and all that; but the Honour of the Wicked is Disgrace and Shame to the Virtuous. And he may think he keeps his Promises, according to the Notions he may allow himself to hold; and yet, according to mine, and every good Body's, basely ruin me.

I AM so wretched, and ill-treated by this Mrs. *Jewkes*, and she is so ill-principled a Woman, that as I may soon want the Opportunity which the happy Hint of this Day affords to my Hopes, I throw myself at once upon your Goodness without the least Reserve; for I cannot be worse than I am, should that fail me; which, I dare say, to your Power, it will not: For I see it, Sir, in your Looks, I hope it from your Cloth, and I doubt it not
from

‘ from your Inclination, in a Case circum-
 ‘ stanced as my unhappy one is. For, Sir, in
 ‘ helping me out of my present Distress, you
 ‘ perform all the Acts of Religion in one; and
 ‘ the highest Mercy and Charity, both to Body
 ‘ and Soul of a poor Wretch, that, believe me,
 ‘ Sir, has at present not so much as in Thought,
 ‘ swerv’d from her Innocence.

‘ Is there not some way to be found out
 ‘ for my Escape, without Danger to yourself?
 ‘ Is there no Gentleman or Lady of Virtue in
 ‘ this Neighbourhood, to whom I may fly,
 ‘ only till I can find a way to get to my poor
 ‘ Father and Mother? Cannot Lady *Davers* be
 ‘ made acquainted with my sad Story, by your
 ‘ conveying a Letter to her? My poor Parents
 ‘ are so low in the World, they can do nothing
 ‘ but break their Hearts for me; and that, I
 ‘ fear, will be the End of it.

‘ My Master promises, if I will be easy, as he
 ‘ calls it, in my present Lot, he will not come
 ‘ down without my Consent. Alas! Sir, this
 ‘ is nothing: For what’s the Promise of a Per-
 ‘ son, who thinks himself at Liberty to act as
 ‘ he has done by me? If he comes, it must be
 ‘ to ruin me; and come, to be sure, he will,
 ‘ when he thinks he has silenced the Clamours
 ‘ of my Friends, and lulled me, as no doubt
 ‘ he hopes, into a fatal Security.

‘ Now, therefore, Sir, is all the Time I have
 ‘ to work and struggle for the Preservation of
 ‘ my Honesty. If I stay till he comes, I am
 ‘ undone. You have a Key to the back Gar-
 ‘ den.

den-door; I have great Hopes from that. Study, good Sir, and contrive for me. I will faithfully keep your Secret. — Yet I should be loth to have you suffer for me!

I SAY no more, but commit this to the happy Tiles, in the Bosom of that Earth, where I hope my Deliverance will take Root, and bring forth such Fruit, as may turn to my inexpressible Joy, and your eternal Reward, both here and hereafter: As shall ever pray

Your oppressed humble Servant.

THURSDAY.

THIS completes a terrible Week since my setting out, as I hoped, to see you, my dear Father and Mother. O how different were my Hopes then, from what they are now! Yet who knows what these happy Tiles may produce!

BUT I must tell you, first, how I have been beaten by Mrs. Jewkes! 'Tis very true! — And thus it came about.

MY Impatience was great to walk in the Garden, to see if any thing had offer'd, answerable to my Hopes. But this wicked Mrs. Jewkes would not let me go without her; and said, She was not at Leisure. We had a great many Words about it; for I told her, It was very hard I could not be trusted to walk by myself in the Garden for a little Air; but must be dogg'd and watch'd worse than a Thief,

SHE

SHE still pleaded her Instructions, and said she was not to trust me out of her Sight: And you had better, said she, be easy and contented, I assure you; for I have worse Orders than you have yet found. I remember, added she, your asking Mr. *Williams*, If there were any Gentry in the Neighbourhood? This makes me suspect you want to get away to them, to tell your sad dismal Story, as you call it.

MY Heart was at my Mouth; for I feared by that Hint, she had seen my Letter under the Tiles: O how uneasy I was! At last she said, Well, since you are set upon it, you may take a Turn, and I will be with you in a Minute.

WHEN I was out of Sight of her Window, I speeded towards the hopeful Place; but was soon forced to slacken my Pace, by her odious Voice: Hey-day! why so nimble, and whither so fast? said she: What! are you upon a Wager? I stopp'd for her, till her purfy Sides were waddled up to me; and she held by my Arm, half out of Breath: So I was forced to pass by the dear Place, without daring to look at it.

THE Gardener was at work a little further, and so we looked upon him, and I began to talk about his Art; but she said softly, My Instructions are, not to let you be so familiar with the Servants. Why, said I, are you afraid I should confederate with them to commit a Robbery upon my Master? May-be I am, said the odious Wretch; for to rob him of yourself, would

would be the worst that could happen to him, in his Opinion.

AND pray, said I, walking on, how came I to be his Property? What Right has he in me, but such as a Thief may plead to stolen Goods?—Why, was ever the like heard! says she.—This is downright Rebellion, I protest!--Well, well, Lambkin, (which the Foolish often calls me) if I was in his Place, he should not have his Property in you long questionable. Why, what would you do, said I, if you were he?---Not stand still-I, shall-I, as he does; but put you and himself both out of your Pain.—Why, *Jezebel*, said I, (I could not help it) would you ruin me by Force?---- Upon this she gave me a deadly Slap upon my Shoulder: Take that, said she; who is it you call *Jezebel*?

I WAS so surpris'd, (for you never beat me, my dear Father and Mother, in your Lives) that I was like one thunder-struck; and looked round, as if I wanted somebody to help me; but, alas! I had nobody; and said, at last, rubbing my Shoulder, Is this also in your Instructions?---- Alas! for me! Am I to be *beaten* too? And so I fell a-crying, and threw myself on the Grass-walk we were upon.----- Said she, in a great Pet, I won't be call'd such Names, I'll assure you. Marry come up! I see you have a Spirit: You must and shall be kept under. I'll manage such little provoking Things as you, I warrant ye! Come, come, we'll go in-a-doors, and I'll lock you up, and you shall have no
Shoes,

Shoes, nor any thing else, if this is to be the Case.

I DID not know what to do. This was a cruel thing to me, and I blam'd myself for my free Speech; for now I had given her some Pretence; and Oh! thought I, here I have, by my Malapertness, ruin'd the only Project I had left.

THE Gardener saw this Scene; but she call'd to him, Well, *Jacob*, what do you stare at? Pray mind what you're upon. And away he walked to another Quarter, out of Sight.

WELL, thought I, I must put on the Dissembler a little, I see. She took my Hand roughly; Come, get up, said she, and come in a-doors. ----- I'll *Jezebel* you, I will so! ----- Why, dear Mrs. *Fewkes*! said I ----- None of your Dears, and your Coaxing! said she; why not *Jezebel* again? ----- She was in a fearful Passion, I saw, and I was out of my Wits. Thought I, I have often heard Women blam'd for their Tongues; I wish mine had been shorter. But I can't go in, said I, indeed I can't! ----- Why, said she, can't you? I'll warrant I can take such a thin Body as you are, under my Arm, and carry you in, if you won't walk. You don't know my Strength. ----- Yes, but I do, said I, too well; and will you not use me worse, when I come in? ----- So I arose, and she mutter'd to herself all the way, *She to be a Jezebel with me, that had us'd me so well! and such-like.*

WHEN I came near the House, I said, sitting down upon a Settle-bench, Well, I will *not*

go in, till you say, you forgive me, Mrs. *Jewkes*. ----- If you will forgive my calling you that Name, I will forgive your beating me. ----- She sat down by me, and seem'd in a great Pucker, and said, Well, come, I will forgive you for this time; and so kissed me, as a Mark of Reconciliation, ----- But pray, said I, tell me where I am to walk, and go, and give me what Liberty you can; and when I know the most you can favour me with, you shall see I will be as content as I can, and not ask you for more.

A Y, said she, this is something like: I wish I could give you all the Liberty you desire; for you must think it is no Pleasure to me to tie you to my Petticoat, as it were, and not to let you stir without me. ----- But People that will do their Duties, must have some Trouble; and what I do, is to serve as good a Master, to be sure, as lives ----- Yes, said I, to every body but me! He loves you too well, to be sure, reply'd she, and that's the Reason; so you ought to bear it. I say, *love!* repeated I. Come, said she, don't let the Wench see you have been crying, nor tell *her* any Tales; for you won't tell them fairly, I am sure; and I'll send her, and you shall take another Walk in the Garden, if you will: May-be, it will get you a Stomach to your Dinner; for you don't eat enough to keep Life and Soul together. You are Beauty to the Bone, added the strange Wretch, or you could not look so well as you do, with so little Stomach, so little Rest, and so much Pining and Whining

Whining for nothing at all. Well, thought I, say what thou wilt, so I can be rid of thy bad Tongue and Company: And I hope to find some Opportunity now, to come at my Sun-flower. But I walked the other Way, to take that in my Return, to avoid Suspicion.

I FORCED my Discourse to the Maid; but it was all upon general Matters; for I find she is asked after every thing I say and do. When I came near the Place, as I had been devising, I said, Pray, step to the Gardener, and ask him to gather a Sallad for me to Dinner. She called out, *Jacob!*----- Said I, he can't hear you so far off; and pray tell him, I should like a Cucumber too, if he has one. When she had stepp'd about a Bow-shot from me, I popp'd down, and whipp'd my Fingers under the upper Tile, and pulled out a Letter without Direction, and thrust it into my Bosom, trembling for Joy. She was with me, before I could well secure it; and I was in such a taking, that I feared I should discover myself. You seem frighted, Madam, said she. Why, said I, with a lucky Thought, (alas! your poor Daughter will make an Intriguer by-and-by; but, I hope, an innocent one!) I stoop'd to smell at the Sun-flower, and a great nasty Worm ran into the Ground, that startled me; for I can't abide Worms. Said she, Sun-flowers don't smell. So I find, reply'd I. And then we walked in; and Mrs. *Jewkes* said, Well, you have made haste now.----- You shall go another time.

I WENT

I WENT up to my Closet, lock'd myself in, and, opening my Letter, found in it these Words:

" I A M infinitely concerned for your Distress.
 " I most heartily wish it may be in my Power
 " to serve and save so much Innocence, Beauty,
 " and Merit. My whole Dependence is upon
 " Mr. B. and I have a near View of being pro-
 " vided for, by his Favour to me. But yet I
 " would sooner forfeit all my Hopes in him,
 " (trusting in God for the rest) than not assist
 " you, if possible. I never look'd upon Mr.
 " B. in the Light he now appears in to me,
 " in your Case. To be sure, he is no professed
 " Debauchee. But I am intirely of Opinion,
 " you should, if possible, get out of his Hands,
 " and especially as you are in very bad ones in
 " Mrs. Jewkes's.

" W E have here the Widow Lady Jones,
 " Mistress of a good Fortune, and a Woman
 " of Virtue, I believe. We have also old Sir
 " Simon Darnford, and his Lady, who is a
 " good Woman; and they have Two Daugh-
 " ters, virtuous young Ladies. All the rest
 " are but middling People, and Traders, at
 " best. I will try, if you please, either Lady
 " Jones, or Lady Darnford, if they'll permit
 " you to take Refuge with them. I see no
 " Probability of keeping myself concealed in
 " this Matter; but will, as I said, risque all
 " things to serve you; for I never saw a Sweet-
 " nels and Innocence like yours; and your
 " VOL. I. P " hard

“ hard Case has attach’d me intirely to you;
 “ for I know, as you so happily expresse, if I can
 “ serve you in this Affair, I shall thereby per-
 “ form all the Acts of Religion in one.

“ As to Lady *Davers*, I will convey a Let-
 “ ter, if you please, to her; but it must not be
 “ from our Post-house, I give you Caution; for
 “ the Man owes all his Bread to Mr. *B.* and his
 “ Place too; and I believe, by something that
 “ dropp’d from him, over a Can of Ale, has his
 “ Instructions. You don’t know how you are
 “ surrounded; all which confirms me in your
 “ Opinion, that no Honour is meant you, let
 “ what will be professed; and I am glad you
 “ want no Caution on that Head.

“ GIVE me leave to say, that I had heard
 “ much in your Praise, but, I think, greatly
 “ short of what you deserve, both in Person
 “ and Mind: My Eyes convince me of the
 “ one, your Letter of the other. For fear we
 “ should be depriv’d the present Opportunity,
 “ of corresponding, I am more tedious than
 “ otherwise I should be. But I will not enlarge
 “ any further than to assure you, that I am, to
 “ the best of my Power,

“ *Your faithful Friend and Servant,*

“ ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

“ I will come once every Morning, and
 “ once every Evening, after School-time,
 “ to look for your Letters. I’ll come in,
 “ and return without going into the
 “ House,

“ House, if I see the Coast clear: Other-
 “ wise, to avoid Suspicion, I will come
 “ in.”

I INSTANTLY, in Answer to this pleasing Letter, wrote as follows:

“ *Reverend Sir,*

“ **O** HOW suited to your Function, and your
 “ Character, is your kind Letter! God bless
 “ you for it! I now think I am beginning to
 “ be happy. I should be sorry to have you suf-
 “ fer on my account; but I hope it will be
 “ made up to you an hundred-fold, by that
 “ God whom you so faithfully serve. I should
 “ be too happy, could I ever have it in my
 “ Power to contribute in the least to it. But,
 “ alas! to serve me, must be for God’s sake
 “ only; for I am poor and lowly in Fortune;
 “ tho’ in Mind, I hope, too high to do a mean
 “ or unworthy Deed, to gain a Kingdom. But
 “ I lose Time. —

“ ANY way you think best, I shall be pleased
 “ with; for I know not the Persons, nor in
 “ what manner it is proper to apply to them. I
 “ am glad of the Hint you so kindly give me
 “ of the Man at the Post-house. I was think-
 “ ing of opening a way for myself by Letter,
 “ when I could have Opportunity; but I see
 “ more and more, that I am indeed strangely sur-
 “ rounded with Dangers; and that there is no

" Dependence to be made on my Master's
 " Honour.

" I SHOULD think, Sir, if either of those
 " Ladies would give Leave, I might some way
 " get out by Favour of your Key; and as it is
 " impossible, watched as I am, to know when
 " it can be, suppose, Sir, you could get one
 " made by it, and put it, the next Opportunity,
 " under the Sun-flower? — I am sure no
 " Time is to be lost; because it is rather my
 " Wonder, that she is not thoughtful about
 " this Key, than otherwise; for she forgets not
 " the minutest thing. But, Sir, if I had this
 " Key, I could, if these Ladies would *not* shel-
 " ter me, run away any-whither. And if I was
 " once out of the House, they could have no
 " Pretence to force me in again; for I have
 " done no Harm, and hope to make my Story
 " good to any compassionate Body; and by
 " this means *you* need not to be known. Tor-
 " ture should not wring it from me, I assure
 " you.

" ONE thing more, good Sir. Have you no
 " Correspondence with my Master's *Bedford-*
 " *shire* Family? By that means, may-be, I could be
 " informed of his Intentions of coming hither,
 " and when. I inclose you a Letter of a deceit-
 " ful Wretch, (for I can trust you with any thing)
 " poor *John Arnold*. Its Contents will tell
 " why I inclose it. Perhaps, by his means,
 " something may be discover'd; for he seems
 " willing to atone for his Treachery to me, by
 " the Intimation of future Service. I leave the
 " Hint

" Hint for you to improve upon, and am, Re-
" verend Sir,

" Your for ever obliged

" and thankful Servant.

" I hope, Sir, by your Favour; I could send
" a little Packet, now-and-then, some-
" how, to my poor Father and Mother. I
" have a little Stock of Money, about
" Five or Six Guineas: Shall I put half
" into your Hands, to defray the Charge
" of a Man and Horse, or any other Inci-
" dents?"

I HAD but just time to transcribe this, before
I was called to Dinner; and I put that for Mr.
Williams, with a Wafer in it, into my Bosom,
to get an Opportunity to lay it in the dear
Place.

O GOOD SIRs! Of all the Flowers in the
Garden, the Sun-flower, sure, is the loveliest!
—It is a propitious one to me! How nobly
my Plot succeeds! But I begin to be afraid my
Writings may be discover'd; for they grow
large: I stitch them hitherto in my Under-coat,
next my Linen. But if this Brute should search
me! —I must try to please her, and then she
won't.

WELL, I am but just come from a Walk
in the Garden; and have deposited my Letter

by a simple Wile. I got some Horse-beans; and we took a Turn in the Garden, to angle, as Mrs. *Jewkes* had promis'd me. She baited the Hook, and I held it, and soon hooked a lovely Carp. Play it, play it, said she. I did, and brought it to the Bank. A sad Thought just then came into my Head; and I took it, and threw it in again; and O the Pleasure it seem'd to have, to flounce in, when at Liberty! — Why this? says she. O Mrs. *Jewkes*! said I, I was thinking this poor Carp was the unhappy *Pamela*. I was likening you and myself to my naughty Master. As *we* hooked and deceived the poor Carp, so was I betrayed by false Baits; and when you said, Play it, Play it, it went to my Heart, to think I should sport with the Destruction of the poor Fish I had betray'd; and I could not but fling it in again: And did you not see the Joy with which the happy Carp flounc'd from us? O! said I, may some good merciful Body procure me my Liberty in the same manner; for, to be sure, I think my Danger equal!

LORD bless thee! said she, what a Thought is there! — Well, I can angle no more, added I. I'll try *my* Fortune, said she, and took the Rod. Do, answer'd I, and I will plant Life, if I can, while you are destroying it. I have some Horse-beans here, and will go and stick them into one of the Borders, to see how long they will be coming up; and I will call them my Garden.





BRITISH
7 DE 1914
MUSEUM

So you see, dear Father and Mother, (I hope now you will soon see; for, may-be, if I can't get away so soon myself, I may send my Papers some-how; I say you will see) that this furnishes me with a good Excuse to look after my Garden another time; and if the Mould should look a little freshish, it won't be so much suspected. She mistrusted nothing of this; and I went and stuck in here and there my Beans, for about the Length of five Ells, on each Side of the Sun-flower; and easily deposited my Letter. And not a little proud am I of this Contrivance. Sure something will do at last!

FRIDAY, SATURDAY.

I HAVE just now told you a Trick of mine; now I'll tell you a Trick of this wicked Woman's. She comes up to me; says she, I have a Bill I cannot change till To-morrow; and a Tradesman wants his Money most sadly; and I don't love to turn poor Trades-folks away without their Money: Have you any about you? I have a little, reply'd I: How much will do? Oh! said she, I want Eight Pounds. Alack! said I, I have but between Five and Six. Lend me that! said she, till To-morrow. I did so; and she went down Stairs: And when she came up, she laugh'd, and said, Well, I have paid the Tradesman. Said I, I hope you'll give it me again To-morrow. At that, the Assurance, laughing loud, said, Why, what Occasion have

you for Money? To tell you the Truth, Lambkin, I didn't want it. I only fear'd you might make a bad Use of it; and now I can trust *Nan* with you a little oftener, especially as I have got the Key of your Portmanteau; so that you can neither corrupt her with Money nor fine Things. Never did any body look more silly than I!----- O how I fretted to be so foolishly outwitted!----- And the more, as I had hinted to Mr. *Williams*, that I would put some in his Hands to defray the Charges of my sending to you. I cry'd for Vexation!----- And now I have not five Shillings left to support me, if I *can* get away!----- Was ever such a Fool as I! I *must* be priding myself in my Contrivances, indeed!----- Said I, Was this in your Instructions, *Wolfkin*? for she called me *Lambkin*. *Jezebel*, you mean, Child! said she.----- Well, I now forgive you heartily; let's buss, and be Friends!----- Out upon you! said I; I cannot bear you. But I durst not call her Names again; for I dread her huge Paw most sadly. The more I think of this thing, the more do I regret it, and blame myself.

THIS Night the Man from the Post-house brought a Letter for Mrs. *Jewkes*, in which was one inclosed to me: She brought it me up. Said she, Well, my good Master don't forget us. He has sent you a Letter; and see what he writes to me. So she read, That he hoped her fair Charge was well, happy, and contented: Ay, to be sure, said I, I can't chuse!

chuse!—That he did not doubt her Care and Kindness to me; that I was very dear to him; and she could not use me too well; and the like. There's a Master for you! said she: Sure you will love and pray for him. I desir'd her to read the rest. No, no, said she, but I won't. Said I, Are there any Orders for taking my Shoes away, and for beating me? No, said she, nor about *Jezebel* neither. Well, return'd I, I cry Truce! for I have no Mind to be beat again. I thought, said she, we had forgiven one another.

My Letter is as follows:

“ *My dear PAMELA,*

“ **I** BEGIN to repent already, that I have
 “ bound myself, by Promise, not to see
 “ you till you give me Leave; for I think the
 “ Time very tedious. Can you place so much
 “ Confidence in me, as to *invite* me down?
 “ Assure yourself, that your Generosity shall
 “ not be thrown away upon me. I the rather
 “ would press this, as I am uneasy for your
 “ Uneasiness; for Mrs. *Fewkes* acquaints me,
 “ that you take your Restraint very heavily;
 “ and neither eat, drink, nor rest well; and I
 “ have too great an Interest in your Health, not
 “ to wish to shorten the Time of this Trial;
 “ which will be the Consequence of my coming
 “ down to you. *John*, too, has intimated to
 “ me your Concern, with a Grief that hardly
 “ gave

“ gave him leave for Utterance, a Grief that a
 “ little alarm’d my Tenderness for you. Not
 “ that I fear any thing, but that your Disregard
 “ to me, which yet my proud Heart will hardly
 “ permit me to own, may throw you upon
 “ some Rashness that might encourage a daring
 “ Hope: But how poorly do I descend, to be
 “ anxious about such a Menial as he! — I will
 “ only say one thing, that if you will give me
 “ Leave to attend you at the Hall, (consider
 “ *who* it is that requests this from you as a
 “ *Favour*) I solemnly declare, that you shall
 “ have Cause to be pleased with this obliging
 “ Mark of your Confidence in me, and Con-
 “ sideration for me; and if I find Mrs. *Fewkes*
 “ has not behav’d to you with the Respect due
 “ to one I so dearly love, I will put it intirely
 “ into your Power to discharge her the House,
 “ if you think proper; and Mrs. *Jervis*, or
 “ who else you please, shall attend you in her
 “ Place. This I say on a Hint *John* gave me,
 “ as if you resented something from that Quar-
 “ ter. Dearest *Pamela*, answer favourably
 “ this earnest Request of one that cannot live
 “ without you, and on whose Honour to you,
 “ you may absolutely depend; and so much
 “ the more, as you place a Confidence in it. I
 “ am, and assuredly ever will be,

“ *Your faithful and affectionate, &c.*

“ You will be glad, I know, to hear your
 “ Father and Mother are well, and easy
 “ upon

“ upon your last Letter. That gave me
“ a Pleasure, that I am resolv'd you shall
“ not repent. Mrs. *Jewkes* will convey
“ to me your Answer.”

I BUT slightly read this Letter for the present, to give way to one I had hopes of finding by this time from Mr. *Williams*. I took an Evening Turn, as I call'd it, in Mrs. *Jewkes's* Company; and walking by the Place, I said, Do you think, Mrs. *Jewkes*, any of my Beans can have struck since Yesterday? She laugh'd, and said, You are a poor Gardener; but I love to see you divert yourself. She passing on, I found my good Friend had provided for me, and slipping it into my Bosom, (for her Back was towards me) Here, said I, having a Bean in my Hand, is one of them; but it has not stirr'd. No, to be sure, said she, and turn'd upon me a most wicked Jest, unbecoming the Mouth of a Woman, about Planting, &c. When I came in, I hy'd to my Closet, and read as follows:

“ I AM sorry to tell you, that I have had a
“ Repulse from Lady *Jones*. She is concern'd at your Case, she says; but don't care
“ to make herself Enemies. I apply'd to Lady
“ *Darnford*, and told her, in the most pathetick manner I could, your sad Story, and
“ shew'd her your more pathetick Letter. I
“ found her well dispos'd; but she would advise

“ wife with Sir *Simon*, who, by-the-by, is not
“ a Man of an extraordinary Character for Vir-
“ tue; but he said to his Lady, in my Presence,
“ Why, what is all this, my Dear, but that
“ our Neighbour has a Mind to his Mother’s
“ Waiting-maid! And if he takes care she
“ wants for nothing, I don’t see any great
“ Injury will be done her. He hurts no
“ *Family* by this” (So, my dear Father and
Mother, it seems, that poor Peoples Honesty is
to go for nothing): “ And I think, Mr. *Wil-*
“ *liams*, you, of all Men, should not engage
“ in this Affair, against your Friend and Pa-
“ tron. He spoke this in so determin’d a man-
“ ner, that the Lady had done; and I had only
“ to beg no Notice should be taken of the
“ Matter, as from *me*.

“ I HAVE hinted your Case to Mr. *Peters*,
“ the Minister of this Parish; but I am con-
“ cern’d to say, that he imputed selfish Views
“ to me, as if I would make an Interest in your
“ Affections, by my Zeal. And when I re-
“ presented the Duties of our Function, and
“ the like, and protested my Disinterestedness,
“ he coldly said, I was very good; but was a young
“ Man, and knew little of the World. And
“ tho’ ’twas a thing to be lamented, yet when
“ he and I should set about to reform Man-
“ kind in this respect, we should have enough
“ upon our Hands; for, he said, it was too
“ common and fashionable a Case to be with-
“ stood by a private Clergyman or two: And
“ then he utter’d some Reflections upon the
“ Conduct

“ Conduct of the present Fathers of the
 “ Church, in regard to the first Personages of
 “ the Realm, as a Justification of his Coldness
 “ on this score.

“ I REPRESENTED the different Circum-
 “ stances of your Affair; that other Women
 “ liv’d evilly by their own Consent; but to
 “ serve you, was to save an Innocence that
 “ had but few Examples; and then I shew’d
 “ him your Letter.

“ HE said, It was prettily written; and he
 “ was sorry for you; and that your good In-
 “ tentions ought to be encourag’d: But what,
 “ said he, would you have *me* do, Mr. *Wil-*
 “ *liams*? Why, suppose, Sir, said I, you give
 “ her Shelter in your House, with your Spouse
 “ and Niece, till she can get to her Friends!—
 “ What, and embroil myself with a Man of
 “ Mr. *B.*’s Power and Fortune! No, not I, I’ll
 “ assure you!----And I would have you con-
 “ sider what you are about. Besides, she owns,
 “ continued he, that he promises to do ho-
 “ nourably by her; and her Shyness will pro-
 “ cure her good Terms enough; for he is no
 “ covetous nor wicked Gentleman, except in
 “ this Case; and ’tis what all young Gentlemen
 “ will do.

“ I AM greatly concern’d for him, I assure
 “ you; but am not discourag’d by this ill Suc-
 “ cess, let what will come of it, if I can serve
 “ you.

“ I DON’T hear, as yet, that Mr. *B.* is
 “ coming. I am glad of your Hint as to that
 “ unhappy

“ unhappy Fellow *John Arnold*. Something,
 “ perhaps, will strike out from that, which may
 “ be useful. As to your Pacquets, if you seal
 “ them up, and lay them in the usual Place, if
 “ you find it not suspected, I will watch an
 “ Opportunity to convey them; but if they
 “ are large, you had best be very cautious. This
 “ evil Woman, I find, mistrusts me much.

“ I JUST hear, that the Gentleman is dying,
 “ whose Living Mr. *B.* has promis'd me. I
 “ have almost a Scruple to take it, as I am
 “ acting so contrary to his Desires; but I hope
 “ he'll one Day thank me for it. As to Money,
 “ don't think of it at present. Be assured you
 “ may command all in my Power to do for
 “ you, without Reserve.

“ I BELIEVE, when we hear he is coming,
 “ it will be best to make use of the Key,
 “ which I shall soon procure you; and I can
 “ borrow a Horse for you, I believe, to wait
 “ within half a Mile of the Back-door, over
 “ the Pasture; and will contrive by myself, or
 “ somebody, to have you conducted some
 “ Miles distant, to one of the Villages there-
 “ abouts; so don't be discomfited, I beseech
 “ you. I am, excellent Mrs. *Pamela*,

“ *Your faithful Friend, &c.*”

I MADE a Thousand sad Reflections upon
 the former Part of this honest Gentleman's kind
 Letter; and, but for the Hope he gave me at
 last, should have given up my Case as quite de-
 sperate.

sperate. I then wrote to thank him most gratefully for his kind Endeavours; to lament the little Concern the Gentry had for my deplorable Case; the Wickedness of the World, first to give way to such iniquitous Fashions, and then plead the Frequency of them, against the Attempt to amend them; and how unaffected People were with the Distresses of others. I recall'd my former Hint, as to writing to Lady *Davers*, which I fear'd, I said, would only serve to apprise her Brother, that she knew his wicked Scheme, and more harden him in it, and make him come down the sooner, and to be more determin'd on my Ruin; besides, that it might make Mr. *Williams* guess'd at, as a Means of conveying my Letter: And being very fearful, that if that good Lady *would* interest herself in my Behalf, (which was a Doubt, because she both lov'd and fear'd her Brother) it would have no Effect upon him; and that, therefore, I would wait the happy Event I might hope for from his kind Assistance in the Key and the Horse. I intimated my Master's, begging to, be permitted to come down: Was fearful it might be sudden; and that I was of Opinion no Time was to be lost; for we might let slip all our Opportunities; telling him the Money-trick of this vile Woman, &c.

I HAD not Time to take a Copy of this Letter, I was so watch'd. But when I had it ready in my Bosom, I was easy. And so I went to seek out Mrs. *Fewkes*, and told her I would have her Advice upon the Letter I had receiv'd
from

from my Master; which Point of Confidence in her, pleased her not a little. Ay, said she, now this is something like: And we'll take a Turn in the Garden, or where you please. I pretended it was indifferent to me; and so we walk'd into the Garden. I began to talk to her of the Letter; but was far from acquainting her with *all* the Contents; only that he wanted my Consent to come down, and hop'd she us'd me kindly, and the like. And I said, Now, Mrs. *Jewkes*, let me have your Advice as to this. Why then, said she, I will give it you freely: E'en send to him to come down. It will highly oblige him, and I dare say you'll fare the better for it. How the *better*? said I: — I dare say, you think yourself, that he intends my Ruin, I hate, said she, that foolish Word; your *Ruin*! — Why ne'er a Lady in the Land may live happier than you, if you will, or be more honourably us'd.

WELL, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, I shall not at this time dispute with you about the Words *Ruin* or *honourable*; for I find, we have quite different Notions of both: But now I will speak plainer than ever I did. Do you think he intends to make Proposals to me, as to a kept Mistress, or kept Slave rather, or do you not? — Why, Lambkin, said she, what dost thou think, thyself? — I fear, said I, he does. Well, said she, but if he does, (for I know nothing of the Matter, I assure you) you may have your own Terms — I see that; for you may do any thing with him.

I COULD

I COULD not bear this to be spoken, tho' it was what I fear'd of a long time; and began to exclaim most sadly. Nay, said she, he may marry you, as far as I know. — No, no, said I, that cannot be — I neither desire nor expect it. His Condition don't permit me to have such a Thought, and that, and the whole Series of his Conduct, convinces me of the contrary; and you would have me invite him to come down, would you? Is not this to invite my Ruin?

'TIS what I would do, said she, in your Place; and if it was to be as you *think*, I should rather be out of my Pain, than live in continual Frights and Apprehensions, as you do. No, reply'd I, an *Hour* of Innocence is worth an *Age* of Guilt: and were my Life to be made ever so miserable by it, I should never forgive myself, if I were not to lengthen out to the longest Minute my happy Time of Honesty. Who knows what Providence may do for me!

WHY, may-be, said she, as he loves you so well, you may prevail upon him by your Prayers and Tears; and for that Reason, I should think, you'd better let him come down. Well, said I, I will write him a Letter, because he expects an Answer, or may-be he will make that a Pretence to come down. How can it go?

I'LL take care of that, said she; it is in my Instructions — Ay, thought I, so I suppose, by the Hint Mr. *Williams* gave me, about the Post-house.

THE Gardener coming by, I said, Mr. *Jacob*, I have planted a few Beans, and I call the Place my Garden. It is just by the Door, out-yonder, I'll shew it you; pray don't dig them up. So I went on with him; and when we had turn'd the Alley, out of her Sight, and were near the Place, said I, Pray step to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and ask her if she has any more Beans for me to plant? He smil'd, I suppose, at my Foolishness, and I popp'd the Letter under the Mould, and stepp'd back, as if waiting for his Return; which, being near, was immediate, and she follow'd him. What should I do with Beans? said she — and sadly scar'd me; for she whisper'd me, I am afraid of some Fetch! You don't use to send on such simple Errands. — What Fetch? said I: It is hard I can neither stir, nor speak, but I must be suspected. — Why, said she, my Master writes, that I must have all my Eyes about me; for tho' you are as innocent as a Dove, yet you're as cunning as a Serpent. But I'll forgive you, if you cheat me.

THEN I thought of my Money, and could have call'd her Names, had I dar'd: And I said, Pray, Mrs. *Jewkes*, now you talk of forgiving me, if I cheat you, be so kind as to pay me my Money; for tho' I have no Occasion for it, yet I know you was but in Jest, and intended to give it me again. You shall have it in a proper Time, said she; but indeed, I was in Earnest to get it out of your Hands, for fear you should make an ill Use of it. And so
we

we cavilled upon this Subject as we walk'd in, and I went up to write my Letter to my Master; and, as I intended to shew it her, I resolv'd to write accordingly as to her Part of it; for I made little Account of his Offer of Mrs. *Jervis* to me, instead of this wicked Woman, (tho' the most agreeable thing that could have befallen me, except my Escape from hence) nor indeed of any thing he said: For to be honourable, in the just Sense of the Word, he need not have caus'd me to be run away with, and confin'd as I am. I wrote as follows:

“ *Honour'd Sir,*

“ **W**HEN I consider how easily you might
 “ make me happy, since all I desire is to
 “ be permitted to go to my poor Father and
 “ Mother: When I reflect upon your former
 “ Proposal to me, in relation to a certain Per-
 “ son, not one Word of which is now men-
 “ tion'd; and upon my being in that strange
 “ manner run away with, and still kept here
 “ a miserable Prisoner; do you think, Sir,
 “ (pardon your poor Servant's Freedom; my
 “ Fears make me bold; do you think, I say)
 “ that your general Assurances of Honour,
 “ can have the Effect upon me, that, were
 “ it not for these Things, all your Words ought
 “ to have? — O good Sir! I too much appre-
 “ hend, that *your* Notions of Honour and *mine*
 “ are very different from one another. And I
 “ have no other Hope but in your continu'd
 “ Absence.

“ Absence. If you have any Proposals to make
“ me, that are consistent with your honourable
“ Professions, in *my* humble Sense of the
“ Word, a few Lines will communicate them
“ to me, and I will return such an Answer as
“ befits me. But Oh! What Proposals can
“ one in your high Station have to make to
“ one in my low one! I know what belongs
“ to your Degree too well, to imagine, that
“ any thing can be expected but sad Tempta-
“ tions, and utter Distress, if you come down;
“ and you know not, Sir, when I am made
“ desperate, what the wretched *Pamela* dares
“ to do!

“ WHATEVER Rashness you may impute
“ to me, I cannot help it; but I wish I may not
“ be forced upon any, that otherwise would
“ never enter into my Thoughts. Forgive,
“ me, Sir, my Plainness; I should be loth to
“ behave to my Master unbecomingly; but I
“ must needs say, Sir, my Innocence is so dear
“ to me, that all other Considerations are, and,
“ I hope, shall ever be, treated by me as
“ Niceties, that ought, for that, to be dispens’d
“ with. If you mean honourably, why, Sir,
“ should you not let me know it plainly?
“ Why is it necessary to imprison me, to con-
“ vince me of it? And why must I be close
“ watch’d, and attended, hinder’d from stirring
“ out, from speaking to any body, from going
“ so much as to Church to pray for you, who
“ have been till of late so generous a Benefa-
“ ctor to me? Why, Sir, I humbly ask, why
“ all

“ all this, if you mean honourably? — It
“ is not for me to expostulate so freely, but in
“ a Case so near to me, with *you*, Sir, so
“ greatly my Superior. Pardon me, I hope
“ you will; but as to any the least Desire of
“ *seeing you*, I cannot bear the dreadful Ap-
“ prehension. Whatever you have to propose,
“ whatever you intend by me, let my Assent
“ be that of a free Person, mean as I am, and
“ not of a sordid Slave, who is to bethreaten’d
“ and frighten’d into a Compliance, that your
“ Conduct to her seems to imply would be
“ otherwise abhorr’d by her. — My Restraint
“ is indeed hard upon me: I am very uneasy
“ under it. Shorten it, I beseech you, or —
“ But I will not dare to say more, than that
“ I am

“ *Your greatly oppressed unhappy Servant.*”

AFTER I had taken a Copy of this, I folded it up; and Mrs. *Fewkes* coming, just as I had done, sat down by me, and said, when she saw me direct it, I wish you would tell me if you have taken my Advice, and consented to my Master’s coming down. If it will oblige you, said I, I will read it to you. That’s good, said she; then I’ll love you dearly. — Said I, then you must not offer to alter one Word. I won’t, reply’d she. So I read it to her, and she prais’d me much for my Wording it; but said, she thought I push’d the Matter very close; and it would better bear *talking* of, than *writing* about.

about. She wanted an Explanation of two, as about the Proposal to a *certain Person*; but I said, she must take it as she heard it. Well, well, said she, I make no doubt you understand one another, and will do so more and more. I seal'd up the Letter, and she undertook to convey it.

SUNDAY.

FOR my Part, I knew it in vain to expect Leave to go to Church now, and so I did not ask; and I was the more indifferent, because, if I *might* have had Permission, the Sight of the neighbouring Gentry, who had despis'd my Sufferings, would have given me great Regret and Sorrow; and it was impossible I should have edify'd under any Doctrine preach'd by Mr. *Peters*: So I apply'd myself to my private Devotions.

Mr. *Williams* came Yesterday, and this Day, as usual, and took my Letter; but having no good Opportunity, we avoided one another's Conversation, and kept at a Distance: But I was concern'd I had not the Key; for I would not have lost a Moment in that Case, had I been he, and he I. When I was at my Devotions, Mrs. *Jewkes* came up, and wanted me sadly to sing her a Psalm, as she had often on common Days importun'd me for a Song upon the Spinnet; but I declin'd it, because my Spirits were so low I could hardly speak, nor car'd to be

be spoken to; but when she was gone, I, remembering the cxxxviith Psalm to be a little touching, turn'd to it, and took the Liberty to alter it somewhat nearer to my Case. I hope I did not sin in it; but thus I turn'd it:

I.

W H E N sad I sat in B---n-hall,
All guarded round about,
And thought of ev'ry absent Friend,
The Tears for Grief burst out.

II.

My Joys and Hopes all overthrown,
My Heart-strings almost broke,
Unfit my Mind for Melody,
Much more to bear a Joke;

III.

Then she to whom I Pris'ner was,
Said to me tauntingly,
Now cheer your Heart, and sing a Song,
And tune your Mind to Joy.

IV.

Alas! said I, how can I frame
My heavy Heart to sing,
Or tune my Mind, while thus enthral'd
By such a wicked Thing!

V.

*But yet, if from my Innocence
I, ev'n in Thought should slide,
Then let my Fingers quite forget
The sweet Spinnet to guide.*

VI.

*And let my Tongue within my Mouth
Be lock'd for ever fast,
If I rejoice, before I see
My full Deliv'rance past.*

VII.

*And thou, Almighty, recompense
The Evils I endure,
From those who seek my sad Disgrace,
So causeless, to procure.*

VIII.

*Remember, Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes,
When with a mighty Sound,
She cries, Down with her Chastity,
Down to the very Ground!*

IX.

*Ev'n so shalt thou, O wicked One,
At length to Shame be brou'ht;
And happy shall all those be call'd,
That my Deliv'rance wrought.*

X.

*Tea, blessed shall the Man be call'd
That shames thee of thy Evil;
And saves me from thy vile Attempts,
And thee, too, from the D---l.*

MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WED-
NESDAY.

I WRITE now with a little more Liking, tho' less Opportunity, because Mr. *Williams* has got a large-Parcel of my Papers safe, in his Hands, to send them to you, as he has Opportunity; so I am not quite uselessly employ'd; and I am deliver'd, besides, from the Fear of their being found, if I should be search'd, or discover'd. I have been permitted to take an Airing Five or Six Miles, with Mrs. *Jewkes*: But, tho' I know not the Reason, she watches me more closely than ever; so that we have discontinued, by Consent, for these Three Days, the Sun-flower Correspondence.

THE poor Cook-maid has had a bad Mis-
chance; for she has been hurt much by a Bull
in the Pasture, by the Side of the Garden, not
far from the Back-door. Now this Pasture I
am to cross, which is about half a Mile, and
then is a Common, and near that a private
Horse-road, where I hope to find an Opportu-
nity for escaping, as soon as Mr. *Williams* can
get

get me a Horse, and has made all ready for me: For he has got me the Key, which he put under the Mould, just by the Door, as he found an Opportunity to hint to me.

HE just now has signify'd, that the Gentleman is dead, whose Living he has had Hope of; and he came pretendedly to tell Mrs. *Jewkes* of it; and so could speak this to her, before me. She wish'd him Joy. See what the World is! one Man's Death is another Man's Joy: Thus we thrust out one another! — My hard Case makes me serious. He found means to slide a Letter into my Hands, and is gone away: He look'd at me with such Respect and Solemnness at Parting, that Mrs. *Jewkes* said, Why, Madam, I believe our young Parson is half in Love with you. — Ah! Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, he knows better. Said she, (I believe to sound me) Why I can't see you can either of you do better; and I have lately been so touch'd for you, seeing how heavily you apprehend Dishonour from my Master, that I think it is Pity you should not have Mr. *Williams*.

I KNEW this must be a Fetch of hers, because instead of being troubled for me, as she pretended, she watch'd me closer, and him too: and so I said, There is not the Man living that I desire to marry. If I can but keep myself honest, it is all my Desire: And to be a Comfort and Assistance to my poor Parents, if it should be my happy Lot to be so, is the very Top of my Ambition. Well, but, said she, I have been thinking very seriously, that Mr. *Williams* would

would make you a good Husband; and as will owe all his Fortune to my Master, he will be very glad, to be sure, to be oblig'd to him for a Wife of his chusing: Especially, said she, such a pretty one, and one so ingenious, and genteelly educated.

THIS gave me a Doubt, whether she knew of my Master's Intimation of that sort formerly; I asked her, If she had Reason to surmise, that *that* was in View? No, she said; it was only her own Thought; but it was very likely, that my Master had either that in View, or something better for me. But, if I approv'd of it, she would propose such a Thing to her Master directly; and gave a detestable Hint, that I might take Resolutions upon it, of bringing such an *Affair* to Effect. I told her, I abhor'd her vile Insinuation; and as to Mr. *Williams*, I thought him a good civil sort of Man; but as on one side, he was above me; so on the other, I said, of all Things, I did not love a Parson. So, finding she could make nothing of me, she quitted the Subject.

I WILL open his Letter by-and-by, and give you the Contents of it; for she is up and down so much, that I am afraid of her surprising me.

WELL, I see Providence has not abandon'd me: I shall be under no Necessity to make Advances to Mr. *Williams*, if I was (as I am sure I am not) dispos'd to it. This is his Letter:

“ I KNOW

“ I KNOW not how to express myself, lest
 “ I should appear to you to have a selfish
 “ View in the Service I would do you. But I
 “ really know but one effectual and honourable
 “ Way to disengage yourself from the danger-
 “ ous Situation you are in. It is that of Mar-
 “ riage with some Person that you could make
 “ happy in your Approbation. As for my own
 “ part, it would be, as Things stand, my appa-
 “ rent Ruin; and, worse still, I should involve
 “ you in Misery too. But yet, so great is my
 “ Veneration for you, and so intire my Re-
 “ liance on Providence upon so just an Occa-
 “ sion, that I should think myself but too
 “ happy, if I might be accepted. I would, in
 “ this Case, forego all my Expectations, and be
 “ your Conductor to some safe Distance. But
 “ why do I say, *in this Case*? That I will do,
 “ whether you think fit to reward me so emi-
 “ nently or not. And I will, the Moment I
 “ hear of Mr. B.’s setting out, (and I think
 “ now I have settled a very good Method of
 “ Intelligence of all his Motions) get a Horse
 “ ready, and myself to conduct you. I refer
 “ myself wholly to your Goodness and Dire-
 “ ction, and am, with the highest Respect,

“ *Your most faithful humble Servant.*

“ Don’t think this a sudden Resolution. I
 “ always admir’d your hear say Character;
 “ and the Moment I saw you, wish’d to
 “ serve so much Excellence.”

WHAT

WHAT shall I say. my dear Father and Mother, to this unexpected Declaration? I want, now, more than ever, your Blessing and Advice. But after all, I have no Mind to marry: I had rather live with you. But yet, I would marry a Man who begs from Door to Door, and has no Home nor Being, rather than endanger my Honesty. Yet, I cannot, methinks, hear of being a Wife. — After a thousand different Thoughts, I wrote as follows:

“ *Reverend Sir,*

“ I AM greatly confus’d at the Contents of
“ your last. You are much too generous,
“ and I can’t bear you should risque all your
“ future Prospects for so unworthy a Creature.
“ I cannot think of your Offer without equal
“ Concern and Gratitude; for nothing but to
“ avoid my utter Ruin can make me think of
“ a Change of Condition; and so, Sir, you
“ ought not to accept of such an involuntary
“ Compliance, as mine would be, were I,
“ upon the *last* Necessity, to yield to your very
“ generous Proposal. I will rely wholly upon
“ your Goodness to me, in assisting my Escape;
“ but shall not, on your Account principally,
“ *think* of the Honour you propose for me, at
“ present; and never, but at the Pleasure of
“ my Parents, who, poor as they are, in such
“ a weighty Point, are as much intitled to my
“ Obedience and Duty, as if they were ever
“ so rich. I beg you therefore, Sir, not to
“ think

“ think of any thing from me, but everlasting
 “ Gratitude, which will always bind me to
 “ be

“ *Your most obliged Servant.*”

*THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATUR-
 DAY, the 14th, 15th and 16th of my
 Bondage.*

MRS. *Jewkes* has receiv'd a Letter, and is much civiller to me, and Mr. *Williams* too, than she used to be. I wonder I have not one in Answer to mine to my Master. I suppose I put the Matter too home to him; and he is angry. I am not the more pleas'd for her Civility; for she is horrid cunning, and is not a whit less watchful. I laid a Trap to get at her Instructions, which she carries in the Bosom of her Stays; but it has not succeeded.

My last Letter is come safe to Mr. *Williams*, by the old Conveyance, so that he is not suspected. He has intimated, that tho' I have not come so readily as he hop'd into his Scheme, yet his Diligence shall not be slacken'd, and he will leave it to Providence and myself, to dispose of him as he shall be found to deserve. He has signify'd to me, that he shall soon send a special Messenger with the Packet to you, and I have added to it what has occur'd since.

SUN-

SUNDAY.

I AM just now quite astonish'd! — I hope all is right! — But I have a strange Turn to acquaint you with. Mr. *Williams* and Mrs. *Jewkes* came to me both together; he in Ecstasies, she with a strange fluttering sort of Air. Well, said she, Mrs. *Pamela*, I give you Joy! I give you Joy! — Let nobody speak but me! Then she sat down, as out of Breath, puffing and blowing. Why, every thing turns as I said it would! said she: Why, there is to be a Match between you and Mr. *Williams*! Well, I always thought it. Never was so good a Master! — Go to, go to, naughty mistrustful Mrs. *Pamela*, nay, Mrs. *Williams*, said the forward Creature, I may as good as call you; you ought on your Knees to beg his Pardon a thousand times for mistrusting him.

SHE was going on; but I said, Don't torture me thus, I beseech you, Mrs. *Jewkes*. Let me know all! — Ah! Mr. *Williams*, said I, take care, take care! — Mistrustful again! said she; why, Mr. *Williams*, shew her your Letter; and I will shew her mine: They were brought by the same Hand.

I TREMBLED at the Thoughts of what this might mean; and said, You have so surpris'd me, that I cannot stand, nor hear, nor read! Why did you come up in such a manner to attack such weak Spirits? Said he, to Mrs.

Jewkes, Shall we leave our Letters with Mrs. *Pamela*, and let her recover from her Surprise? Ay, said she, with all my Heart; here is nothing but flaming Honour and Good-will! And so saying, they left me their Letters, and withdrew.

My Heart was quite sick with the Surprise; so that I could not presently read them, notwithstanding my Impatience; but after a-while, recovering, I found the Contents thus strange and unexpected:

“ *Mr. WILLIAMS*,

“ **T**HE Death of Mr. *Fownes* has now
 “ given me the Opportunity I have long
 “ wanted, to make you happy, and that in a
 “ double respect: For I shall soon put you in
 “ Possession of his Living, and, if you have
 “ the Art of making yourself well receiv’d, of
 “ one of the loveliest Wives in *England*. She
 “ has not been used (as she has reason to think)
 “ according to her Merit; but when she finds
 “ herself under the Protection of a Man of
 “ Virtue and Probity, and a happy Compe-
 “ tency to support Life, in the manner to
 “ which she has been of late Years accusom’d,
 “ I am persuaded she will forgive those seeming
 “ Hardships which have pay’d the Way to so
 “ happy a Lot, as I hope it will be to you both.
 “ I have only to account for and excuse the
 “ odd Conduct I have been guilty of, which I
 “ shall do, when I see you: But as I shall
 “ soon set out for *London*, I believe it will not
 “ be

" be yet this Month. Mean while, if you can
 " prevail with *Pamela*, you need not suspend
 " for that your mutual Happiness; only let me
 " have Notice of it first, and that she approves
 " of it; which ought to be, in so material a
 " Point, intirely at her Option; as I assure you,
 " on the other hand, I would have it at yours,
 " that nothing may be wanting to complete
 " your Happiness. I am

" *Your humble Servant.*"

WAS ever the like heard! — Lie still, my
 throbbing Heart, divided as thou art, between
 thy Hopes and thy Fears! — But this is the
 Letter Mrs. *Jewkes* left with me:

" Mrs. JEWKES,

" YOU have been very careful and diligent
 " in the Task, which, for Reasons I shall
 " hereafter explain, I had impos'd upon you.
 " Your Trouble is now almost at an End; for
 " I have written my Intentions to Mr. *Williams*
 " so particularly, that I need say the less here,
 " because he will not scruple, I believe, to let
 " you know the Contents of my Letter. I
 " have only one thing to mention, that if you
 " find what I have hinted to him in the least
 " disagreeable to Either, you assure them Both,
 " that they are at intire Liberty to pursue their
 " own Inclinations. I hope you continue
 " your Civilities to the mistrustful, uneasy *Pa-*
 VOL. I. R " *mela,*

“ *mela*, who now will begin to think better
 “ of hers and

“ *Your Friend, &c.*”

I HAD hardly time to transcribe these Letters, tho', writing so much, I write pretty fast, before they came up again, in high Spirits; and Mr. *Williams* said, I am glad at my Heart, Madam, that I was *before-hand* in my Declarations to you: This generous Letter has made me the happiest Man on Earth; and Mrs. *Fewkes*, you may be sure, that if I can procure this Fair-one's Consent, I shall think myself—I interrupted the good Man, and said, Ah! Mr. *Williams*! take care, take care; don't let — There I stopp'd, and Mrs. *Fewkes* said, Still mistrustful! — I never saw the like in my Life! — But I see, said she, I was not wrong, whilst my old Orders lasted, to be wary of you both — I should have had a hard Task to prevent you, I find; for, as the Saying is, *Nought can restrain Consent of Twain*.

I DOUBTED not her taking hold of his joyful Indiscretion. — I took her Letter, and said, Here, Mrs. *Fewkes*, is yours; I thank you for it; but I have been so long in a Maze, that I can say nothing of this for the present. Time will bring all to Light. — Sir, said I, here is yours: May every thing turn to your Happiness! I give you Joy of my Master's Goodness in the Living — It will be *dying*, said he, not a *Living*, without you. — Forbear, Sir, said I: While I've a Father and Mother, I am not my own

own Mistress, poor as they are: And I'll see myself quite at Liberty, before I shall think myself fit to make a Choice:

MRS. *Jewkes* held up her Eyes and Hands, and said, Such Art, such Caution, such Cunning, for thy Years! — Well! — Why, said I, (that he might be more on his Guard, tho' I hope there cannot be Deceit in this; 'twould be strange Villainy, and that is a hard Word, if there should!) I have been so used to be made a Fool of by Fortune, that I can hardly tell how to govern myself; and am almost an Infidel as to Mankind. — But, I hope, I may be wrong; henceforth, Mrs. *Jewkes*, you shall regulate my Opinions as you please, and I will consult you in every thing — (that I think proper, said I to myself) — for to be sure, tho' I may forgive her, I can never love her.

SHE left Mr. *Williams* and me, a few Minutes, together; and I said, Consider, Sir, consider what you have done. 'Tis impossible, said he, there can be Deceit. I hope so, said I; but what Necessity was there for you to talk of your former Declaration? Let *this* be as it will, *that* could do no Good, especially before this Woman. Forgive me, Sir; they talk of Womens Promptness of Speech; but indeed I see an honest Heart is not always to be trusted with itself in bad Company.

HE was going to reply; but, tho' her Task is said to be ALMOST (I took Notice of that Word) at an End, she came up to us again; and said, Well, I had a good mind to shew you the

Way to Church To-morrow. I was glad of this, because, tho' in my present doubtful Situation I should not have chosen it, yet I would have encourag'd her Proposal, to be able to judge by her being in Earnest or otherwise, whether one might depend upon the rest. But Mr. *Williams* again indiscreetly help'd her to an Excuse, by saying, that it was now best to defer it one *Sunday*, and till Matters were riper for my Appearance; and she readily took hold of it, and confirm'd his Opinion.

AFTER all, I hope the best; but if this should turn out to be a Plot, I fear nothing but a Miracle can save me. But sure the Heart of Man is not capable of such black Deceit. Besides, Mr. *Williams* has it under his own Hand, and he dare not but be in Earnest; and then again, tho' to be sure, he has been very wrong to me, yet his Education, and Parents Example, have neither of them taught him such very black Contrivances. So I will hope for the best!

MR. *Williams*, Mrs. *Fewkes*, and I, have been all three walking together in the Garden; and she pull'd out her Key, and we walk'd a little in the Pasture to look at the Bull, an ugly, grim, surly Creature, that hurt the poor Cook-maid; who is got pretty well again. Mr. *Williams* pointed at the Sun-flower, but I was forced to be very reserved to him; for the good Gentleman has no Guard, no Caution at all.

WE have just supp'd together, all three; and I cannot yet think but all must be right. — Only I am resolv'd not to marry, if I can help it; and I will give no Encouragement, I am resolv'd, at least, till I am with you.

MR. *Williams* said, before Mrs. *Jewkes*, he would send a Messenger with a Letter to my Father and Mother. — I think the Man has no Discretion in the world: But I desire you will give no Answer, till I have the Pleasure and Happiness, which now I hope for soon, of seeing you. He will, in sending my Pacquet, send a most tedious Parcel of Stuff, of my *Oppressions*, my *Distresses*, my *Fears*; and so I will send this with it (for Mrs. *Jewkes* gives me Leave to send a Letter to my Father, which looks well); and I am glad I can conclude, after all my Sufferings, with my *Hopes*, to be soon with you, which I know will give you Comfort; and so I rest, begging the Continuance of your Prayers and Blessings,

Your ever-dutiful Daughter,

My dear Father and Mother,

I HAVE so much Time upon my Hands, that I must write on to employ myself. The *Sunday Evening*, where I left off, Mrs. *Jewkes* ask'd me, If I chose to lie by myself? I said, Yes, with all my Heart, if she pleased. Well, said she, after To-night you shall. I ask'd her

for more Paper, and she gave me a little Bottle of Ink, Eight Sheets of Paper, which she said was all her Store, (for now she would get me to write for her to our Master, if she had Occasion) and Six Pens, with a Piece of Sealing-wax. This looks mighty well!

SHE press'd me very much, when she came to-bed, to give Encouragement to Mr. *Williams*, and said many things in his Behalf; and blam'd my Shyness to him. I told her, I was resolv'd to give no Encouragement, till I had talk'd to my Father and Mother. She said, she fancy'd I thought of somebody else, or I could never be so insensible. I assur'd her, as I could do very safely, that there was not a Man on Earth I wish'd to have; and as to Mr. *Williams*, he might do better by far; and I had propos'd so much Happiness in living with my poor Father and Mother, that I could not think of any Scheme of Life with Pleasure, till I had try'd that. I ask'd her for my Money; and she said it was above, in her strong Box, but that I shall have it To-morrow. All these Things look well, as I said.

MR. *Williams* would go home this Night, tho' late, because he would dispatch a Messenger to you with a Letter he had propos'd from himself, and my Pacquet. But pray don't encourage him, as I said; for he is much too heady and precipitate as to this Matter, in my way of Thinking; tho', to be sure, he is a very good Man, and I am much oblig'd to him.

M O N-

M O N D A Y Morning.

A LAS-A-DAY! we have had bad News from poor Mr. *Williams*. He has had a sad Mischance; fallen among Rogues in his Way home last Night; but by good Chance has sav'd my Papers. This is the Account he gives of it to Mrs. *Jewkes*:

“ Good Mrs. JEWKES,

“ I HAVE had a sore Misfortune in going
“ from you. When I had got as near the
“ Town as the Dam, and was going to cross
“ the wooden Bridge, two Fellows got hold of
“ me, and swore bitterly they would kill me,
“ if I did not give them what I had. They ro-
“ mag'd my Pockets, and took from me my
“ Snuff-box, my Seal-ring, and Half a Guinea,
“ and some Silver, and Half-pence; also my
“ Handkerchief, and two or Three Letters I
“ had in my Pocket. By good Fortune the
“ Letter Mrs. *Pamela* gave me was in my Bo-
“ som, and so that escap'd; but they bruis'd
“ my Head and Face, and cursing me for having
“ no more Money, tipp'd me into the Dam,
“ Crying, Lie there, Parson, till To-morrow!
“ My Shins and Knees were bruis'd much in
“ the Fall against one of the Stumps; and I had
“ like to have been suffocated in Water and
“ Mud. To be sure, I shan't be able to stir out
“ this Day or two: For I am a fearful Spectacle!
“ My Hat and Wig I was forced to leave behind

R 4

“ me,

“ me, and go home a Mile and a half without;
 “ but they were found next Morning, and
 “ brought me with my Snuff-box, which the
 “ Rogues must have dropp’d. My Cassock is
 “ sadly torn, as is my Band. To be sure, I
 “ was much frighted; for a Robbery in these
 “ Parts has not been known many Years. Di-
 “ ligent Search is making after the Rogues.
 “ My humblest Respects to good Mrs. *Pamela*.
 “ If *she* pities my Misfortunes, I shall be the
 “ sooner well, and fit to wait on her and you.
 “ This did not hinder me in writing a Letter, tho’
 “ with great Pain, as I do this;” [*To be sure,*
this good Man can keep no Secret!] “ and
 “ sending it away by a Man and Horse, this
 “ Morning. I am, good Mrs. *Jewkes*,

“ *Your most obliged humble Servant.*

“ God be prais’d, it is no worse! and I find
 “ I have got no Cold, tho’ miserably wet
 “ from Top to Toe. My Fright, I believe,
 “ prevented me from catching Cold; for
 “ I was not rightly myself for some Hours,
 “ and know not how I got home. I will
 “ write a Letter of Thanks this Night, if
 “ I am able, to my kind Patron, for his
 “ inestimable Goodness to me. I wish I
 “ was enabled to say all I hope, with re-
 “ gard to the *better Part* of his Bounty
 “ to me, incomparable Mrs. *Pamela*.”

THE wicked Brute fell a laughing, when she had read this Letter, till her fat Sides shook; said she, I can but think how the poor Parson look'd, after parting with his pretty Mistress in such high Spirits, when he found himself at the Bottom of the Dam! And what a Figure he must cut in his tatter'd Band and Cassock, and without Hat and Wig, when he got home. I warrant, added she, he was in a sweet Pickle! — I said, I thought it was very barbarous to laugh at such a Misfortune: But she reply'd, As he was safe, she laugh'd; otherwise she should have been sorry: And she was glad to see me so concern'd for him — It look'd *promising*, she said.

I HEEDED not her Reflection; but as I have been used to Causes for Mistrusts, I cannot help saying, that I don't like this Thing: And their taking his Letters most alarms me. — How happy it was, they miss'd my Pacquet! I know not what to think of it! But why should I let every Accident break my Peace? Yet it *will* do so, while I stay here.

MRS. *Jewkes* is mightily at me, to go with her in the Chariot, to visit Mr. *Williams*. She is so officious to bring on the Affair between us, that being a cunning, artful Woman, I know not what to make of it. I have refus'd her absolutely, urging, that except I intended to encourage his Suit, I ought not to do it. And she is gone without me.

I HAVE

I HAVE strange Temptations to get away in her Absence, for all these fine Appearances. 'Tis sad to have nobody to advise with! — I know not what to do. But, alas for me! I have no Money, if I should, to buy any body's Civilities, or to pay for Necessaries or Lodging. But I'll go into the Garden, and resolve afterwards. —

I HAVE been in the Garden, and to the Back-door: And there I stood, my Heart up at my Mouth. I could not see I was watch'd; so this looks well. But if any thing should go bad afterwards, I should never forgive myself for not taking this Opportunity. Well, I will go down again, and see if all is clear, and how it looks out at the Back-door in the Pasture.

To be sure, there is Witchcraft in this House; and I believe *Lucifer* is bribed, as well as all about me, and is got into the Shape of that nasty grim Bull, to watch me! For I have been down again, and ventur'd to open the Door, and went out about a Bow-shoot into the Pasture; but there stood that horrid Bull, staring me full in the Face, with fiery saucer Eyes, as I thought. So I got in again, for fear he should come at me. Nobody saw me, however. — Do you think there are such things as Witches and Spirits? If there be, I believe in my Heart, Mrs. *Jewkes* has got this Bull on her Side. But yet, what could I do without Money or a Friend? — O this wicked Woman, to trick me so! Every thing,

thing, Man, Woman, and Beast, is in a Plot against your poor *Pamela*, I think!—Then I know not one Step of the Way, nor how far to any House or Cottage; and whether I could gain Protection, if I got to a House: And now the Robbers are abroad too, I may run into as great Danger, as I want to escape; nay, greater much, if these promising Appearances hold: And sure my Master cannot be so black, as that they should not!—What can I do?—I have a good mind to try for it once more; but then I may be pursued and taken; and it will be worse for me; and this wicked Woman will beat me, and take my Shoes away, and lock me up.

BUT after all, if my Master should mean *well*, he can't be angry at my Fears, if I *should* escape; and nobody can blame me; and I can more easily be induced with you, when all my Apprehensions are over, to consider his Proposal of Mr. *Williams*, than I could here; and he pretends, as you have read in his Letter, he will leave me to my Choice: Why then should I be afraid? I will go down again, I think! But yet my Heart misgives me, because of the Difficulties before me, in escaping; and being so poor and so friendless!—O good God! the Preserver of the Innocent! direct me what to do!—

WELL, I have just now a sort of strange Persuasion upon me, that I ought to try to get away, and leave the Issue to Providence. So, once more—I'll see, at least, if this Bull be still there!

ALACK-

ALACK-A-DAY! what a Fate is this! I have not the Courage to go, neither can I think to stay. But I must resolve. The Gardener was in Sight last time! so made me come up again. But I'll contrive to send him out of the Way, if I can! — For if I never should have such another Opportunity, I could not forgive myself. Once more I'll venture. God direct my Footsteps, and make smooth my Path and my Way to Safety!

WELL, here I am, come back again! frightened, like a Fool, out of all my Purposes! O how terrible every thing appears to me! I had got twice as far again, as I was before, out of the Back-door; and I looked, and saw the Bull, as I thought, between me and the Door; and another Bull coming towards me the other Way: Well, thought I, here is a double Witchcraft, to be sure! Here is the Spirit of my Master in one Bull, and Mrs. Jewkes's in the other: And now I am gone, to be sure! O help! cry'd I, like a Fool, and ran back to the Door, as swift as if I flew. When I had got the Door in my Hand, I ventur'd to look back, to see if these supposed Bulls were coming; and I saw they were only two poor Cows, a grazing in distant Places, that my Fears had made all this Rout about. But as every thing is so frightful to me, I find I am not fit to think of my Escape: For I shall be as much frightened at the first strange Man that I meet with. And I am persuaded,
that

that Fear brings one into more Dangers, than the Caution, that goes along with it, delivers one from.

— I THEN lock'd the Door, and put the Key in my Pocket, and was in a sad Quandary; but I was soon determin'd; for the Maid *Nan* came in Sight, and ask'd, If any thing was the matter, that I was so often up and down Stairs? God forgive me! but I had a sad Lye at my Tongue's End: Said I, Tho' Mrs. *Jewkes* is sometimes a little hard upon me, yet I know not where I am without her: I go up, and I come down to walk about in the Garden: And not having her, know scarcely what to do with myself. Ay, said the Idiot, she is main good Company, Madam; no wonder you miss her.

So here I am again, and here likely to be; for I have no Courage to help myself any-where else. O why are poor foolish Maidens try'd with such Dangers, when they have such weak Minds to grapple with them!---I will, since it is so, hope the best: But yet I cannot but observe how grievously every thing makes against me: For here the Robbers, tho' I fell not into their Hands myself, yet they gave me as much Terror, and had as great an Effect upon my Fears, as if I had: And here the Bull, has as effectually frighten'd me, as if I had been hurt by it instead of the Cook-maid; and so these join'd together, as I may say, to make a very Dastard of me. But my Folly was the worst of all, because that depriv'd me of my Money; for had I had

had *that*, I believe I should have ventur'd both the Bull and the Robbers.

MONDAY Afternoon.

SO, Mrs. *Jewkes* is return'd from her Visit: Well, said she, I would have you set your Heart at Rest; for Mr. *Williams* will do very well again. He is not half so bad as he fancy'd. O these Scholars! said she; they have not the Hearts of Mice! He has only a few Scratches on his Face; which, said she, I suppose he got by grabbling among the Gravel, at the Bottom of the Dam, to try to find a Hole in the Ground, to hide himself from the Robbers. His Shin and his Knee are hardly to be seen to ail any thing. He says in his Letter, he was a frightful Spectacle: He might be so indeed, when he first came in-a-doors; but he looks well enough now; and, only for a few Groans now-and-then, when he thinks of his Danger, I see nothing is the matter with him. So, Mrs. *Pamela*, said she, I would have you be very easy about it. I am glad of it, said I, for all your Jokes, Mrs. *Jewkes*.

WELL, said she, he talks of nothing but you; and when I told him, I would fain have persuaded you to come with me, the Man was out of his Wits, with his Gratitude to me: And so has laid open all his Heart to me, and told me all that has pass'd, and was contriving between you two. This alarm'd me prodigi-
ously;

giouly; and the rather, as I saw, by two or three Instances, that his honest Heart could keep nothing, believing every one as undesigning as himself. I said, but yet with a heavy Heart, Ah! Mrs. *Jewkes*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, this might have done with me, had he had any thing that he could have told you of. But you know well enough, that had we been disposed, we had no Opportunity for it, from your watchful Care and Circumspection. No, said she, that's very true, Mrs. *Pamela*; not so much as for that Declaration that he own'd before me, he had found Opportunity, for all my Watchfulness, to make you. Come, come, said she, no more of these Shams with me! You have an excellent Head-piece for your Years; but may-be I am as cunning as you. — However, said she, all is well now; because my *Watchments* are now over, by my Master's Direction. How have you employ'd yourself in my Absence?

I WAS so troubled at what might have pass'd between Mr. *Williams* and her, that I could not hide it; and she said, Well, Mrs. *Pamela*, since all Matters are likely to be so soon and so happily ended, let me advise you to be a little less concern'd at his Discoveries: And make me your Confident, as *he* has done, and I shall think you have some Favour for me, and Reliance upon me, and perhaps you would not repent it.

SHE was so earnest, that I mistrusted she did this to pump me; and I knew how, now, to account for her Kindness to Mr. *Williams* in
her

her Visit to him; which was only to get out of him what she could. Why, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, is all this Fishing about for something, where there is nothing, if there be an End of your *Watchments*, as you call them! Nothing, said she, but Womanish Curiosity, I'll assure you; for one is naturally led to find out Matters, where there is such Privacy intended. Well, said I, pray let me know what he has said; and then I'll give you an Answer to your Curiosity. I don't care, said she, whether you do or not; for I have as much as I wanted from him; and I despair of getting out of you any thing you han't a mind I should know, my little cunning Dear!—Well, said I, let him have said what he would, I care not: For I am sure he can say no Harm of me; and so let us change the Talk.

I WAS the easier indeed, because, for all her Pumps, she gave me no Hint of the Key and the Door, &c. which had he communicated to her, she would not have forborn giving me a Touch of.—And so we gave up one another, as despairing to gain our Ends of each other. But I am sure he must have said more than he should.—And I am the more apprehensive all is not right, because she has now been actually, these two Hours, shut up a writing; tho' she pretended she had given me up all her Stores of Paper, &c. and that I should write for her. I begin to wish I had ventur'd every thing, and gone off, when I might. O when will this State of Doubt and Uneasiness end!

SHE

SHE has just been with me, and says she shall send a Messenger to *Bedfordshire*; and he shall carry a Letter of Thanks for me, if I will write it, for my Master's Favour to me. Indeed, said I, I have no Thanks to give, till I am with my Father and Mother: And, besides, I sent a Letter, as you know, but have had no Answer to it. She said, she thought his Letter to Mr. *Williams* was sufficient; and the least I could do, was to thank him, if but in two Lines. No need of it, said I; for I don't intend to have Mr. *Williams*: What then is that Letter to me? Well, said she, I see thou art quite unfathomable!

I DON'T like all this. O my foolish Fears of Bulls and Robbers! — For now all my Uneasiness begins to double upon me. O what has this uncautious Man said! That, no doubt, is the Subject of her long Letter.

I WILL close this Day's writing, with just saying, that she is mighty silent and reserv'd, to what she was, and says nothing but No, or Yes, to what I ask. Something must be hatching, I doubt! I the rather think so, because I find she does not keep her Word with me, about lying by myself, and my Money; to both which Points, she return'd suspicious Answers, saying, as to the one, Why, you are mighty earnest for your Money! I shan't run away with it: And to the other, Goodlack! you need not be so willing, as I know of, to part with me for a Bed-fellow, till you are sure of one you *like better*. This cut me to the Heart — And at the same time stopp'd my Mouth.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.

MR. *Williams* has been here; but we have had no Opportunity to talk together: He seem'd confounded at Mrs. *Jewkes's* Change of Temper, and Reservedness, after her kind Visit, and their Freedom with one another, and much more at what I am going to tell you. He ask'd, if I would take a Turn in the Garden with Mrs. *Jewkes* and him. No, said she, I can't go. Said he, May not Mrs. *Pamela* take a Walk? — No, said she, I desire she won't. Why, Mrs. *Jewkes*? said he: I am afraid I have some-how disoblige'd you. Not at all, reply'd she; but I suppose you will soon be at Liberty to walk together as much as you please: And I have sent a Messenger for my last Instructions, about *this* and *more* weighty Matters; and when they come, I shall leave you to do as you both will; but till then, it is no matter how little you are together. This alarm'd us both; and he seem'd quite struck of a Heap, and put on, as I thought, a self-accusing Countenance. So I went behind her Back, and held my two Hands together, flat, with a Bit of Paper I had, between them, and looked at him; and he seem'd to take me, as I intended, intimating the renewing of the Correspondence by the Tiles.

I LEFT them both together, and retired to my Closet, to write a Letter for the Tiles; but having no Time for a Copy, I will give you the Substance only.

“ I EXPO-

I EXPOSTULATED with him on his too great Openness and Easiness to fall into Mrs. *Jewkes's* Snares; told him my Apprehensions of foul Play; and gave briefly the Reasons which mov'd me: Begg'd to know what he had said; and intimated, that I thought there was the highest Reason to resume our Project of the Escape by the Back-door. I put this in the usual Place, in the Evening, and now wait with Impatience for an Answer.

T H U R S D A Y.

I HAVE the following Answer:

“ *Dearest Madam,*

“ I AM utterly confounded, and must plead
 “ guilty to all your just Reproaches. I wish
 “ I were Master of but half your Caution and
 “ Discretion! I hope, after all, this is only a
 “ Touch of this ill Woman's Temper, to shew
 “ her Power and Importance: For I think Mr.
 “ *B.* neither can nor dare deceive me in so
 “ black a manner. I would expose him all the
 “ World over, if he did. But it is *not*, *can-*
 “ *not* be in him. I have receiv'd a Letter from
 “ *John Arnold*, in which he tells me, that his
 “ Master is preparing for his *London* Journey;
 “ and believes, he will come into these Parts
 “ afterwards: But he says, Lady *Davers* is at
 “ their House, and is to accompany her Bro-
 “ ther to *London*, or meet him there, he knows
 “ not which. He professes great Zeal and Affe-

" tion to your Service: And I find he refers
 " to a Letter he sent me before, but which is
 " not come to my Hand. I *think* there can be
 " no Treachery; for it is a particular Friend at
 " *Gainsborough*, that I have order'd him to di-
 " rect to; and this is come safe to my Hands
 " by this means; for well I know, I durst trust
 " nothing to *Brett*, at the Post-house here. This
 " gives me a little Pain; but I hope all will end
 " well, and we shall soon hear, if it be necessary
 " to pursue our former Intentions. If it be, I
 " will lose no Time to provide a Horse for you,
 " and another for myself; for I can never do
 " either God or myself better Service, tho' I
 " were to forego all my Expectations for it here.
 " I am

Your most faithful humble Servant.

" I was too free indeed with Mrs. *Jewkes*,
 " led to it by her Dissimulation, and by
 " her pretended Concern to make me
 " happy with you. I hinted, that I would
 " not have scrupled to have procured your
 " Deliverance by any means: And that I
 " had proposed to you, as the only ho-
 " nourable one, Marriage with me. But
 " I assur'd her, tho' she would hardly be-
 " lieve me, that you discourag'd my Ap-
 " plication: Which is too true! But not
 " a Word of the Back-door, Key, &c."

Mrs. *Jewkes* continues still sullen and ill-natur'd, and I am almost afraid to speak to her.

She watches me as close as ever, and pretends to wonder why I shun her Company as I do.

I HAVE just put under the Tiles these Lines, inspired by my Fears, which are indeed very strong; and, I doubt, not without Reason.

“ SIR,

“ EVERY thing gives me additional Dis-
“ turbance. The mis’d Letter of *John*
“ *Arnold* makes me suspect a Plot. Yet am
“ I loth to think myself of so much Import-
“ ance, as to suppose every one in a Plot against
“ me. Are you sure, however, the *London*
“ Journey is not to be a *Lincolnshire* one?
“ May not *John*, who has been once a Traitor,
“ be so again?---Why *need* I be thus in Doubt?---
“ If I could have this Horse, I would turn the
“ Reins on his Neck, and trust to Providence
“ to guide him for my Safeguard! For I would
“ not endanger you, now just upon the Edge of
“ your Preferment. Yet, Sir, I fear your fatal
“ Openness will make you suspected as accessory,
“ let us be ever so cautious.

“ WERE my *Life* in question, instead of
“ my *Honesty*, I would not wish to involve you
“ or any body, in the least Difficulty for so
“ worthless a poor Creature. But, O Sir! my
“ *Soul* is of equal Importance with the Soul of
“ a Princess; though my Quality is inferior to
“ that of the meanest Slave.

“ SAVE then, my Innocence, good Heaven,
“ and preserve my Mind spotless; and happy
“ shall I be to lay down my worthless Life,

“ and see an End to all my Troubles and
 “ Apprehensions!

“ FORGIVE my Impatience: But my pre-
 “ faging Mind bodes horrid Mischiefs!—
 “ Every thing looks dark around me; and this
 “ Woman’s impenetrable Sullenness and Silence,
 “ without any apparent Reason, from a Conduct
 “ so very *contrary*, bid me fear the worst. -----
 “ Blame me, Sir, if you think me wrong; and
 “ let me have your Advice what to do, which
 “ will oblige

“ *Your most afflicted Servant.*”

F R I D A Y.

I HAVE this half-angry Answer; but what is
 more to me than all the Letters in the World
 could be, yours, my dear Father, inclos’d.

“ *Madam,*

“ I THINK you are too apprehensive by
 “ much. I am sorry for your Uneasiness.
 “ You may depend upon me, and all I can do.
 “ But I make no Doubt of the *London* Jour-
 “ ney, nor of *John’s* Contrition and Fidelity.
 “ I have just receiv’d, from my *Gainsborough*
 “ Friend, this Letter, as I suppose, from your
 “ good Father, in a Cover, directed for me, as
 “ I had desir’d. I hope it contains nothing to
 “ add to your Uneasiness. Pray, dearest Ma-
 “ dam, lay aside your Fears, and wait a few Days
 “ for the Issue of Mrs. *Jewkes’s* Letter, and
 “ mine

“ mine of Thanks to Mr. B. Things, I hope,
 “ *must* be better than you expect. Providence
 “ will not desert such Piety and Innocence; and
 “ be this your Comfort and Reliance: Which
 “ is the best Advice that can at present be given,
 “ by

“ *Your most faithful humble Servant.*”

N. B. The Father's Letter was as follows:

“ *My dearest Daughter,*

“ O U R Prayers are at length heard, and we
 “ are overwhelm'd with Joy. O what
 “ Sufferings, what Trials hast thou gone thro'!
 “ Blessed be the Divine Goodness, which has
 “ enabled thee to withstand so many Tempta-
 “ tions! We have not yet had Leisure to read
 “ thro' your long Accounts of all your Hard-
 “ ships. I say *long*, because I wonder how you
 “ could find Time and Opportunity for them;
 “ but otherwise, they are the Delight of our
 “ spare Hours; and we shall read them over
 “ and over, as long as we live, with Thankful-
 “ ness to God, who has given us so virtuous and
 “ so discreet a Daughter. How happy is our
 “ Lot, in the midst of our Poverty! O let none
 “ ever think Children a Burden to them; when
 “ the poorest Circumstances can produce so
 “ much Riches in a *Pamela*! Persist, my dear
 “ Daughter, in the same excellent Course;
 “ and we shall not envy the highest Estate, but
 “ defy them to produce such a Daughter as
 “ ours.

" I SAID, we had not read thro' all yours in
" Course. We were too impatient, and so turn'd
" to the End; where we find your Virtue within
" View of its Reward, and your Master's Heart
" turn'd to see the Folly of his Ways, and the
" Injury he had intended to our dear Child,
" For, to be sure, my Dear, he *would* have
" ruin'd you, if he could. But seeing your
" Virtue, his Heart is touch'd, and he has,
" no doubt, been awakened by your good
" Example.

" WE don't see, that you can do any way so
" well, as to come into the present Proposal,
" and make Mr. *Williams*, the worthy Mr.
" *Williams*! God bless him! — happy. And
" tho' we are poor, and can add no Merit, no
" Reputation, no Fortune to our dear Child,
" but rather must be a Disgrace to her, as the
" World will think; yet I hope I do not sin
" in my Pride, to say, that there is no good
" Man, of a common Degree, (especially as your
" late Lady's Kindness gave you such good Op-
" portunities, which you have had the Grace to
" improve) but may think himself happy in you.
" But, as you say, you had rather *not* marry at
" present, far be it from us to offer Violence
" to your Inclinations! So much Prudence as
" you have shewn in all your Conduct, would
" make it very wrong in us to mistrust it in this,
" or to offer to direct you in your Choice.
" But, alas! my Child, what can *we* do for
" you? — To partake our hard Lot, and in-
" volve yourself into as hard a Life, would not
" help

“ help us; but *add* to our Afflictions. But it
 “ will be time enough to talk of these things,
 “ when we have the Pleasure you now put us
 “ in Hope of, of seeing you with us; which
 “ God grant. *Amen, Amen, say*

“ *Your most indulgent Parents, Amen!*

“ Our humblest Service and Thanks to the
 “ worthy Mr. *Williams*. Again, we say,
 “ God bless him for ever!

“ O what a deal we have to say to you! God
 “ give us a happy Meeting! We under-
 “ stand the 'Squire is setting out for *Lon-*
 “ *don*. He is a fine Gentleman, and has
 “ Wit at Will. I wish he was as good.
 “ But I hope he will now reform.”

O WHAT inexpressible Comfort, my dear
 Father, has your Letter given me! You ask,
What can you do for me? — What is it you
cannot do for your Child! — You can give
 her the Advice she *has so much* wanted, and
still wants, and will *always* want: You can
 confirm her in the Paths of Virtue, into which
 you first initiated her; and you can pray for her,
 with Hearts so sincere and pure, that are not to
 be met with in Palaces! Oh! how I long to
 throw myself at your Feet, and receive from
 your own Lips, the Blessings of such good Pa-
 rents! But, alas! how are my Prospects again
 overclouded, to what they were when I closed
 my last Parcel! — More Trials, more Dangers,
 I fear,

I fear, must your poor *Pamela* be engag'd in: But thro' the Divine Goodness, and your Prayers, I hope, at last, to get well out of all my Difficulties; and the rather, as they are not the Effect of my own Vanity or Presumption!

BUT I will proceed with my hopeless Story, I saw Mr. *Williams* was a little nettled at my Impatience; and so I wrote to assure him I would be as easy as I could, and wholly directed by him; especially as my Father, whose Respects I mention'd, had assured me, my Master was setting out for *London*, which he must have somehow from his own Family, or he would not have written me word of it,

SATURDAY, SUNDAY,

MR. *Williams* has been here both these Days, as usual; but is very indifferently receiv'd still by Mrs. *Jewkes*; and, to avoid Suspicion, I left them together, and went up to my Closet, most of the Time he was here. He and she, I found by her, had a Quarrel; and she seems quite out of Humour with him; but I thought it best not to say any thing. And he said, he would very little trouble the House, till he had an Answer to his Letter, from Mr. *B*. And she return'd, The less, the better. Poor Man! he has got but little by his Openness, and making Mrs. *Jewkes* his Confident, as she bragg'd, and would have had me to do likewise,

I A M

I AM more and more satisfied there is Mischief brewing, and shall begin to hide my Papers, and be circumspect. She seems mighty impatient for an Answer to her Letter to my Master.

MONDAT, TUESDAT, the 25th and 26th Days of my heavy Restraint.

STILL more and more strange Things to write! A Messenger is return'd, and now all is out! O wretched, wretched *Pamela*! What at last will become of me! — Such strange Turns and Trials sure never poor Creature, of my Years, experienced! He brought two Letters, one to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and one to me: But, as the greatest Wits may be sometimes mistaken, they being folded and sealed alike, that for *me*, was directed to Mrs. *Jewkes*; and that for *her*, was directed to me, But *both* are stark naught, abominably bad! She brought me up that directed for me, and said, Here's a Letter for you: Long look'd-for is come at last. I will ask the Messenger a few Questions, and then I will read mine. So she went down, and I broke it open in my Closet, and found it directed, *To Mrs. PAMELA ANDREWS*. But when I open'd it, it began, *Mrs. Jewkes*. I was quite confounded; but, thought I, this may be a lucky Mistake; I may discover something. And so I read on these horrid Contents:

“ *Mrs.*

“ Mrs. JEWKES,

“ WHAT you write me, has given me
 “ no small Disturbance. This wretched
 “ *Fool's Plaything*, no doubt, is ready to leap at
 “ *any thing* that offers, rather than express the
 “ least Sense of Gratitude for all the Benefits
 “ she has receiv'd from my Family, and which
 “ I was determin'd more and more to heap
 “ upon her. I reserve her for my future Re-
 “ sentment; and I charge you double your
 “ Diligence in watching her, to prevent her
 “ Escape. I send this by an honest *Swiss*, who
 “ attended me in my Travels; a Man I can
 “ trust; and so let him be your Assistant: For
 “ the *artful Creature* is enough to corrupt a
 “ Nation by her seeming Innocence and Sim-
 “ plicity; and she may have got a Party, per-
 “ haps, among my Servants with you, as she
 “ has here. Even *John Arnold*, whom I con-
 “ fided in, and favour'd more than any, has
 “ prov'd an execrable Villain; and shall meet
 “ his Reward for it.

“ As to that *College Novice, Williams*, I
 “ need not bid you take care he sees not this
 “ *painted Bauble*; for I have order'd Mr.
 “ *Shorter*, my Attorney, to throw him in-
 “ stantly into Gaol, on an Action of Debt, for
 “ Money he has had of me, which I had intend-
 “ ed never to carry to account against him;
 “ for I know all his rascally Practices, besides
 “ what you write me of his perfidious Intrigue
 “ with that Girl, and his acknowledg'd Con-
 “ trivances

“trivances for her Escape; when he knew not,
 “for certain, that I design’d her any Mischief;
 “and when, if he had been guided by a Sense
 “of Piety, or Compassion for injur’d Inno-
 “cence, as he pretends, he would have expo-
 “stulated with me, as his Function, and my
 “Friendship for him, might have allow’d him.
 “But to enter into a vile Intrigue with the *amiable*
 “*Gewgaw*, to favour her Escape in so base
 “a manner, (to say nothing of his disgraceful
 “Practices against me, in Sir *Simon Darnford’s*
 “Family; of which Sir *Simon* himself has
 “inform’d me) is a Conduct, that, instead of
 “preferring the ungrateful Wretch, as I had
 “intended, shall pull down upon him utter
 “Ruin.

“*MONSIEUR Colbrand*, my trusty *Swiss*,
 “will obey you without Reserve, if my other
 “Servants refuse.

“As for her denying, that she encourag’d his
 “Declaration, I believe it not. ’Tis certain
 “the *speaking Picture*, with all that pretended
 “Innocence and Bashfulness, would have run
 “away with him. Yes, she would have run
 “away with a Fellow that she had been ac-
 “quainted with (and that not intimately, if
 “you were as careful as you ought to be) but
 “few Days; at a time, when she had the strongest
 “Assurances of my Honour to her.

“WELL, I think I now hate her perfectly;
 “and tho’ I will do nothing to her *myself*, yet
 “I can bear, for the sake of my Revenge, and
 “my *injur’d Honour*, and *slighted Love*, to
 “see

“ see any thing, even what *she* most fears, be
 “ done to her; and then she may be turn’d loose
 “ to her evil Destiny, and echo to the Woods
 “ and Groves her piteous Lamentations for the
 “ Loss of her fantastical Innocence, which the
 “ romantick Idiot makes such a work about. I
 “ shall go to *London* with my Sister *Davers*;
 “ and the Moment I can disengage myself, which
 “ may be in Three Weeks from this time, I
 “ will be with you, and decide *her Fate*, and
 “ put an End to your Trouble. Mean time, be
 “ doubly careful; for this Innocent, as I have
 “ warn’d you, is full of Contrivances. I am
 “ *Your Friend.*”

I HAD but just read this dreadful Letter thro’,
 when Mrs. *Jewkes* came up, in a great Fright,
 guessing at the Mistake, and that I had her Letter;
 and she found me with it open in my Hand,
 just sinking away. What Business, said she,
 had you to read my Letter? and snatch’d it from me.
 You see, said she, looking upon it, it says, *Mrs. Jewkes*, at top: You ought, in
 Manners, to have read no further. O add not,
 said I, to my Afflictions! I shall soon be out of
 all your ways! This is too much! too much! I
 never can support this-----And threw myself
 upon the Couch, in my Closet, and wept most
 bitterly. She read it in the next Room, and
 came in again afterwards: Why this, said she,
 is a sad Letter indeed! I am sorry for it: But I
 fear’d you would carry your Niceties too far!----

Leave

Leave me, leave me, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, for a-while: I cannot speak nor talk! -- Poor Heart! said she; well, I'll come up again presently, and hope to find you better. But here, take your own Letter; I wish you well; but this is a sad Mistake! And so she put down by me that which was intended for me. But I have no Spirit to read it at present. O Man! Man! hard-hearted, cruel Man! what Mischiefs art thou not capable of, unrelenting Persecutor as thou art!

I SAT ruminating, when I had a little come to myself, upon the Terms of this wicked Letter; and had no Inclination to look into my own. The bad Names, *Fool's Plaything, artful Creature, painted Bauble, Gewgaw, speaking Picture*, are hard Words for your poor *Pamela*! and I began to think, whether I was not indeed a very naughty Body, and had not done vile Things: But when I thought of his having discover'd poor *John*, and of Sir *Simon's* base Officiousness, in telling him of Mr. *Williams*, with what he had resolv'd against him, in Revenge for his Goodness to me, I was quite despirited; and yet still more, about that fearful *Colbrand*, and what he could *see done to me*; for then I was ready to gasp for Breath, and my Heart quite failed me. Then how dreadful are the Words, that he will *decide my Fate* in three Weeks! Gracious Heaven, said I, strike me dead; before that time, with a Thunderbolt, or provide some way for my escaping these threaten'd Mischiefs! God forgive me, if I sinn'd!

At last, I took up the Letter directed for Mrs. *Fewkes*, but design'd for me; and I find *that* little better than the other. These are the hard Terms it contains:

“ WELL have you done, perverse, forward,
 “ artful, yet foolish *Pamela*, to convince
 “ me, before it was too late, how ill I had done
 “ to place my Affections on so unworthy an
 “ Object. I had vow'd Honour and Love to
 “ your Unworthiness, believing you a Mirror
 “ of bashful Modesty, and unspotted Inno-
 “ cence; and that no perfidious Design lurked
 “ in so fair a Bosom. But now I have found
 “ you out, you specious Hypocrite! and I see,
 “ that tho' you could not repose the least Con-
 “ fidence in one you had known so many Years,
 “ and who, under my good Mother's misplaced
 “ Favour for you, had grown up, in a manner,
 “ with you; when my Passion, in spite of my
 “ Pride, and the Difference of our Condition,
 “ made me stoop to a Meanness that now I
 “ despise myself for; yet you could enter into
 “ an Intrigue with a Man you never knew, till
 “ within these few Days past, and resolve to
 “ run away with a Stranger, whom your fair
 “ Face, and insinuating Arts, had bewitched
 “ to break thro' all the Ties of Honour and
 “ Gratitude to me; even at a Time when the
 “ Happiness of his future Life depended upon
 “ my Favour.

“ HENCEFORTH,

“ HENCEFORTH, for *Pamela's* sake,
 “ whenever I see a lovely Face, will I mistrust
 “ a deceitful Heart: And whenever I hear of
 “ the greatest Pretences to Innocence, will I
 “ suspect some deep-laid Mischief. You were
 “ determin'd to place no Confidence in me,
 “ tho' I have solemnly, over and over, engag'd
 “ my Honour to you. What tho' I had alarm'd
 “ your Fears, in sending you one way; when
 “ you hop'd to go another; yet, had I not, to
 “ convince you of my Resolution to do justly
 “ by you, (altho' with great Reluctance, such
 “ then was my Love for you) engaged not to
 “ come near you without your own Consent?
 “ Was not this a voluntary Demonstration of
 “ the Generosity of my Intentions to you? Yet
 “ how have you requited me? The very first
 “ Fellow that your charming Face, and insi-
 “ nuating Address, could influence, you have
 “ practis'd upon, corrupted too, I may say,
 “ (and even ruin'd, as the ingrateful Wretch
 “ shall find) and thrown your *forward* Self
 “ upon him. As therefore you would place
 “ no Confidence in me, my Honour owes you
 “ nothing; and in a little time you shall find
 “ how much you have err'd in treating, as you
 “ have done, a Man, who was once

“ *Your affectionate and kind Friend.*

“ Mrs. *Jewkes* has Directions concerning
 “ you: And if your Lot is now harder
 “ than you might wish, you will bear it

“ the easier, because your own rash Folly has
 “ brought it upon you.”

ALAS! for me, what a Fate is mine, to be thus thought artful and forward, and ingrateful! when all I intended, was to preserve my Innocence; and when all the poor little Shifts, which his superior wicked Wit and Cunning have render'd ineffectual, were forced upon me in my own necessary Defence!

WHEN Mrs. *Jewkes* came up to me again, she found me bathed in Tears. She seem'd, as I thought, to be moved to some Compassion; and finding myself now intirely in her Power, and that it is not for me to provoke her, I said, It is now, I see, in vain for me to contend against my evil Destiny, and the superior Arts of my barbarous Master. I will resign myself to the Divine Will, and prepare to expect the worst. But you see how this poor Mr. *Williams* is drawn in and undone; I am sorry I am made the Cause of *his* Ruin:---- Poor, poor Man!---- to be thus involv'd, and for my sake too! — But, if you'll believe me, said I, I gave no Encouragement to what he propos'd, as to Marriage; nor would he have propos'd it, I believe, but as the only honourable way he thought was left to save me: And his principal Motive to it all, was Virtue and Compassion to one in Distress. What other View could he have? You know I am poor and friendless. All I beg of you is, to let the poor Gentleman have Notice of my Master's Resentment; and let him fly
 the

the Country, and not be thrown into Gaol: This will answer my Master's End as well; for it will as effectually hinder him from assisting me, as if he was in a Prison.

ASK me, said she, to do any thing that is in my Power, consistent with my Duty and Trust, and I will do it; for I am sorry for you both. But, to be sure, I shall keep no Correspondence with him, nor let you. I offer'd to talk of a Duty superior to that she mention'd, which would oblige her to help distressed Innocence, and not permit her to go the Lengths injoin'd by lawless Tyranny; but she plainly bid me be silent on that Head; for it was in vain to attempt to persuade her to betray her Trust. — All I have to advise you, said she, is to be easy; lay aside all your Contrivances and Arts to get away, and make me your Friend, by giving me no Reason to suspect you; for I glory in my Fidelity to my Master: And you have both practis'd some strange sly Arts, to make such a Progress as he has own'd there was between you, so seldom as, I thought, you saw one another; and I must be more circumspect than I have been.

THIS doubled my Concern; for I now apprehended I should be much closer watch'd than before.

WELL, said I, since I have, by this strange Accident, discover'd my hard Destiny, let me read over again that fearful Letter of yours, that I may get it by heart, and with it feed my Distress, and make Calamity familiar to me. Then, said she, let me read yours again. I gave

her mine, and she lent me hers; and so I took a Copy of it, with her Leave; because, as I said, I would, by it, prepare myself for the worst. And when I had done, I pinn'd it on the Head of the Couch: This, said I, is the Use I shall make of this wretched Copy of your Letter; and here you shall always find it wet with my Tears.

SHE said, She would go down to order Supper, and insisted upon my Company to it: I would have excused myself; but she began to put on a commanding Air, that I durst not oppose. And when I went down, she took me by the Hand, and presented me to the most hideous Monster I ever saw in my Life. Here, Monsieur *Colbrand*, said she, here is *your* pretty Ward and *mine*; let us try to make her Time with us easy. He bow'd, and put on his foreign Grimaces, and seem'd to bless himself! and, in broken *English*, told me, I was happy in de Affections of de vinest Gentleman in de Varld! — I was quite frighten'd, and ready to drop down; and I will describe him to you, my dear Father and Mother, if now you will ever see this; and you shall judge if I had not Reason, especially not knowing he was to be there, and being appris'd, as I was, of his hated Employment, to watch me closer.

HE is a Giant of a Man, for Stature; taller, by a good deal deal, than *Harry Mawldge*, in your Neighbourhood, and large-bon'd; and scraggy; and has a Hand! — I never saw such an one in my Life. He has great staring Eyes,
like

like the Bull's that frighten'd me so; vast Jaw-bones sticking out; Eye-brows hanging over his Eyes; Two great Scars upon his Forehead, and One on his left Check; and Two huge Whiskers, and a monstrous wide Mouth; blubber Lips; long yellow Teeth, and a hideous Grin. He wears his own frightful long Hair, ty'd up in a great black Bag; a black Crape Neckcloth, about a long ugly Neck; and his Throat sticking out like a Wen. As to the rest, he was dress'd well enough, and had a Sword on, with a nasty red Knot to it; Leather Garters, buckled below his Knees; and a Foot — near as long as my Arm, I verily think.

HE said, He fright de Lady; and offer'd to withdraw; but she bid him not; and I told Mrs. *Jewkes*, That as she knew I had been weeping, she should not have call'd me to the Gentleman without letting me know he was there. I soon went up to my Closet; for my Heart ak'd all the time I was at Table, not being able to look upon him without Horror; and this Brute of a Woman, tho' she saw my Distress *before* this Addition to it, no doubt did it on purpose to strike more Terror into me. And indeed it had its Effect; for when I went to-bed, I could think of nothing but his hideous Person, and my Master's more hideous Actions; and judg'd them too well pair'd; and when I dropp'd asleep, I dream'd they were both coming to my Bed-side with the worst Designs; and I jump'd out of Bed in my Sleep, and frightened Mrs. *Jewkes*; till, waking with the Terror, I

told her my Dream: And the wicked Creature only laugh'd, and said, All I fear'd was but a Dream, as well as that; and when it was over, and I was well awake, I should laugh at it as such!

And now I am come to the Close of WEDNESDAY, the 27th Day of my Distress.

POOOR Mr. *Williams* is actually arrested, and carried away to *Stamford*. So there is an End of all my Hopes from him. Poor Gentleman! his Over-security and Openness have ruin'd us both! I was but too well convinc'd, that we ought not to have lost a Moment's time; but he was half angry, and thought me too impatient; and then his fatal Confessions, and the detestable Artifice of my Master! — But one might well think, that he who had so cunningly, and so wickedly, contrived all his Stratagems hitherto, that it was impossible to avoid them, would stick at nothing to complete them. I fear I shall soon find it so!

BUT one Stratagem I have just invented, tho' a very discouraging one to think of, because I have neither Friends nor Money, nor know one Step of the Way, if I was out of the House. But let Bulls, and Bears, and Lions, and Tygers, and, what is worse, false, treacherous, deceitful Men, stand in my Way, I cannot be in more Danger than I am; and I depend nothing upon his Three Weeks: For how do I know, now
he

he is in such a Passion, and has already begun his Vengeance on poor Mr. *Williams*, that he will not change his Mind, and come down to *Lincolnshire* before he goes to *London*.

My Stratagem is this: I will endeavour to get Mrs. *Jewkes* to go to-bed without me; as she often does, while I sit lock'd up in my Closet; and as she sleeps very sound in her first Sleep, of which she never fails to give Notice by Snoring, if I can but then get out between the Two Bars of the Window, (for you know, I am very slender, and I find I can get my Head thro') then I can drop upon the Leads underneath, which are little more than my Height, and which Leads are over a little Summer-parlour, that juts out towards the Garden; and as I am light, I can easily drop from them; for they are not high from the Ground: Then I shall be in the Garden; and then, as I have the Key of the Back-door, I will get out. But I have another Piece of Cunning still; good Heaven succeed to me my dangerous, but innocent Devices! — I have read of a great Captain, who being in Danger, leap'd over-board, into the Sea; and his Enemies, as he swam, shooting at him with Bows and Arrows, he unloosed his upper Garment, and took another Course, while they stuck that full of their Darts and Arrows; and so he escaped, and lived to triumph over them all. So what will I do, but strip off my upper Petticoat, and throw it into the Pond, with my Neck-handkerchief; for, to be sure, when they miss me, they will go to the Pond first,

T 4 thinking

thinking I have drown'd myself; and so, when they see some of my Cloaths floating there, they will be all employ'd in dragging the Pond, which is a very large one; and as I shall not, perhaps, be miss'd till the Morning, this will give me Opportunity to get a great way off; and I am sure I will run for it when I am out. And so I trust, that Providence will direct my Steps to some good Place of Safety, and make *some* worthy Body my Friend; for sure, if I suffer ever so, I cannot be in more Danger, nor in worse Hands, than where I am; and with such avowed bad Designs.

O MY dear Parents! don't be frighted when you come to read this! — But all will be over before you can see it; and so God direct me for the best. My Writings, for fear I should not escape, I will bury in the Garden; for, to be sure, I shall be search'd, and used dreadfully, if I can't get off. And so I will close here, for the present, to prepare for my Plot. Prosper thou, O gracious Protector of oppressed Innocence! this last Effort of thy poor Handmaid; that I may escape the crafty Devices and Snares that have begun to entangle my Virtue; and from which, but by this one Trial, I see no way of escaping! And, Oh! whatever becomes of me, bless my dear Parents, and protect poor Mr. *Williams* from Ruin! for he was happy before he knew me!

JUST now, just now! I heard Mrs. *Jewkes*, who is in her Cups, own to the horrid *Colbrand*, that the Robbing of poor Mr. *Williams* was a Contrivance of hers, and executed by the Groom and a Helper, in order to seize my Letters upon him, which they miss'd. They are now both laughing at the dismal Story, which they little think I overheard, — O how my Heart akes! for what are not such Wretches capable of! Can you blame me for endeavouring, thro' any Danger, to get out of such Clutches?

Past Eleven o'Clock,

MRS. *Jewkes* is come up, and gone to-bed; and bids me not stay long in my Closet, but come to-bed. O for a dead Sleep for the treacherous Brute! I never saw her so tipsy, and that gives me Hopes. I have try'd again, and find I can get my Head thro' the Iron Bars. I am now all prepared, as soon as I hear her fast; and now I'll seal up these and my other Papers, my last Work, and to thy Providence, O my gracious God, commit the rest! — Once more, God bless you both! and send us a happy Meeting; if not here, in his heavenly Kingdom! *Amen.*

THURS.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st Days of my Distress.

AND Distress indeed! For here I am still! And every thing has been worse and worse! Oh! the poor unhappy *Pamela*! — Without any Hope left, and ruin'd in all my Contrivances! But, Oh! my dear Parents, rejoice with me, even in this low Plunge of my Distress; for your poor *Pamela* has escap'd from an Enemy worse than any she ever met with; an Enemy she never thought of before, and was hardly able to stand against: I mean, the Weakness and Presumption, both in one, of her own Mind; which had well nigh, had not the Divine Grace interposed, sunk her into the lowest, last Abyss of Misery and Perdition!

I WILL proceed, as I have Opportunity, with my sad Relation: For my Pen and Ink (in my now doubly-secur'd Closet) is all I have to employ myself with: And indeed I have been so weak, that till yesterday Evening, I have not been able to hold a Pen.

I took with me but one Shift, besides what I had on, and Two Handkerchiefs, and Two Caps, which my Pocket held, (for it was not for me to encumber myself) and all my Stock of Money, which was but Five or Six Shillings, to set out for I knew not where; and got out of the Window, not without some Difficulty, sticking

sticking a little at my Shoulders and Hips; but I was resolved to get out, if possible. And it was further from the Leads than I thought, and I was afraid I had sprain'd my Ankle; and when I had dropp'd from the Leads to the Ground, it was still further off; but I did pretty well there; at least, I got no Hurt to hinder me from pursuing my Intentions. So, being now on the Ground, I hid my Papers under a Rose-bush, and cover'd them over with Mould, and there they still lie, as I hope. Then I hy'd away to the Pond: The Clock struck Twelve, just as I got out; and it was a dark misty Night, and very cold; but I felt it not then.

WHEN I came to the Pond-side, I flung in my Upper-coat, as I had design'd, and my Neck-handkerchief, and a round-ear'd Cap, with a Knot; and then with great Speed ran to the Door, and took the Key out of my Pocket, my poor Heart beating all the Time against my Bosom, as if it would have forc'd its way thro' it: And beat it well might! For I then, too late, found, that I was most miserably disappointed; for the wicked Woman had taken off that Lock, and put another on; so that my Key would not open it. I try'd and try'd, and feeling about, I found a Padlock besides, on another Part of the Door. O then how my Heart sunk!—I dropp'd down with Grief and Confusion, unable to stir, or support myself, for a while. But my Fears awakening my Resolution, and knowing

knowing that my Attempt would be as terrible for me, as any other Danger I could then encounter, I clamber'd up upon the Ledges of the Door, and upon the Lock, which was a great wooden one; and reached the Top of the Door with my Hands; then, little thinking I could climb so well, I made shift to lay hold on the Top of the Wall with my Hands; but, alas for me! nothing but ill Luck! — no Escape for poor *Pamela*! The Wall being old, the Bricks I held by, gave way, just as I was taking a Spring to get up; and down came I, and received such a Blow upon my Head, with one of the Bricks, that it quite stunn'd me; and I broke my Shins and my Ankle besides, and beat off the Heel of one of my Shoes.

IN this dreadful way, flat upon the Ground, lay poor I, for I believe Five or Six Minutes; and then trying to get up, I sunk down again two or three times; and my left Hip and Shoulder were very stiff and full of Pain, with Bruises; and besides my Head bled, and ak'd grievously with the Blow I had with the Brick. — Yet these Hurts I valued not; but crept a good way, upon my Feet and Hands, in Search of a Ladder I just recollected to have seen against the Wall Two Days before, on which the Gardener was nailing a Nectarine Branch, that was loosen'd from the Wall: But no Ladder could I find, and the Wall was very high. What, now, thought I, must become of the miserable *Pamela*! — Then I began to wish myself most heartily again in my Closet, and to repent
of

of my Attempt, which I now censured as rash, because it did not succeed.

GOD forgive me! but a sad Thought came just then into my Head! — I tremble to think of it! Indeed my Apprehensions of the Usage I should meet with, had like to have made me miserable for ever! O my dear, dear Parents, forgive your poor Child; but being then quite desperate, I crept along, till I could raise myself on my staggering Feet; and away limp'd I! — What to do, but to throw myself into the Pond, and so put a Period to all my Grievs in this World! — But, Oh! to find them infinitely aggravated (had I not, by the Divine Grace, been with-held) in a miserable *Eternity*! As I have escap'd this Temptation, (blessed be God for it!) I will tell you my Conflicts on this dreadful Occasion, that the Divine Mercies may be magnified in my Deliverance; that I am yet on this Side the dreadful Gulph, from which there could have been no Return.

IT was well for me, as I have since thought, that I was so maim'd, as made me the longer before I got to the Water; for this gave me Time to consider, and abated that Impetuosity of my Passions, which possibly might otherwise have hurry'd me, in my first Transport of Grief, (on my seeing no way to escape, and the hard Usage I had Reason to expect from my dreadful Keepers) to throw myself in; but my Weakness of Body made me move so slowly, that it gave Time, as I said, for a little Reflection,

flection, a Ray of Grace, to dart in upon my benighted Mind; and so, when I came to the Pond-side, I sat myself down on the sloping Bank, and began to ponder my wretched Condition; and thus I reason'd with myself:

PAUSE here a little, *Pamela*, on what thou art about, before thou takest the dreadful Leap; and consider whether there be no Way yet left, no Hope, if not to escape from this wicked House, yet from the Mischiefs threatened thee in it.

I THEN consider'd, and after I had cast about in my Mind, every thing that could make me hope, and saw no Probability; a wicked Woman, devoid of all Compassion! a horrid Helper, just arriv'd in this dreadful *Colbrand*! an angry and resenting Master, who now hated me, and threaten'd the most afflicting Evils! and, that I should, in all Probability, be depriv'd even of the Opportunity I now had before me, to free myself from all their Persecutions! — What hast thou to do, distressed Creature, said I to myself, but throw thyself upon a merciful God, (who knows how innocently I suffer) to avoid the merciless Wickedness of those who are determin'd on my Ruin?

AND then thought I, (and Oh! that Thought was surely of the Devil's Instigation; for it was very soothing and powerful with me) these wicked Wretches, who now have no Remorse, no Pity on me, will then be mov'd to lament their Misdoings; and when they see the dead Corpse of the unhappy *Pamela* dragg'd
out

out to these dewy Banks, and lying breathless at their Feet, they will find that Remorse to soften their obdurate Hearts, which, now, has no Place there! — And my Master, my angry Master, will then forget his Resentments, and say, O this is the unhappy *Pamela*! that I have so causelessly persecuted and destroy'd! Now do I see she prefer'd her Honesty to her Life, will he say, and is no Hypocrite, nor Deceiver; but really was the innocent Creature she pretended to be! Then, thought I, will he perhaps shed a few Tears over the poor Corpse of his persecuted Servant; and, tho' he may give out, it was Love and Disappointment, and that perhaps (in order to hide his own Guilt) for the unfortunate Mr. *Williams*; yet will he be inwardly griev'd, and order me a decent Funeral, and save me, or rather *this Part* of me, from the dreadful Stake, and the Highway Interrment; and the young Men and Maidens around my dear Father's will pity poor *Pamela*! But O! I hope I shall not be the Subject of their Ballads and Elegies, but that my Memory, for the sake of my dear Father and Mother, may quickly slide into Oblivion!

I WAS once rising, so indulgent was I to this sad way of Thinking, to throw myself in: But again, my Bruises made me slow; and I thought, What art thou about to do, wretched *Pamela*? How knowest thou, tho' the Prospect be all dark to thy short-sighted Eye, what God may do for thee, even when all human Means fail? God Almighty would not lay me under these sore Afflictions,

Afflictions, if he had not given me Strength to grapple with them, if I will exert it as I ought: And who knows, but that the very Presence I so much dread, of my angry and designing Master, (for he has had me in his Power before, and yet I have escaped) may be better for me, than these persecuting Emissaries of his, who, for his Money, are true to their wicked Trust, and are harden'd by that, and a long Habit of Wickedness, against Compunction of Heart? God *can* touch his Heart in an Instant; and if this should *not* be done, I can *then* but put an End to my Life by some other Means, if I am so resolved.

BUT how do I know, thought I, that even *these Bruises* and *Maims* that I have gotten, while I pursued only the laudable Escape I had meditated, may not kindly have furnish'd me with the Opportunity I now am tempted with to precipitate myself, and of surrendering up my Life, spotless and unguilty, to that merciful Being who gave it!

THEN, thought I, who gave thee, presumptuous as thou art, a Power over thy Life? Who authoriz'd thee to put an End to it, when the Weakness of thy Mind suggests not to thee a way to preserve it with Honour? How knowest thou what Purposes God may have to serve, by the Trials with which thou art now exercised? Art thou to put a Bound to the Divine Will, and to say, Thus much will I bear, and no more? And wilt thou *dare* to say, That if the Trial be augmented and continued, thou wilt sooner die, than bear it?

THIS

THIS Act of Despondency, thought I, is a Sin, that, if I pursue it, admits of no Repentance, and can therefore hope no Forgiveness. — And wilt thou, to shorten thy transitory Grievs, *heavy* as they are, and *weak* as thou fanciest thyself, plunge both Body and Soul into everlasting Misery! Hitherto, *Pamela*, thought I, thou art the innocent, the suffering *Pamela*; and wilt thou, to avoid thy Sufferings, be the guilty Aggressor? And, because wicked Men persecute thee, wilt thou fly in the Face of the Almighty, and distrust his Grace and Goodness, who can *still* turn all these Sufferings to Benefits? And how do I know, but that God, who sees all the lurking Vileness of my Heart, may have permitted these Sufferings on that very score, and to make me rely solely on his Grace and Assistance, who perhaps have too much prided myself in a vain Dependence on my own foolish Contrivances?

THEN again, thought I, wilt thou suffer in *one* Moment all the good Lessons of thy poor honest Parents, and the Benefit of their Example, (who have persisted in doing *their* Duty with Resignation to the Divine Will, amidst the extreme Degrees of Disappointment, Poverty, and Distress, and the Persecutions of an ingrateful World, and merciless Creditors) to be thrown away upon thee; and bring down, as in all Probability this thy Rashness will, their grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave, when they shall understand, that their beloved Daughter, slighting the Tenders of Divine Grace, de-

spairing of the Mercies of a protecting God, has blemish'd, in this *last Act*, a *whole* Life, which they had hitherto approv'd and delighted in?

WHAT then, presumptuous *Pamela*, dost thou *here*? thought I: Quit with Speed these perilous Banks, and fly from these curling Waters, that seem in their meaning Murmurs, this still Night, to reproach thy Rashness! Tempt not God's Goodness on the mossy Banks, that have been Witnesses of thy guilty Purpose; and while thou hast Power left thee, avoid the tempting Evil, lest thy grand Enemy, now repuls'd by Divine Grace, and due Reflection, return to the Assault with a Force that thy Weakness may not be able to resist! And lest one rash Moment destroy all the Convictions, which now have aw'd thy rebellious Mind into Duty and Resignation to the Divine Will!

AND so saying, I arose; but was so stiff with my Hurts, so cold with the moist Dew of the Night, and the wet Grass on which I had sat, as also with the Damps arising from so large a Piece of Water, that with great Pain I got from this Pond, which now I think of with Terror; and bending my limping Steps towards the House, took Refuge in the Corner of an Out-house, where Wood and Coals are laid up for Family Use, till I should be found by my cruel Keepers, and consign'd to a more wretched Confinement, and worse Usage, than I had hitherto experienc'd; and there behind a Pile of Fire-wood I crept, and lay down, as you
may



R. Hayman del.

H. Goussier sculp.



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may imagine, with a Mind juſt broken, and a Heart ſenſible to nothing but the extremeſt Woe and Dejection.

THIS, my dear Father and Mother, is the Iſſue of your poor *Pamela's* fruitleſs Enterprize; and who knows, if I had got out at the Back-door, whether I had been at all in a better Caſe, moneyleſs, friendleſs, as I am, and in a ſtrange Place! — But blame not your poor Daughter too much: Nay, if ever you ſee this miſerable Scribble, all bathed and blotted with my Tears, let your Pity get the better of your Reprehenſion! But I know it will. — And I muſt leave off for the preſent. — For, Oh! my Strength and my Will are at this time far unequal to one another. — But yet, I will add, that tho' I ſhould have praiſ'd God for my Deliverance, had I been freed from my wicked Keepers, and my deſigning Maſter; yet I have more abundant Reaſon to praiſe Him, that I have been deliver'd from a worſe Enemy, *myſelf!*

I WILL continue my ſad Relation.

It ſeems, Mrs. *Jewkes* awaked not till Day-break; and not finding me in Bed, ſhe call'd me; and no Answer being return'd, ſhe relates, that ſhe got out of Bed, and ran to my Cloſet; and miſſing me, ſearched under the Bed, and in another Cloſet, finding the Chamber-door, as ſhe had left it, quite faſt, and the Key, as uſual, about her Wriſt. For if I could have got out

at the Chamber-door, there were two or three Passages, and Doors to them all, double-lock'd and barr'd, to go thro', into the great Garden; so that, to escape, there was no Way, but out of the Window; and of that Window, because of the Summer-parlour under it; for the other Windows are a great way from the Ground.

SHE says, she was excessively frightened, and instantly rais'd the *Swiss*, and the two Maids, who lay not far off; and finding every Door fast, she said, I must be carry'd away, as St. *Peter* was out of Prison, by some Angel. It is a Wonder she had not a worse Thought!

SHE says, she wept and wrung her Hands, and took on sadly, running about like a mad Woman, little thinking I could have got out of the Closet Window, between the Iron Bars; and indeed I don't know whether I could do so again. But at last finding that Casement open, they concluded it must be so; and ran out into the Garden, and found my Footsteps in the Mould of the Bed which I dropp'd down upon from the Leads: And so speeded away, all of them, that is to say, Mrs. *Jewkes*, *Colbrand*, and *Nan*, towards the Back-door, to see if that was fast, while the Cook was sent to the Out-offices to raise the Men, and make them get Horses ready, to take each a several Way to pursue me.

BUT it seems, finding that Door double-lock'd and padlock'd, and the Heel of my Shoe, and the broken Bricks, they verily concluded I was got away by some Means over the Wall; and

and then, they say, Mrs. *Jewkes* seem'd like a distracted Woman: Till at last *Nan* had the Thought to go towards the Pond, and there seeing my Coat, and Cap and Handkerchief in the Water, cast almost to the Banks by the Agitation of the Waves, she thought it was me, and screaming out, ran to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and said, O Madam, Madam! here's a piteous thing! — Mrs. *Pamela* lies drown'd in the Pond. — Thither they all ran; and finding my Cloaths, doubted not I was at the Bottom; and they all, *Swiss* among the rest, beat their Breasts, and made most dismal Lamentations; and Mrs. *Jewkes* sent *Nan* to the Men, to bid them get the Drag-net ready, and leave the Horses, and come to try to find the poor Innocent, as she, it seems, *then* call'd me, beating her Breast, and lamenting my hard Hap; but most what would become of them, and what Account they should give to my Master.

WHILE every one was thus differently employ'd, some weeping and wailing, some running here and there, *Nan* came into the Wood-house; and there lay poor I, so weak, so low, and so dejected, and withal so stiff with my Bruises, that I could not stir nor help myself to get upon my Feet. And I said, with a low Voice, (for I could hardly speak) Mrs. *Ann*, Mrs. *Ann*! — The Creature was sadly frightened, but was taking up a Billet to knock me on the Head, believing I was some Thief, as she said; but I cry'd out, O Mrs. *Ann*, Mrs. *Ann*, help me, for Pity's sake, to Mrs. *Jewkes*! for I can-

not get up. — Bless me ! said she, what ! you, Madam ! — Why our Hearts are almost broken, and we were going to drag the Pond for you, believing you had drown'd yourself. Now, said she, you'll make us all alive again !

AND without helping me, she ran away to the Pond, and brought all the Crew to the Wood-house. — The wicked Woman, as she entered, said, Where is she ? — Plague of her Spells, and her Witchcrafts ! She shall dearly repent of this Trick, if my Name be *Jewkes* ; and coming to me, took hold of my Arm so roughly, and gave me such a Pull, as made me squeal out, (my Shoulder being bruised on that Side) and drew me on my Face. O cruel Creature ! said I, if you knew what I have suffer'd, it would move you to pity me !

EVEN *Colbrand* seem'd to be concern'd, and said, Fie, Madam, fie ! you see she is almost dead ! You must not be so rough with her. The Coachman *Robin* seem'd to be sorry for me too, and said, with Sobs, What a Scene is here ! Don't you see she is all bloody in her Head, and cannot stir ? — Curse of her Contrivances ! said the horrid Creature ; she has frighted *me* out of my Wits, I'm sure. How the D---I came you here ? — O ! said I, ask me now no Questions, but let the Maids carry me up to my Prison ; and there let me die decently, and in Peace ! For indeed I thought I could not live two Hours.

THE still more inhuman Tygres said, I suppose you want Mr. *Williams* to pray by you, don't you ? Well, I'll send for my Master this Minute ;

Minute; let him come and watch you himself, for me; for there's no such thing as holding you, I'm sure.

So the Maids took me up between them, and carry'd me to my Chamber; and when the Wretch saw how bad I was, she began a little to relent----- while every one wonder'd, (at what I had neither Strength nor Inclination to tell them) how all this came to pass, which they imputed to Sorcery and Witchcraft.

I WAS so weak, when I had got up-stairs, that I fainted away, with Dejection, Pain and Fatigue; and they undress'd me, and got me to-bed, and Mrs. *Jewkes* order'd *Nan* to bathe my Shoulder, and Arm, and Ankle, with some old Rum warm'd; and they cut the Hair a little from the back Part of my Head, and wash'd that; for it was clotted with Blood, from a pretty long, but not deep Gash; and put a Family Plaster upon it; for if this Woman has any good Quality, it is, it seems, in a Readiness and Skill to manage in Cases, where sudden Misfortunes happen in a Family.

AFTER this, I fell into a pretty sound and refreshing Sleep, and lay till Twelve o'Clock, tolerably easy, considering I was very feverish, and aguishly inclin'd; and she took a deal of Care to fit me to undergo more Trials, which I had hop'd would have been more happily ended: But Providence did not see fit.

SHE would make me rise about Twelve; but I was so weak, I could only sit up till the Bed was made, and went into it again; and was, as

they said, delirious some Part of the Afternoon. But having a tolerable Night on *Thursday*, I was a good deal better on *Friday*, and on *Saturday* got up, and eat a little Spoon-meat, and my Feverishness seem'd to be gone, and I was so mended by Evening, that I begg'd her Indulgence in my Closet, to be left to myself; which she consented to, it being double-barr'd the Day before, and I assuring her, that all my Contrivances, as she call'd them, were at an End. But first she made me tell her the whole Story of my Enterprize; which I did very faithfully, knowing now that nothing could stand me in any stead, or contribute to my Safety and Escape: And she seem'd to wonder at my Resolution and Venturesomeness, but told me frankly, that I should have found a hard Matter to get quite off; for that she was provided with a Warrant from my Master, (who is a Justice of Peace in this County, as well as the other) to get me apprehended, if I *had* got away, on Suspicion of wronging him, let me have been where I would.

O HOW deep-laid are the Mischiefs design'd to fall on my devoted Head! — Surely, surely, I cannot be worthy of all this Contrivance! — This too well shews me the Truth of what was hinted to me formerly at the other House, that my Master swore he would *have* me! O preserve me, Heaven! from being *his*, in his own wicked Sense of the Adjuration!

I MUST add, that now this Woman sees me pick up so fast, she uses me worse, and has abridg'd

abridg'd me of Paper all but one Sheet, which I am to shew her, written or unwritten, on Demand; and has reduced me to one Pen; yet my hidden Stores stand me in stead. But she is more and more snappish and cross; and tauntingly calls me Mrs. *Williams*, and any thing that she thinks will vex me.

SUNDAY Afternoon.

MRS. *Fewkes* has thought fit to give me an Airing for three or four Hours this Afternoon, and I am a good deal better; and should be much more so, if I knew for what I am reserv'd. But Health is a Blessing hardly to be coveted in my Circumstances, since that but exposes me to the Calamity I am in continual Apprehensions of; whereas a weak and sickly State might possibly move Compassion for me. O how I dread the coming of this angry and incens'd Master; tho' I am sure I have done him no Harm!

JUST now we heard, that he had like to have been drown'd in crossing a Stream, a few Days ago, in pursuing his Game. What is the Matter, that, with all his ill Usage of me, I cannot hate him? To be sure, I am not like other People! He has certainly done enough to make me hate him; but yet when I heard his Danger, which was very great, I could not in my Heart forbear rejoicing for his Safety; tho' his Death would have ended my Afflictions.

Ungenerous

Ungenerous Master! if you knew this, you surely would not be so much my Persecutor! But for my late good Lady's sake, I must wish him well; and O what an Angel would he be in my Eyes yet, if he would cease his Attempts, and reform.

WELL, I hear by Mrs. *Jewkes*, that *John Arnold* is turn'd away, being detected in writing to Mr. *Williams*; and that Mr. *Longman*, and Mr. *Jonathan* the Butler, have incurr'd his Displeasure, for offering to speak in my Behalf, Mrs. *Jervis* too is in Danger; for all these Three, belike, went together to beg in my Favour; for now it is known where I am.

Mrs. *Jewkes* has, with the News about my Master, receiv'd a Letter; but she says the Contents are too bad for me to know. They must be bad indeed, if they be worse than what I have already known.

JUST now the horrid Creature tells me, as a Secret, that she has Reason to think he has found a way to satisfy my Scruples: It is, by marrying me to this dreadful *Colbrand*, and buying me of him on the Wedding day, for a Sum of Money!—Was ever the like heard?—She says it will be my Duty to obey my Husband; and that Mr. *Williams* will be forced, as a Punishment, to marry us; and that when my Master has paid for me, and I am surrender'd up, the *Swiss* is to go home again, with the Money, to his former Wife and Children; for she says, it is the Custom of those People to have a Wife in every Nation.

BUT

BUT this, to be sure, is horrid romancing! Yet, abominable as it is, it may possibly serve to introduce some Plot now hatching! With what strange Perplexities is my poor Mind agitated! Perchance, some Sham-marriage may be design'd on purpose to ruin me: But can a Husband sell his Wife, against her own Consent?----- And will such a Bargain stand good in Law?

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, *the 32d, 33d, and 34th Days of my Imprisonment.*

NOTHING offers these Days but Squabbles between Mrs. *Jewkes* and me. She grows worse and worse to me. I vex'd her Yesterday, because she talk'd nastily; and told her she talk'd more like a vile *London* Prostitute, than a Gentleman's Housekeeper; and she thinks she cannot use me bad enough for it. Bless me! she curses and storms at me like a Trooper, and can hardly keep her Hands off me. You may believe she must talk sadly to make me say such harsh Words: Indeed it cannot be repeated; and she is a Disgrace to her Sex. And then she ridicules me, and laughs at my Notions of Honesty; and tells me, impudent Creature as she is! what a fine Bedfellow I shall make for my Master, (and such-like) with such whimsical Notions about me!—Do you think this is to be borne? And yet she talks worse than this, if possible! Quite filthily! O what vile Hands am I put into!

THURS-

T H U R S D A Y.

I HAVE now all the Reason that can be, to apprehend my Master will be here soon; for the Servants are busy in setting the House to rights; and a Stable and Coach-house are cleaning out, that have not been used some time. I ask Mrs. Jewkes, but she tells me nothing, nor will hardly answer me when I ask her a Question. Sometimes I think she puts on these strange wicked Airs to me, purposely to make me wish for, what I most of all things dread, my Master's coming down. *He talk of Love!* — If he had any the least Notion of Regard for me, to be sure he would not give this naughty Body such Power over me: — And if he *does* come, where is his Promise of not seeing me without I consent to it? But, it seems, *His Honour owes me nothing!* So he tells me in his Letter. And why? Because I am willing to keep mine. But, indeed, he says, *he hates me perfectly*; and it is plain he does, or I should not be left to the Mercy of this Woman; and, what is worse, to my woful Apprehensions.

F R I D A Y, the 36th Day of my Imprisonment.

I TOOK the Liberty yesterday Afternoon, finding the Gates open, to walk out before the House; and ere I was aware, had got to the
Bottom

Bottom of the long Row of Elms; and there I sat myself down upon the Steps of a sort of broad Stile, which leads into the Road that goes towards the Town. And as I sat musing about what always busies my Mind, I saw a whole Body of Folks running towards me from the House, Men and Women, as in a Fright. At first I wonder'd what was the Matter, till they came nearer; and I found they were all alarm'd, thinking I had attempted to get off. There was first the horrible *Colbrand*, running with his long Legs, well-nigh two Yards at a Stride; then there was one of the Grooms, poor Mr. *Williams's* Robber; then I 'spy'd *Nan*, half out of Breath; and the Cook-maid after her; and, lastly, came, waddling, as fast as she could, Mrs. *Fewkes*, exclaiming most bitterly, as I found, against me. *Colbrand* said, O how have you frighted us all! — And went behind me, lest I should run away, as I suppose.

I SAT still, to let them see I had no View to get away; for, besides the Improbability of succeeding, my last sad Attempt had cur'd me of enterprising again. And when Mrs. *Fewkes* came within hearing, I found her terribly incens'd, and raving about my Contrivances. Why, said I, should you be so concern'd? Here I have sat a few Minutes, and had not the least Thought of getting away, or going further; but to return as soon as it was duskish. She would not believe me; and the barbarous Creature struck at me with her horrid Fist, and,
I believe,

I believe, would have fell'd me, had not *Colbrand* interposed, and said, He saw me sitting still, looking about me, and not seeming to have the least Inclination to stir. But this would not serve: She order'd the two Maids to take me each by an Arm, and lead me back into the House, and up-stairs; and there I have been lock'd up ever since, without Shoes. In vain have I pleaded, that I had no Design, as indeed I had not the least; and last Night I was forced to lie between her and *Nan*; and I find she is resolv'd to make a Handle of this against me, and in her own Behalf. ----- Indeed, what with her Usage, and my own Apprehensions of still worse, I am quite weary of my Life.

J U S T now she has been with me, and given me my Shoes, and has laid her insolent Commands upon me, to dress myself in a Suit of Cloaths out of the Portmanteau, which I have not seen lately, against Three or Four o'Clock; for, she says, she is to have a Visit from Lady *Darnford's* Two Daughters, who come purposely to see me; and so she gave me the Key of the Portmanteau. But I will not obey her; and I told' her I would not be made a Shew of, nor see the Ladies. She left me, saying, It should be worse for me, if I did not. But how can that be?

Five o' Clock is come.

AND no young Ladies! — So that I fanfy —
But, hold! I hear their Coach, I believe.
I'll step to the Window. — I won't go down to
them, I am resolv'd. -----

Good Sirs! good Sirs! What will become
of me! Here is my Master come in his fine
Chariot! — Indeed he is! What shall I do?
Where shall I hide myself? — Oh! what shall
I do? Pray for me! But, Oh! you'll not see
this! — Now, good God of Heaven, preserve
me! if it be thy blessed Will!

Seven o' Clock.

TH O' I dread to see him, yet do I wonder I
have not. To be sure something is re-
solving against me, and he stays to hear all her
Stories. I can hardly write; yet, as I can do
nothing else, I know not how to forbear! —
Yet I cannot hold my Pen! — How crooked
and trembling the Lines! — I must leave off,
till I can get quieter Fingers! — Why should
the Guiltless tremble so, when the Guilty can
possess their Minds in Peace?

SATURDAY Morning.

NOW let me give you an Account of what
pass'd last Night; for I had no Power to
write, nor yet Opportunity, till now.

THIS

THIS vile Woman held my Master till half an Hour after Seven; and he came hither about Five in the Afternoon. And then I heard his Voice on the Stairs, as he was coming up to me. It was about his Supper; for he said, I shall chuse a boil'd Chicken, with Butter and Parsley. ----- And up he came!

HE put on a stern and majestick Air; and he can look very majestick when he pleases. Well, perverse *Pamela*, ungrateful Runaway, said he, for my first Salutation! ----- You do well, don't you, to give me all this Trouble and Vexation? I could not speak; but throwing myself on the Floor, hid my Face, and was ready to die with Grief and Apprehension. ----- He said, Well may you hide your Face! well may you be ashamed to see me, vile forward one, as you are! ----- I sobb'd, and wept, but could not speak. And he let me lie, and went to the Door, and call'd Mrs. *Jewkes*. ----- There, said he, take up that fallen Angel! ----- Once I thought her as innocent as an Angel of Light. But now I have no Patience with her. The little Hypocrite prostrates herself thus, in hopes to move my Weakness in her Favour, and that I'll raise her from the Floor myself. But I shall not touch her: No, said he, cruel Gentleman as he was! let such Fellows as *Williams* be taken in by her artful Wiles! I know her now, and see, she is for any Fool's Turn, that will be caught by her.

I SIGHED,

I SIGHED, as if my Heart would break!----
 And Mrs. *Jewkes* lifted me up upon my Knees;
 for I trembled so, I could not stand. Come,
 said she, Mrs. *Pamela*, learn to know your best
 Friend! confess your Behaviour, and beg his
 Honour's Forgiveness of all your Faults. I
 was ready to faint; and he said, She is Mistress
 of Arts, I'll assure you; and will mimick a Fit,
 ten to one, in a Minute.

I WAS struck to the Heart at this; but could
 not speak presently; only lifted up my Eyes to
 Heaven!---- And at last made shift to say --- God
 forgive you, Sir! --- He seem'd in a great Pas-
 sion, and walk'd up and down the Room, casting
 sometimes an Eye upon me, and seeming as if
 he would have spoken, but check'd himself----
 And at last he said, When she has *acted* this her
first Part over, perhaps I will see her again, and
 she shall *soon* know what she has to trust to.

AND so he went out of the Room: And I
 was quite sick at Heart! --- Surely, said I, I am
 the wickedest Creature that ever breath'd!
 Well, said the Impertinent, not so wicked as
that neither; but I am glad you begin to see
 your Faults. Nothing like being humble! ---
 Come, I'll stand your Friend, and plead for
 you, if you'll promise to be more dutiful for
 the future: Come, come, added the Wretch,
 this may be all made up by to-morrow Morning,
 if you are not a Fool. --- Begone, hideous
 Woman! said I; and let not my Afflictions be
 added to by thy inexorable Cruelty, and unwomanly
 Wickedness.

SHE gave me a Push, and went way in a violent Passion. And it seems, she made a Story of this; and said, I had such a Spirit, there was no bearing it.

I LAID me down on the Floor, and had no Power to stir, till the Clock struck Nine; and then the wicked Woman came up again. You must come down-stairs, said she, to my Master; that is, if you please, Spirit! — Said I, I believe I cannot stand. Then, said she, I'll send up *Monf. Colbrand* to carry you down.

I GOT up, as well as I could, and trembled all the way down-stairs. And she went before me into the Parlour; and a new Servant, that he had waiting on him instead of *John*, withdrew as soon as I came in. And, by-the-way, he had a new Coachman too, which looked as if *Bedfordshire Robin* was turn'd away.

I THOUGHT, said he, when I came down, you should have sat at Table with me, when I had not Company; but when I find you cannot forget your Original, but must prefer my Menials to me, I call you down to wait on me, while I sup, that I may have some Talk with you, and throw away as little Time as possible upon you.

SIR, said I, you do me Honour to wait upon you: — And I never shall, I hope, forget my Original. But I was forced to stand behind his Chair, that I might hold by it. Fill me, said he, a Glass of that *Burgundy*. I went to do it; but my Hand shook so, that I could not hold the Plate with the Glass in it, and spilt some of
the

the Wine. So Mrs. *Jewkes* pour'd it for me, and I carried it as well as I could; and made a low Court'sy. He took it, and said, Stand behind me, out of my Sight.

WHY, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, you tell me, she remains very sullen still, and eats nothing. No, said she, not so much as to keep Life and Soul together. — And is always crying, you say, too? Yes, Sir, answer'd she, I think she is, for one thing or another. Ay, said he, your young Wenches will feed upon their Tears; and their Obstinacy will serve them for Meat and Drink. I think I never saw her look better, tho', in my Life! ---- But I suppose she lives upon Love. This sweet Mr. *Williams*, and her little villainous Plots together, have kept her alive and well, to be sure: For Mischief, Love, and Contradiction, are the natural Aliments of a Woman.

POOR I was forced to hear all this, and be silent; and indeed my Heart was too full to speak.

AND so you say, said he, that she had *another* Project, but Yesterday, to get away. She denies it herself, said she; but it had all the Appearance of one. I'm sure she made me in a fearful Pucker about it. And I am glad your Honour is come, with all my Heart; and I hope, whatever be your Honour's Intention concerning her, you will not be long about it; for you'll find her as slippery as an Eel, I'll assure you!

SIR, said I, and clasp'd his Knees with my Arms, not knowing what I did, and falling on

my Knees, Have Mercy on me, and hear me, concerning that wicked Woman's Usage of me-----

HE cruelly interrupted me, and said, I am satisfy'd she has done her Duty: It signifies nothing what you say against Mrs. *Jewkes*. That you are here, little Hypocrite as you are, pleading your Cause before me, is owing to her Care of you; else you had been with the Parson.---- Wicked Girl! said he, to tempt a Man to undo himself, as you have done him, at a Time when I was on the Point of making him happy for his Life!

I ROSE, but said, with a deep Sigh, I have done!---- I have done!---- I have a strange Tribunal to plead before. The poor Sheep, in the Fable, had such an one; when it was try'd before the Vultur, on the Accusation of the Wolf!

So, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, you are the Wolf, I the Vultur, and this the poor harmless Lamb, on her Trial before us---- Oh! you don't know how well this Innocent is read in Reflection. She has Wit at Will, when she has a mind to display her own romantick Innocence, at the Price of other People's Characters.

WELL, said the aggravating Creature, this is nothing to what she has call'd me; I have been a *Jezebel*, a *London* Prostitute, and what not?----- But I am contented with her ill Names, now I see it is her Fashion, and she can call your Honour a Vultur.

SAID I, I had no Thought of comparing my Master---- And was going to say on: But
he

he said, Don't prate, Girl!-----No, said she, it don't become you, I'm sure.

WELL, said I, since I must not speak, I will hold my Peace: But there is a righteous Judge, who knows the Secrets of all Hearts! and to Him I appeal.

SEE there! said he: Now this meek, good Creature is praying for Fire from Heaven upon us! O she can curse most heartily, in the Spirit of Christian Meekness, I'll assure you!-----Come, Saucy-face, give me another Glas of Wine!

So I did, as well as I could; but wept so, that he said, I suppose I shall have some of your Tears in my Wine!

WHEN he had supp'd, he stood up, and said, O how happy for you it is, that you can, at Will, make your speaking Eyes overflow in this manner, without losing any of their Brilliancy! You have been told, I suppose, that you are *most* beautiful in your Tears!-----Did you ever, said he to *her*, (who all this while was standing in one Corner of the Parlour) see a more charming Creature than this? Is it to be wonder'd at, that I demean myself thus to take Notice of her!---See, said he, and took the Glas with one Hand, and turn'd me round with the other, What a Shape! what a Neck! what a Hand! and what a Bloom in that lovely Face!-----But who can describe the Tricks and Artifices, that lie lurking in her little, plotting, guileful Heart! 'Tis no Wonder the poor Parson was infatuated with her!-----I blame him less than I do her;

for who could expect such Artifice in so young a Sorceress!

I WENT to the further Part of the Room, and held my Face against the Wainscot; and, in spite of all I could do to refrain crying, sobb'd, as if my Heart would break. He said, I am surpris'd, Mrs. *Fewkes*, at the Mistake of the Letters you tell me of! But, you see, I am not afraid any body should read what I write. I don't carry on private Correspondencies, and reveal every Secret that comes to my Knowledge, and then corrupt People to carry my Letters, against their Duty, and all good Conscience.

COME hither, Hussy, said he; you and I have a dreadful Reckoning to make. — Why don't you come, when I bid you? — Fie upon it! Mrs. *Pamela*, said she: What! not stir, when his Honour commands you to come to him! — Who knows but his Goodness will forgive you?

HE came to me, (for I had no Power to stir) and put his Arms about my Neck, and would kiss me; and said, Well, Mrs. *Fewkes*, if it were not for the Thought of this cursed Parson, I believe in my Heart, so great is my Weakness, that I could *yet* forgive this intriguing little Slut, and take her to my Bosom.

O, SAID the Sycophant, you are very good, Sir, very forgiving indeed! — But come, added the profligate Wretch, I hope you will be so good, as to take her to your Bosom; and that,
by

by to-morrow Morning, you'll bring her to a better Sense of her Duty!

COULD any thing, in Womanhood, be so vile? I had no Patience: But yet Grief and Indignation choaked up the Passage of my Words; and I could only stammer out a passionate Exclamation to Heaven, to protect my Innocence: But the Word was the Subject of their Ridicule. Was ever poor Creature worse beset!

HE said, as if he had been considering whether he could forgive me or not, No, I cannot yet forgive her neither --- She has given me great Disturbance; has brought great Discredit upon me, both abroad and at home; has corrupted all my Servants at the other House; has despised my honourable Views and Intentions to her, and sought to run away with this ingrateful Parson --- And surely I ought not to forgive all this! --- Yet, with all this wretched Grimace, he kissed me again, and would have put his Hand in my Bosom; but I struggled, and said, I would *die* before I would be used thus. --- Consider, *Pamela*, said he, in a threat'ning Tone, consider where you are! and don't play the Fool: If you do, a more dreadful Fate awaits you than you expect. But, take her up-stairs, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and I'll send a few Lines to her to consider of; and let me have your Answer, *Pamela*, in the Morning. Till then you have to resolve: And after that, your Doom is fix'd. --- So I went up-stairs, and gave myself up to Grief, and Expectation of what he would send: But yet I was glad of this Night's Reprieve!

HE sent me, however, nothing at all. And about Twelve o'Clock, Mrs. *Jewkes* and *Nan* came up, as the Night before, to be my Bed-fellows; and I would go to-bed with some of my Cloaths on, which they mutter'd at sadly; and Mrs. *Jewkes* rail'd at me particularly: Indeed I would have sat up all Night, for Fear, if she would have let me. For I had but very little Rest that Night, apprehending this Woman would let my Master in. She did nothing but praise him, and blame me; but I answer'd her as little as I could.

HE has Sir *Simon Tell-tale*, alias *Darnford*, to dine with him To-day, whose Family sent to welcome him into the Country; and it seems, the old Knight wants to see me; so I suppose I shall be sent for, as *Samson* was, to make Sport for him — Here I am, and must bear it all!

Twelve o'Clock, Saturday Noon.

JUST now he has sent me up, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, the following Proposals. So here are the honourable Intentions all at once laid open. They are, my dear Parents, to make me a vile kept Mistress: Which, I hope, I shall always detest the Thoughts of. But you'll see how they are accommodated to what I should have most desir'd, could I have honestly promoted it, your Welfare and Happiness. I have answer'd

answer'd them, as I'm sure you'll approve; and I am prepar'd for the worst: For tho' I fear there will be nothing omitted to ruin me, and tho' my poor Strength will not be able to defend me, yet I will be innocent of Crime in my Intention, and in the Sight of God; and to Him leave the avenging of all my Wrongs, in his own good Time and Manner. I shall write to you my Answer against his Articles; and hope the best, tho' I fear the worst. But if I should come home to you ruin'd and undone, and may not be able to look you in the Face; yet pity and inspirit the poor *Pamela*, to make her little Remnant of Life easy; for long I shall not survive my Disgrace. And you may be assured it shall not be my Fault, if it be my Misfortune.

" TO Mrs PAMELA This is my ANSWER.
 " ANDREWS.

" *The following AR-* *Forgive, good Sir, the*
 " *TICLES are* *Spirit your poor Ser-*
 " *proposed to your* *vant is about to shew*
 " *serious Consider-* *in her Answer to*
 " *ation; and let me* *your ARTICLES.*
 " *have an Answer,* *Not to be warm, and*
 " *in Writing, to* *in earnest, on such*
 " *them; that I may* *an Occasion as the*
 " *take my Resolu-* *present, would shew*
 " *tions accordingly.* *a Degree of Guilt,*
 " *Only remember,* *that, I hope, my Soul*
 " *that I will not* *abhors. I will not*
 " *be trifled with;* *trifle with you, nor*
 " and *act*

“ *and what you give*
 “ *for Answer, will*
 “ *absolutely decide*
 “ *your Fate, with-*
 “ *out Expostulation*
 “ *or further Trou-*
 “ *ble;*

act like a Person
doubtful of her own
Mind; for it wants
not one Moment's
Consideration with
me; and I therefore
return the ANSWER
following, let what
will be the Conse-
quence:

“ I. **I** F you can con-
 “ vince me, that
 “ the hated Parson has
 “ had no Encourage-
 “ ment from you in
 “ his Addresses; and
 “ that you have no In-
 “ clination for him, in
 “ Preference to me;
 “ then I will offer the
 “ following Proposals
 “ to you, which I
 “ will punctually make
 “ good.

I. **A** S to the first Arti-
 cle, Sir, it may
 behove me (that I may
 not deserve, in your
 Opinion, the oppro-
 brious Terms of *for-*
ward, and *artful*, and
 such-like) to declare so-
 lemnly, that Mr. *Wil-*
liams never had the
 least Encouragement
 from me, as to what
 you hint; and I believe
 his principal Motive
 was the apprehended
 Duty of his Function,
 quite contrary to his
 apparent Interest, to as-
 sist a Person he thought
 in Distress. You may,
 Sir, the rather believe
 me, when I declare,
 that

“ II.

that I know not the Man breathing I would wish to marry; and that the only one I could honour more than another, is the Gentleman, who, of all others, seeks my everlasting Dishonour.

“ II. I WILL directly
“ ly make you a Present
“ of 500 *Guineas*, for
“ your own Use, which
“ you may dispose of
“ to any Purpose you
“ please: And will give
“ it absolutely into the
“ Hands of any Person
“ you shall appoint to
“ receive it; and expect
“ no Favour in Return,
“ till you are satisfy’d
“ in the Possession of
“ it.

“ III. I WILL like-
“ wise directly make
“ over to you a Pur-
“ chase I lately made
“ in

II. As to your second Proposal, let the Consequence be what it will, I reject it with all my Soul. Money, Sir, is not my chief Good: May God Almighty desert me, whenever it is; and whenever, for the sake of that, I can give up my Title to that blessed Hope which will stand me in stead, at a Time when Millions of Gold will not purchase one happy Moment of Reflection on a past mis-spent Life!

III. YOUR third Proposal, Sir, I reject, for the same Reason; and am sorry you could think

“ in *Kent*, which
 “ brings in 250 *l.*
 “ *per Annum*, clear of
 “ all Deductions. This
 “ shall be made over
 “ to you in full Pro-
 “ perty for your Life,
 “ and for the Lives of
 “ any Children, to Per-
 “ petuity, that you
 “ may happen to have :
 “ And your Father
 “ shall be immediately
 “ put into Possession
 “ of it in Trust for
 “ these Purposes. And
 “ the Management of
 “ it will yield a com-
 “ fortable Subsistence
 “ to him and your Mo-
 “ ther, for Life; and
 “ I will make up any
 “ Deficiencies, if such
 “ should happen, to
 “ that clear Sum, and
 “ allow him 50 *l. per*
 “ *Annum* besides, for
 “ his Life, and that of
 “ your Mother, for
 “ his Care and Ma-
 “ nagement of this
 “ your Estate.

think my poor honest
 Parents would enter
 into their Part of it,
 and be concern'd for
 the Management of an
 Estate, which would be
 owing to the Prosti-
 tution of their poor
 Daughter. Forgive,
 Sir, my Warmth on
 this Occasion; but you
 know not the poor
 Man, and the poor
 Woman, my ever dear
 Father and Mother, if
 you think, that they
 would not much rather
 chuse to starve in a
 Ditch, or rot in a no-
 some Dungeon, than
 accept of the Fortune
 of a Monarch, upon
 such wicked Terms. I
 dare not say all that my
 full Mind suggests to me
 on this grievous Occa-
 sion. ----- But indeed,
 Sir, you know them
 not; nor shall the Ter-
 rors of Death, in its
 most frightful Forms, I
 hope, thro' God's assist-
 ing Grace, ever make
 me

me as unworthy of
such poor honest Pa-
rents!

“IV. I WILL, more-
“ over, extend my Fa-
“ vour to any other of
“ your Relations, that
“ you may think wor-
“ thy of it, or that are
“ valued by you.

IV. YOUR Fourth
Proposal, I take upon
me, Sir, to answer as
the Third. If I have
any Friends that want
the Favour of the Great,
may they *ever* want it,
if they are capable of
desiring it on unworthy
Terms!

“ V. I WILL, besides,
“ order Patterns to be
“ sent you for chusing
“ Four complete Suits
“ of rich Cloaths, that
“ you may appear with
“ Reputation, as if you
“ were my Wife.
“ And I will give you
“ the Two Diamond
“ Rings, and Two
“ Pair of Ear-rings,
“ and Diamond Neck-
“ lace, that were
“ bought to present to
“ Miss *Tomlins*, if the
“ Match that was pro-
“ posed between her
“ and

V. FINE Cloaths,
Sir, become not me;
nor have I any Ambi-
tion to wear them. I
have greater Pride in
my Poverty and Mean-
ness, than I should have
in Dress and Finery.
Believe me, Sir, I think
such things less become
the humble-born *Pa-
mela*, than the Rags
your good Mother rais'd
me from. Your Rings,
Sir, your Necklace, and
your Ear-rings, will bet-
ter besit Ladies of De-
gree, than me: And to
lose

“ and me had been
 “ brought to Effect :
 “ And I will confer
 “ upon you still *other*
 “ Gratuities, as I shall
 “ find myself obliged,
 “ by your good Beha-
 “ viour and Affection.

lose the best Jewel, my
 Virtue, would be poor-
 ly recompens'd by those
 you propose to give
 me. What should I
 think, when I looked
 upon my Finger, or
 saw, in the Glass, those
 Diamonds on my Neck,
 and in my Ears, but
 that they were the
 Price of my Honesty;
 and that I *wore* those
 Jewels outwardly, be-
 cause I had none in-
 wardly?

“ VI. Now, *Pa-*
 “ *mela*, will you see
 “ by this, what a Va-
 “ lue I set upon the
 “ Free-will of a Person
 “ *already* in my Pow-
 “ er; and who, if these
 “ Proposals are not ac-
 “ cepted, shall find,
 “ that I have not taken
 “ all these Pains, and
 “ risked my Reputa-
 “ tion, as I have done,
 “ without resolving to
 “ gratify my Passion
 “ for you, at all Ad-
 “ ventures;

VI. I know, Sir,
 by woful Experience,
 that I am in your
 Power: I know all the
 Resistance I can make
 will be poor and weak,
 and perhaps stand me
 in little stead: I dread
 your *Will* to ruin me is
 as great as your *Power*:
 Yet, Sir, will I dare to
 tell you, that I will make
 no Free-will Offering
 of my Virtue. All that
 I *can* do, poor as it is,
 I *will* do, to convince
 you,

“ ventures; and if you
 “ refuse, without mak-
 “ ing any Terms at all.

you, that your Offers
 shall have no Part in my
 Choice; and if I can-
 not escape the Violence
 of Man, I hope, by
 God's Grace, I shall
 have nothing to re-
 proach myself, for not
 doing all in my Power
 to avoid my Disgrace;
 and then I can safely
 appeal to the great God,
 my only Refuge and
 Protector, with this
 Consolation, That my
 Will bore no Part in
 the Violation.

“ VII. You shall be
 “ Mistress of my Per-
 “ son and Fortune, as
 “ much as if the fool-
 “ ish Ceremony had
 “ passed. All my Ser-
 “ vants shall be yours;
 “ and you shall chuse
 “ any Two Persons to
 “ attend yourself, ei-
 “ ther Male or Female,
 “ without any Con-
 “ troul of mine; and
 “ if your Conduct be
 “ such,

VII. I HAVE not
 once dared to look so
 high, as to such a Pro-
 posal as your Seventh
 Article contains. Hence
 have proceeded all my
 little, abortive Artifices
 to escape from the Con-
 finement you have put
 me in; altho' you pro-
 mis'd to be honourable
 to me. Your Honour,
 well I knew, would
 not let you stoop to so
 mean

" such, that I have
 " Reason to be satis-
 " fy'd with it, I know
 " not (tho' I will not
 " engage for this) but I
 " may, after a Twelve-
 " month's Cohabita-
 " tion, marry you; for
 " if my Love increases
 " for you, as it has done
 " for many Months
 " past, it will be impos-
 " sible for me to deny
 " you any thing.

" AND now, *Pame-*
 " *la*, consider well,
 " it is in your Power
 " to oblige me on
 " such Terms, as
 " will make your-
 " self, and all your
 " Friends, happy :
 " But this will be
 " over this very Day,
 " irrevocably over ;
 " and you shall find
 " all you would be
 " thought to fear,
 " without the least
 " Benefit arising
 " from it to your
 " self.

— AND

mean and so unworthily
 a Slave, as the poor
Pamela: All I desire
 is, to be permitted to
 return to my native
 Meanness, unviolated:
 What have I done, Sir,
 to deserve it should be
 otherwise? For the ob-
 taining of this, tho' I
 would not have *mar-*
ry'd your Chaplain, yet
 would I have *run away*
 with your meanest Ser-
 vant, if I had thought I
 could have got safe to
 my beloved Poverty. I
 heard you once say,
 Sir, That a certain great
 Commander, who
 could live upon Len-
 tils, might well refuse
 the Bribes of the great-
 est Monarch: And, I
 hope, as I can content-
 edly live at the meanest
 Rate, and think not
 myself above the lowest
 Condition, that I am
 also above making an
 Exchange of my Ho-
 nesty for all the Riches
 of the *Indies*. When
 I come

“ AND I beg you I come to be proud and
 “ will well weigh vain of gaudy Apparel,
 “ the Matter, and and outside Finery;
 “ comply with my then (which, I hope,
 “ Proposals; and I will never be) may I
 “ will instantly set rest my principal Good
 “ about securing to in such vain Trinkets,
 “ you the full Effect and despise for them
 “ of them: And let the more solid Orna-
 “ me, if you value ments of a good Fame,
 “ yourself, experi- and a Chastity invio-
 “ ence a grateful Re- late!
 “ turn on this Occa- GIVE me leave to
 “ sion; and I’ll for- say, Sir, in Answer to
 “ give all that’s past.” what you hint, That

you may, in a Twelve-

month’s Time, marry me, on the Continuance
 of my good Behaviour; that *this* weighs less with
 me, if possible, than any thing else you have said.
 For, in the first Place, there is an End of all
 Merit, and all good Behaviour, on my Side, if
 I have *now* any, the Moment I consent to your
 Proposals. And I should be so far from *expect-*
ing such an Honour, that I will pronounce, that
 I should be most *unworthy* of it. What, Sir,
 would the World say, were you to marry your
 Harlot? — That a Gentleman of your Rank in
 Life, should stoop, not only to the base-born
Pamela, but to a base-born Prostitute? — Little,
 Sir, as I know of the World, I am not to be
 caught with a Bait so poorly cover’d as this!

YET, after all, dreadful is the Thought,
 that I, a poor, weak, friendless, unhappy

Creature, am too fully in your Power! But permit me, Sir, to pray, as I now write, on my bended Knees, That before you resolve upon my Ruin, you will weigh well the Matter. Hitherto, Sir, tho' you have taken large Strides to this crying Sin, yet are you on *this* Side the Commission of it. — When once it is done, nothing can recal it! And where will be your Triumph? — What Glory will the Spoils of such a weak Enemy yield you? Let me but enjoy my Poverty with Honesty, is all my Prayer; and I will *bleſs* you, and *pray* for you, every Moment of my Life! Think, O think! before it is yet too late! what Stings, what Remorse will attend your dying Hour, when you come to reflect, that you have ruin'd, perhaps, Soul and Body, a wretched Creature, whose only Pride was her *Virtue*! And how pleas'd you will be, on the contrary, if in that tremendous Moment you shall be able to acquit yourself of this foul Crime, and to plead in your own Behalf, that you suffer'd the earnest Supplications of an unhappy Wretch to prevail with you to be innocent yourself, and let her remain so! — May God Almighty, whose Mercy so lately sav'd you from the Peril of perishing in deep Waters, (on which, I hope, you will give me *Cause* to congratulate you!) touch your Heart in my Favour, and save *you* from this *Sin*, and *me* from this *Ruin*! — And to Him do I commit my Cause; and to Him will I give the Glory, and Night and Day pray for you,

you, if I may be permitted to escape this great Evil! — From

Your poor, oppressed,

broken-spirited Servant.

I TOOK a Copy of this for your Perusal, my dear Parents, if I shall ever be so happy to see you again (for I hope my Conduct will be approv'd of by you); and at Night, when Sir *Simon* was gone, he sent for me down. Well, said he, have you consider'd my Proposals? Yes, Sir, said I, I have. And there is my Answer: But pray let me not see you read it. Is it your Bashfulness, said he, or your Obstinacy, that makes you not chuse I should read it before you?

I OFFER'D to go away; and he said, Don't run from me; I won't read it till you are gone. But, said he, tell me, *Pamela*, whether you comply with my Proposals, or not? Sir, said I, you will see presently; pray don't hold me! For he took my Hand. Said he, Did you well consider, before you answer'd?—I did, Sir, said I. If it be not what you think will please me, said he, dear Girl, take it back again, and reconsider it; for if I have this as your absolute Answer, and I don't like it, you are undone; for I will not sue meanly, where I can command. I fear, continued he, it is not what I like, by your Manner: And, let me tell you, That I cannot bear Denial. If the Terms I have offer'd are not sufficient, I will augment them to Two

Thirds of my Estate; for, said he, and swore a dreadful Oath, I cannot live without you: And since the thing is gone so far, I *will not*!----- And so he clasp'd me in his Arms, in such a manner as quite frightened me; and kissed me two or three times.

I GOT from him, and ran up-stairs, and went to the Closet, and was quite uneasy and fearful.

IN an Hour's time he call'd Mrs. *Jewkes* down to him; and I heard him very high in Passion: And all about poor me! And I heard her say, It was his own Fault; there would be an End of all my Complaining and Perverseness, if he was once resolv'd; and other most impudent Aggravations. I am resolv'd not to go to-bed this Night, if I can help it.---Lie still, lie still, my poor fluttering Heart!---- What will become of me!

Almost Twelve o'Clock SATURDAY Night.

HE sent Mrs. *Jewkes*, about Ten o'Clock, to tell me to come to him. Where? said I. I'll shew you, said she. I went down three or four Steps, and saw her making to his Chamber, the Door of which was open: So I said, I cannot go thither!---Don't be foolish, said she; but come; no Harm will be done to you!---Well, said I, if I die, I cannot go thither. I heard him say, Let her come, or it shall be worse for her. I can't bear, said he, to speak
to

to her myself! — Well, said I, I cannot come, indeed I cannot; and so I went up again into my Closet, expecting to be fetch'd by Force.

BUT she came up soon after, and bad me make haste to-bed: Said I, I will not go to-bed this Night, that's certain! — Then, said she, you shall be *made* to come to-bed; and *Nan* and I will undress you. I knew neither Prayers nor Tears would move this wicked Woman: So I said, I am sure you will let my Master in, and I shall be undone! Mighty Piece of Undone! she said: But he was too much exasperated against me, to be so familiar with me, she would assure me! — Ay, said she, you'll be disposed of another way soon, I can tell you, for your Comfort: And I hope your *Husband* will have your Obedience, tho' nobody else can have it. No Husband in the World, said I, shall make me do an unjust or base thing. — She said, That would be soon try'd; and *Nan* coming in, What, said I, am I to have *Two* Bed-fellows again, these warm Nights? Yes, said she, Slippery-one, you are, till you can have *One good one* instead of us. Said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't talk nastily to me. I see you are beginning again; and I shall affront you, may-be; for next to bad Actions, are bad Words; for they could not be spoken, if they were not in the Heart. — Come to-bed, Purity! said she. You are a Nonfuch, I suppose. Indeed, said I, I can't come to-bed; and it will do you no Harm to let me sit all Night in the great Chair. *Nan*, said she, undress my young Lady. If she won't

let you, I'll help you: And if neither of us can do it quietly, we'll call my Master to do it for us; tho', said she, I think it an Office worthier of Monsieur *Colbrand*! — You are very wicked, said I. I know it, said she: I am a *Jezebel*, and a *London* Prostitute, you know. You did great Feats, said I, to tell my Master all this poor Stuff! But you did not tell him how you beat me. No, Lambkin, said she, (a Word I had not heard a good while) that I left for you to tell; and you was going to do it, if the *Vultur* had not taken the *Wolf's* Part, and bid the poor innocent *Lamb* be silent! — Ay, said I, no matter for your Fleers, Mrs. *Jewkes*; tho' I can have neither Justice nor Mercy here, and cannot be heard in my Defence, yet a Time will come, may-be, when I *shall* be heard, and when your own Guilt will strike you dumb. — Ay! Spirit! said she; and the *Vultur* too! Must we *both* be dumb? Why that, Lambkin, will be pretty! — Then, said the wicked one, you'll have all the Talk to yourself! — Then how will the Tongue of the pretty Lambkin bleat out *Innocence*, and *Virtue*, and *Honesty*, till the whole Trial be at an End! — You're a wicked Woman, that's certain, said I; and if you thought any thing of another World, could not talk thus. But no Wonder! — It shews what Hands I am got into! — Ay, so it does, said she; but I beg you'll undress, and come to-bed, or I believe your Innocence won't keep you from *still worse* Hands. I will come to-bed, said I, if you will let me have the Keys in my

my own Hand; not else, if I can help it. Yes, said she, and then, hey for another Contrivance; another Escape! — No, no, said I, all my Contrivances are over, I'll assure you! Pray let me have the Keys, and I will come to-bed. She came to me, and took me in her huge Arms, as if I was a Feather; said she, I do this to shew you, what a poor Resistance you can make against me, if I pleased to exert myself; and so, Lambkin, don't say to your Wolf, I *won't* come to-bed! — And set me down, and tapp'd me on the Neck: Ah! said she, thou art a pretty Creature, it's true; but so obstinate! so full of Spirit! If thy Strength was but answerable to that, thou wouldst run away with us all, and this great House too on thy Back! — But undress, undress, I tell you.

WELL, said I, I see my Misfortunes make you very merry, and very witty too: But I will *love* you, if you will humour me with the Keys of the Chamber-doors. — Are you *sure* you will love me? said she: — Now speak your Conscience! — Why, said I, you must not put it so close; neither would you, if you thought you had not given Reason to doubt it! — But I will love you as well as I can! — I would not tell a wilful Lye: And if I did, you would not believe me, after your hard Usage of me. Well, said she, that's all fair, I own! — But, *Nan*, pray pull off my young Lady's Shoes and Stockens. — No, pray don't, said I, I will come to-bed presently, since I must.

AND so I went to the Closet, and scribbled a little about this idle Chit-chat. And she being importunate, I was forced to go to-bed; but with some of my Cloaths on, as the former Night; and she let me hold the Two Keys; for there are Two Locks, there being a double Door; and so I got a little Sleep that Night, having had none for two or three Nights before.

I CAN'T imagine what she means; but *Nan* offer'd to talk a little once or twice; and she snubb'd her, and said, I charge you, *Wench*, don't open your Lips before me! And if you are ask'd any Questions by Mrs. *Pamela*, don't answer her one Word, while I am here! — But she is a lordly Woman to the Maid-servants, and that has always been her Character. O how unlike good Mrs. *Jervis* in every thing!

SUNDAY Morning.

A THOUGHT came into my Head; I meant no Harm; but it was a little bold. For seeing my Master dressing to go to Church, and his Chariot getting ready, I went to my Closet, and I writ,

The Prayers of this Congregation are earnestly desir'd for a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour, who labours under a Temptation to exert his great Power to ruin a poor, distressed, worthless Maiden.

AND

AND also,

The Prayers of this Congregation are earnestly desired by a poor distressed Creature, for the Preservation of her Virtue and Innocence.

MRS. *Jewkes* came up: Always writing! said she; and would see it. And strait, all that ever I could say, carry'd it down to my Master. — He look'd upon it, and said, Tell her, she shall soon see how her Prayers are answer'd. She is very bold: But as she has rejected all my Favours, her Reckoning for all is not far off. I look'd after him out of the Window, and he was charmingly dress'd: To be sure, he is a handsome fine Gentleman;----- What Pity his Heart is not as good as his Appearance! Why can't I hate him?---- But don't be uneasy, if you should see this; for it is impossible I should love him; for his Vices all *ugly him over*, as I may say.

My Master sends Word, that he shall not come home to Dinner: I suppose he dines with this Sir *Simon Darnford*. I am much concern'd for poor Mr. *Williams*. Mrs. *Jewkes* says, he is confin'd still, and takes on much. All his Trouble is brought upon him for my sake: This grieves me much. My Master, it seems, will have his Money from him. This is very hard; for it is three Fifty Pounds, he gave him, as he thought, as a Salary for Three Years that he has been with him. But there
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was no Agreement between them; and he absolutely depended on my Master's Favour. To be sure, it was the more generous of him to run these Risques for the sake of oppressed Innocence; and I hope he will met with his Reward in due Time. Alas for me! I dare not plead for him; that would raise my Oppressor's Jealousy more. And I have not Interest to save myself!

SUNDAY Evening.

MR S. *Jewkes* has receiv'd a Line from my Master. I wonder what it is; for his Chariot is come home without him. But she will tell me nothing; so it is in vain to ask her. I am so fearful of Plots and Tricks, I know not what to do! Every thing I suspect; for now my Disgrace is avow'd, what can I think! To be sure the worst will be attempted! I can only pour out my Soul in Prayer to God, for his blessed Protection. But if I must suffer, let me not be long a mournful Survivor!---- Only let me not shorten my own Time sinfully!-----

THIS Woman left upon the Table, in the Chamber, this Letter of my Master's to her; and I bolted myself in, till I had transcrib'd it; you'll see how tremblingly, by the Lines. I wish poor Mr. *Williams's* Release at any Rate; but this Letter makes my Heart ake. Yet I have another Day's Reprieve, thank God!

“ *Mrs.*

" Mrs. JEWKES,

" I HAVE been so press'd on *Williams's*
" Affair, that I shall set out this Afternoon,
" in Sir *Simon's* Chariot, and with Parson *Pe-*
" ters, who is his Intercessor, for *Stamford*;
" and shall not be back till to-morrow Even-
" ing, if then. As to your Ward, I am tho-
" roughly incensed against her. She has with-
" stood her Time; and now, would she sign
" and seal to my Articles, it is too late. I
" shall discover something, perhaps, by him;
" and will, on my Return, let her know, that
" all her ensnaring Loveliness shall not save her
" from the Fate that awaits her. But let her
" know nothing of this, lest it put her fruitful
" Mind upon Plots and Artifices. Besure trust
" her not without another with you at Night,
" lest she venture the Window in her foolish
" Rashness: For I shall require her at your
" Hands.

" Yours, &c."

I HAD but just finished taking a Copy of this,
and laid the Letter where I had it, and unbolted
the Door, when she came up in a great Fright,
for fear I should have seen it; but I being in my
Closet, and that lying as she left it, she did
not mistrust. O, said she, I was afraid you
had seen my Master's Letter here, which I care-
lessly left on the Table. I wish, said I, I had
known

known that. Why sure, said she, if you had, you would not have offered to read my Letter! Indeed, said I, I should, at this time, if it had been in my way. — Do, let me see it. — Well, said she, I wish poor Mr. *Williams* well off; I understand my Master is gone to make up Matters with him; which is very good. To be sure, added she, he is a very good Gentleman, and very forgiving! — Why, said I, as if I had known nothing of the Matter, how can he make up Matters with him? Is not Mr. *Williams* at *Stamford*? Yes, said she, I believe so; but Parson *Peters* pleads for him, and he is gone with him to *Stamford*, and will not be back to-night: So, we have nothing to do, but to eat our Suppers betimes, and go to-bed. Ay, that's pure, said I; and I shall have good Rest, this Night, I hope. So, said she, you might every Night, but for your own idle Fears. You are afraid of your Friends, when none are near you. Ay, that's true, said I; for I have not one near me.

So have I one more good honest Night before me: What the next may be, I know not, and so I'll try to take in a good deal of Sleep, while I can be a little easy. Therefore here I say, Good-night, my dear Parents; for I have no more to write about this Night: And tho' his Letter shocks me, yet I will be as brisk as I can, that she mayn't suspect I have seen it.

TUESDAY Night.

FOR the future, I will always mistrust most, when Appearances look fairest. O your poor Daughter! what has she not suffer'd since what I wrote on *Sunday* Night! — My worst Trial, and my fearfullest Danger! O how I shudder to write you an Account of this wicked Interval of Time! For, my dear Parents, will you not be too much frighten'd and affected with my Distress, when I tell you, that his Journey to *Stamford* was all abominable Pretence? For he came home privately, and had well-nigh effected all his vile Purposes, and the Ruin of your poor Daughter; and that by such a Plot as I was not in the least apprehensive of: And Oh! you'll hear what a vile unwomanly Part that wicked Wretch, Mrs. *Jewkes*, acted in it.

I LEFT off with letting you know how much I was pleas'd, that I had one Night's Reprieve added to my Honesty. But I had less Occasion to rejoice than ever, as you will judge by what I have said already. Take then the dreadful Story as well as I can relate it.

THE Maid *Nan* is a little apt to drink, if she can get at Liquor; and Mrs. *Jewkes* happen'd, or design'd, as is too probable, to leave a Bottle of Cherry-brandi in her way, and the Wench drank some of it more than she should; and when she came to lay the Cloth, Mrs. *Jewkes* perceiv'd it, and fell a rating at her most sadly; for she has too many Faults of her own, to suffer

fer any of the like sort in any body else, if she can help it; and she bad her get out of her Sight, when we had supp'd, and go to-bed, to sleep off her Liquor, before we came to-bed. And so the poor Maid went muttering up-stairs.

ABOUT Two Hours after, which was near Eleven o'Clock, Mrs. *Jewkes* and I went up to go to-bed; I pleasing myself with what a charming Night I should have. We lock'd both Doors, and saw poor *Nan*, as I thought, (but Oh! 'twas my abominable Master; as you shall hear by-and-by) sitting fast asleep, in an Elbow-chair, in a dark Corner of the Room, with her Apron thrown over her Head and Neck. And Mrs. *Jewkes* said, There is that Beast of a Wench fast asleep, instead of being a-bed! I knew, said she, she had taken a fine Dose. I'll wake her, said I. No, don't, said she, let her sleep on; we shall lie better without her. Ay, said I, so we shall; but won't she get Cold?

SAID she, I hope you have no Writing to-night. No, reply'd I, I will go to bed with you, Mrs. *Jewkes*. Said she, I wonder what you can find to write about so much; and am sure you have better Conveniencies of that kind, and more Paper, than I am aware of; and I had intended to romage you, if my Master had not come down; for I spy'd a broken Tea-cup with Ink, which gave me a Suspicion; but as he is come, let him look after you, if he will; and if you deceive him, it will be his own Fault.

ALL this time we were undressing ourselves: And I fetch'd a deep Sigh! What do you sigh for?

for? said she. I am thinking, Mrs. *Jewkes*, answer'd I, what a sad Life I live, and how hard is my Lot. I am sure the Thief that has robb'd, is much better off than I, 'bating the Guilt; and I should, I think, take it for a Mercy, to be hang'd out of the way, rather than live in these cruel Apprehensions. So, being not sleepy, and in a prattling Vein, I began to give a little History of myself, as I did once before to Mrs. *Jervis*; in this manner.

HERE, said I, were my poor honest Parents; they took care to instil good Principles into my Mind, till I was almost Twelve Years of Age; and taught me to prefer Goodness and Poverty to the highest Condition of Life; and they confirm'd their Lessons by their own Practice; for they were of late Years remarkably poor, and always as remarkably honest, even to a Proverb; for, *As honest as Goodman ANDREWS*, was a Bye-word.

WELL, then, said I, comes my late dear good Lady, and takes a Fancy to me, and said, she would be the making of me, if I was a good Girl; and she put me to sing, to dance, to play on the Spinnet, in order to divert her melancholy Hours; and also taught me all manner of fine Needle-work; but still this was her Lesson, *My good Pamela, be virtuous, and keep the Men at a Distance.* Well, so I was, I hope, and so I did; and yet, tho' I say it, they all loved me, and respected me; and would do any thing for me, as if I was a Gentewoman.

BUT then, what comes next? — Why, it pleased God to take my good Lady; and then
comes

comes my Master: And what says he? — Why, in Effect, it is, *Be Not Virtuous*, Pamela.

So here have I lived above Sixteen Years in Virtue and Reputation, and, all at once, when I come to know what is Good, and what is Evil, I must renounce all the Good, all the whole Sixteen Years Innocence, which, next to God's Grace, I owed chiefly to my Parents and my Lady's good Lessons and Examples, and chuse the Evil; and so, in a Moment's Time, become the vilest of Creatures! And all this, for what, I pray? Why truly for a Pair of Diamond Ear-rings, a Necklace, and a Diamond Ring for my Finger; which would not become me: For a few paltry fine Cloaths; which, when I wore them, would make but my former Poverty more ridiculous to every body that saw me; especially when they knew the base Terms I wore them upon. But indeed, I was to have a great Parcel of Guineas beside; I forget how many; for had there been ten times more, they would not have been so much to me, as the honest Six Guineas you trick'd me out of, Mrs. Jewkes.

WELL, forsooth! but then I was to have I know not how many Pounds a Year for my Life; and my poor Father (there was the Jest of it!) was to be the Manager for the abandon'd Prostitute his Daughter: And then, (there was the Jest again!) my kind, forgiving, virtuous Master, would pardon me all my Misdeeds.

YES, thank him for nothing, truly! And what, pray, are all these violent Misdeeds? —

Why,

Why, they are, for daring to adhere to the good Lessons that were taught me; and not learning a new one, that would have reversed all my former; for not being contented, when I was run away with, in order to be ruin'd; but contriving, if my poor Wits had been able, to get out of Danger, and preserve myself honest.

THEN was he once jealous of poor *John*, tho' he knew *John* was his own Creature, and helped to deceive me.

THEN was he outrageous against poor Parson *Williams*; and him has this good, merciful Master thrown into Gaol; and for what? Why truly, for that being a Divine, and a good Man, he had the Fear of God before his Eyes, and was willing to forego all his Expectations of Interest, and assist an oppressed poor Creature.

BUT to be sure, I must be forward, bold, saucy, and what not? to dare to run away from certain Ruin, and to strive to escape from an unjust Confinement; and I must be married to the Parson, nothing so sure!

HE would have had but a poor Catch of me, had I consented; but he and *you* too, know, I did not want to marry *any body*. I only wanted to go to my poor Parents, and to have my own Liberty; and not to be laid under such an unlawful Restraint; and which would not have been attempted, but only that I am a poor, destitute, young Body, and have no Friend that is able to right me.

So, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, here is my History in brief. And I am a very unhappy young Crea-

ture, to be sure! — And why am I so? — Why, because my Master sees something in my Person that takes his present Fancy; and because I would not be undone, — why therefore, to chuse, I must, and I shall be undone! — And this is all the Reason that can be given!

SHE heard me run on all this time, while I was undressing, without any Interruption; and I said, Well, I must go to the Two Closets, ever since an Affair of the Closet at the other House, tho' he is so far off. And I have a good Mind to wake this poor Maid. No, don't, said she, I charge you. I am very angry with her, and she'll get no Harm there; and if she wakes, she may come to-bed well enough, as long as there is a Candle in the Chimney.

So I looked into the Closets, and kneeled down in my own, as I used to do, to say my Prayers, and this with my Under-cloaths in my Hand, all undress'd; and passed by the poor sleeping Wench, as I thought, in my Return. But, Oh! little did I think, it was my wicked, wicked Master in a Gown and Petticoat of hers, and her Apron over his Face and Shoulders. What Meannesses will not *Lucifer* make his Votaries stoop to, to gain their abominable Ends!

MRS. Jewkes by this time was got to-bed, on the further Side, as she used to be; and, to make room for the Maid, when she should awake, I got into Bed, and lay close to her. And I said, Where are the Keys? tho', said I, I am not so much afraid To-night. Here, said the

the wicked Woman, put your Arm under mine, and you shall find them about my Wrist, as they used to be. So I did, and the abominable Designer held my Hand with her Right-hand, as my Right-arm was under her Left.

IN less than a quarter of an Hour; I said, There's poor *Nan* awake; I hear her stir. Let us go to sleep, said she, and not mind her: She'll come to-bed, when she's quite awake. Poor Soul! said I, I'll warrant she will have the Head-ach finely To-morrow for this! Be silent, said she, and go to sleep; you keep me awake; and I never found you in so talkative a Humour in my Life. Don't chide me, said I; I will say but one thing more: Do you think *Nan* could hear me talk of my Master's Offers? No, no, said she, she was dead asleep. I'm glad of that, said I; because I would not expose my Master to his common Servants; and I knew you were no Stranger to his *fine* Articles. Said she, I think they *were* fine Articles; and you were bewitch'd you did not close with them: But let us go to sleep. So I was silent; and the pretended *Nan* (O wicked, base, villainous Designer! what a Plot, what an unexpected Plot was this!) seem'd to be awaking; and Mrs. *Jewkes*, abhorred Creature! said, Come, *Nan*! — What, are you awake at last? Pr'ythee come to-bed, for Mrs. *Pamela* is in a talking Fit, and won't go to sleep one while.

At that, the pretended She came to the Bed-side; and sitting down in a Chair, where the Curtain hid her, began to undress. Said I,

Poor Mrs. *Ann*, I warrant your Head akes most sadly! How do you do? --- She answer'd not one Word. Said the superlatively wicked Woman, You know I have order'd her not to answer you. And this Plot, to be sure, was laid when she gave her these Orders the Night before.

I HEARD her, as I thought, breathe all quick and short: Indeed, said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, the poor Maid is not well. What ails you, Mrs. *Ann*? And still no Answer was made.

BUT, I tremble to relate it! the pretended She came into Bed, but trembled like an Aspen-leaf; and I, poor Fool that I was! pitied her much. --- But well might the barbarous Deceiver tremble at his vile Dissimulation, and base Designs.

WHAT Words shall I find, my dear Mother, (for my Father should not see this shocking Part) to describe the rest, and my Confusion, when the guilty Wretch took my Left Arm, and laid it under his Neck, as the vile Procurefs held my Right; and then he clasp'd me round the Waist!

SAID I, Is the Wench mad? Why, how now, Confidence? thinking still it had been *Nan*. But he kissed me with frightful Vehemence; and then his Voice broke upon me like a Clap of Thunder: Now, *Pamela*, said he, is the dreadful Time of Reckoning come, that I have threaten'd! --- I scream'd out in such a manner, as never any body heard the like. But there was nobody to help me: And both my Hands were secured, as I said. Sure never poor Soul was in such Agonies as I. Wicked Man! said

I; wicked, abominable Woman! O God! my God! this *Time*, this *one* Time! deliver me from this Distress! or strike me dead this Moment. And then I scream'd again and again.

SAYS he, One Word with you, *Pamela*; one Word, hear me but; and hitherto you see I offer nothing to you. Is this *nothing*, said I, to be in Bed here? To hold my Hands between you? I will hear, if you will instantly leave the Bed, and take this villainous Woman from me!

SAID she, (O Disgrace of Womankind!) What you do, Sir, do; don't stand dilly-dallying. She cannot exclaim worse than she has done. And she'll be quieter when she knows the worst.

SILENCE! said he to her; I must say one Word to you, *Pamela*; it is this: You see, now you are in my Power! — You cannot get from me, nor help yourself: Yet have I not offer'd any thing amiss to you. But if you resolve not to comply with my Proposals, I will not lose this Opportunity: If you do, I will yet leave you.

O SIR, said I, leave me, leave me but, and I will do any thing I ought to do. — Swear then to me, said he, that you will accept my Proposals! — and then (for this was all detestable Grimace) he put his Hand in my Bosom. With Struggling, Fright, Terror, I fainted away quite, and did not come to myself soon; so that they both, from the cold Sweats that I was in, thought me dying — And I remember no more, than that, when, with great Diffi-

culty, they brought me to myself, she was sitting on one side of the Bed, with her Cloaths on; and he on the other with his, and in his Gown and Slippers.

YOUR poor *Pamela* cannot answer for the Liberties taken with her in her deplorable State of Death. And when I saw them there, I sat up in my Bed, without any Regard to what Appearance I made, and nothing about my Neck; and he soothing me, with an Aspect of Pity and Concern, I put my Hand to his Mouth, and said, O tell me, yet tell me not, what I have suffer'd in this Distress! And I talked quite wild, and knew not what; for, to be sure, I was on the Point of Distraction.

HE most solemnly, and with a bitter Imprecation, vow'd, that he had not offer'd the least Indecency; that he was frighten'd at the terrible Manner I was taken with the Fit: That he would desist from his Attempt; and begg'd but to see me easy and quiet, and he would leave me directly, and go to his own Bed. O then, said I, take with you this most wicked Woman, this vile Mrs. *Jewkes*, as an Earnest that I may believe you!

AND will you, Sir, said the wicked Wretch, for a Fit or two, give up such an Opportunity as this?—I thought you had known the Sex better.—She is now, you see, quite well again!

THIS I heard; more she might say; but I fainted away once more, at these Words, and at his clasping his Arms about me again. And when I came a little to myself, I saw him sit there,

there, and the Maid *Nan*, holding a Smelling-bottle to my Nose, and no Mrs. *Jewkes*.

HE said, taking my Hand, Now will I vow to you, my dear *Pamela*, that I will leave you the Moment I see you better, and pacify'd. Here's *Nan* knows, and will tell you, my Concern for you. I vow to God, I have not offered any Indecency to you. And since I found Mrs. *Jewkes* so offensive to you, I have sent her to the Maid's Bed, and the Maid shall lie with you To-night. And but promise me, that you will compose yourself, and I will leave you. But, said I, will not *Nan* also hold my Hand? And will not she let you come in again to me? — He said, By Heaven! I will not come in again To-night. *Nan*, undress yourself, go to-bed, and do all you can to comfort the dear Creature: And now, *Pamela*, said he, give me but your Hand, and say you forgive me, and I will leave you to your Repose. I held out my trembling Hand, which he vouchsafed to kiss; and I said, God forgive you, Sir, as you *have been* just in my Distress; and as you *will be* just to what you promise! And he withdrew, with a Countenance of Remorse, as I hoped; and she shut the Doors, and, at my Request, brought the Keys to-bed.

THIS, O my dear Parents! was a most dreadful Trial. I tremble still to think of it; and dare not recal all the horrid Circumstances of it. I hope, as he assures me, he was not guilty of Indecency; but have Reason to bless God, who,

by disabling me in my Faculties, impower'd me to preserve my Innocence; and when all my Strength would have signified nothing, magnified himself in my Weakness.

I WAS so weak all Day on *Monday*, that I could not get out of my Bed. My Master shew'd great Tenderness for me; and I hope he is really sorry, and that this will be his last Attempt; but he does not say so neither.

HE came in the Morning, as soon as he heard the Door open: And I began to be fearful. He stopp'd short of the Bed, and said, Rather than give you Apprehensions, I will come no further. I said, Your Honour, Sir, and your Mercy, is all I have to beg. — He sat himself on the Side of the Bed, asked kindly, How I did? — begged me to be compos'd; said, I still look'd a little wildly. And I said, Pray, good Sir, let me not see this infamous Mrs. *Fewkes*; I doubt I cannot bear her Sight. She shan't come near you all this Day, if you'll promise to compose yourself. Then, Sir, I will try. He pressed my Hand very tenderly, and went out. What a Change does this shew! — O may it be lasting! — But, alas! he seems only to have alter'd his Method of Proceeding; and retains, I doubt, his wicked Purpose!

ON *Tuesday* about Ten o'Clock, when my Master heard I was up, he sent for me down into the Parlour. As soon as he saw me, he said, Come nearer to me, *Pamela*. I did so, and he took my Hand, and said, You begin to look well

well again: I am glad of it. You little Slut how did you frighten me on *Sunday* Night! ---- Sir, said I, pray name not that Night; and my Eyes overflow'd at the Remembrance, and I turn'd my Head aside.

SAID he, Place some little Confidence in me: I know what those charming Eyes mean, and you shall not need to explain yourself: For I do assure you, that as soon as I saw you change, and a cold Sweat bedew your pretty Face, and you fainted away, I quitted the Bed, and Mrs. *Jewkes* did so too. And I put on my Gown, and she fetch'd her Smelling-bottle, and we both did all we could to restore you; and my Passion for you was all swallow'd up in the Concern I had for your Recovery; for I thought I never saw a Fit so strong and violent in my Life; and fear'd we should not bring you to yourself again; for what I saw you in once before, was nothing to it. This, said he, might be my Folly, and my Unacquaintedness with what Passion your Sex *can* shew, when they are in Earnest. But this I repeat to you, that your Mind may be intirely comforted ----- Whatever I offer'd to you was before you fainted away; and that, I am sure, was innocent.

SIR, said I, that was very bad: And it was too plain, you had the worst Designs. When, said he, I tell you the Truth in one Instance, you may believe me in the other. I know not, I declare, beyond this lovely Bosom, your Sex; but that I did intend what you call *the worst*, is most certain: And tho' I would not too much alarm

alarm you now, I could curse my Weakness and my Folly, which makes me own, that I love you beyond all your Sex, and cannot live without you. But, if I am Master of myself, and my own Resolution, I will not attempt to force you to any thing again. Sir, said I, you may easily keep your Resolution, if you will send me out of your way, to my poor Parents; that is all I beg.

'T is a Folly to talk of it, said he. You must not, shall not go! And if I could be assur'd you would not attempt it, you should have better Usage, and your Confinement should be made easier to you. But to what End, Sir, am I to stay? said I: You yourself seem not sure you can keep your own present good Resolutions; and do you think, if I was to stay, when I *could* get away, and be safe, it would not look, as if either I confided too much in my own Strength, or would tempt my Ruin? And as if I was not in Earnest to wish myself safe, and out of Danger? ---- And then, how long am I to stay? And to what Purpose? And in what Light must I appear to the World? Would not *that* censure me, altho' I might be innocent? And you will allow, Sir, that if there be any thing valuable or exemplary in a good Name, or fair Reputation, one must not despise the World's Censure, if one can avoid it.

WELL, said he, I sent not for you on this Account, just now; but for Two Reasons: The first is, that you promise me, that for a Fortnight to come you will not offer to go away without my express Consent; and this I expect for *your own* sake, that I may give you a little more Liberty.

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As to the first, Sir, said I, it is a hard Injunction, for the Reasons I have mentioned. And as to the second, considering her vile unwomanly Wickedness, and her Endeavours to instigate you more to ruin me, when your returning Goodness seem'd to have some Compassion upon me, it is still harder. But to shew my Obedience to your Commands, (for you know, my dear Parents, I might as well make a Merit of my Compliance, when my Refusal would stand me in no stead) I will consent to both; and to every thing else, that you shall be pleased to injoin, which I can do with Innocence.

THAT'S my good Girl! said he, and kiss'd me. This is quite prudent, and shews me, that you don't take insolent Advantage of my Favour for you; and will, perhaps, stand you in more stead than you are aware of.

So he rung the Bell, and said, Call down Mrs. *Jewkes*. She came down, and he took my Hand, and put it into hers; and said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, I am oblig'd to you for all your Diligence and Fidelity to me; but *Pamela*, I must own, is not; because the Service I employ'd you in was not so very obliging to her, as I could have wish'd she would have thought it; and you were not to favour her, but obey me. But yet I'll assure you, at the very first Word, she has
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once

once obliged me, by consenting to be Friends with you; and if she gives me no great Cause, I shall not, perhaps, put you on such disagreeable Service again. — Now, therefore, be you once more Bed-fellows and Board-fellows, as I may say, for some Days longer; and see that *Pamela* sends no Letters nor Messages out of the House, nor keeps a Correspondence unknown to me, especially with that *Williams*; and, as for the rest, shew the dear Girl all the Respect that is due to one I must love, if she will deserve it, as I hope she will yet; and let her be under no unnecessary or harsh Restraints. But your watchful Care is not, however, to cease: And remember, that you are not to disoblige me, to oblige her; and that I will not, cannot, yet part with her.

MRS. *Jewkes* look'd very sullen, and as if she would be glad still to do me a good Turn, if it lay in her Power.

I took Courage then to drop a Word or two for poor Mr. *Williams*; but he was angry with me for it, and said, he could not endure to hear his Name in *my* Mouth; so I was forced to have done for that time.

ALL this time my Papers, that I had bury'd under the Rose-bush, lay there still; and I begg'd for Leave to send a Letter to you. So I should, he said, if he might read it first. But this did not answer my Design; and yet I would have sent you such a Letter as he might see, if I had been sure my Danger was over. But that I cannot; for he now seems to take another Method, and what I am more afraid of, be-
cause,

cause, may-be, he will watch an Opportunity, and join Force with it, on Occasion, when I am least prepar'd: For now he seems to abound with Kindness, and talks of Love without Reserve, and makes nothing of allowing himself in the Liberty of kissing me, which he calls innocent; but which I do not like, and especially in the manner he does it: but for a Master to do it at all to a Servant, has Meaning too much in it, not to alarm an honest Body.

WEDNESDAY Morning.

I FIND I am watched and suspected still very close: and I wish I was with you; but that must not be, it seems, this Fortnight. I don't like this Fortnight, and it will be a tedious and a dangerous one to me, I doubt.

My Master just now sent for me down to take a Walk with him in the Garden. But I like him not at all, nor his Ways: For he would have all the Way his Arm about my Waist, and said abundance of fond Things to me, enough to make me proud, if his Design had not been apparent. After walking about, he led me into a little Alcove, on the further Part of the Garden; and really made me afraid of myself: For he began to be very freezing, and made me sit on his Knee, and was so often kissing me, that I said, Sir, I don't like to be here at all, I assure you. Indeed you make me afraid! — And what made me the more so, was what he once said to Mrs. Jewkes, and did not think I heard him, and which, tho' always

always uppermost with me, I did not mention before, because I did not know how to bring it in, in my Writing.

SHE, I suppose, had been encouraging him in his Wickedness; for it was before the last dreadful Trial; and I only heard what he answer'd.

SAID he, I will try *once* more; but I have begun wrong. For I see Terror does but add to her Frost; but she is a charming Girl, and may be thaw'd by Kindness; and I should have melted her by Love, instead of freezing her by Fear.

Is he not a sad wicked Man for this? ----- To be sure I blush while I write it. But I trust, that that God, who has deliver'd me from the Paw of the Lion and the Bear, that is, his and Mrs. *Jewkes's* Violences, will also deliver me from this *Philistine*, myself, that I may not *defy the Commands of the Living God!*

BUT, as I was saying, this Expression coming into my Thoughts, I was of Opinion, I could not be too much on my Guard, at all times; more especially when he took such Liberties: For he profess'd Honour all the Time with his Mouth, while his Actions did not correspond. I begg'd and pray'd he would let me go: And had I not appear'd quite regardless of all he said, and resolv'd not to stay, if I could help it, I know not how far he would have proceeded: For I was forced to fall down upon my Knees.

AT last he walk'd out with me, still bragging of his Honour, and his Love. Yes, yes, Sir, said I, your Honour is to destroy mine; and your Love is to ruin me, I see it too plainly.

But,

But, indeed, said I, I will not walk with you, Sir, any more. Do you know, said he, whom you talk to, and where you are?

You may believe I had Reason to think him not so decent as he should be; for I said, As to where I am, Sir, I know it too well, and that I have no Creature to befriend me: And, as to whom I talk to, Sir, let me ask you, What you would have me answer?

Why tell me, said he, What Answer you would make? It will only make you angry, said I; and so I shall fare worse, if possible. I won't be angry, said he. Why then, Sir, said I, you cannot be my late good Lady's Son; for she lov'd me, and taught me Virtue. You cannot then be my Master; for no Master demeans himself so to his poor Servant.

He put his Arm round me, and his other Hand on my Neck; which made me more angry and bold; and he said, What then am I? Why, said I, (struggling from him, and in a great Passion) to be sure, you are *Lucifer* himself in the *Shape* of my Master, or you could not use me thus. These are too great Liberties, said he, in Anger; and I desire, that you will not repeat them, for your own sake: For if you have no Decency towards *me*, I'll have none towards *you*.

I WAS running from him; and he said, Come back, when I bid you.--- So, knowing every Place was alike dangerous to me, and I had nobody to run to, I came back, at his Call; and seeing him look displeased, I held my Hands together,

together, and wept, and said, Pray, Sir, forgive me. No, said he, rather say, Pray, *Lucifer*, forgive me; and now, since you take me for the Devil, how can you expect any Good from me? — How, rather, can you expect any thing but the worst Treatment from me — You have given me a Character, *Pamela*, and blame me not, that I act up to it.

SIR, said I, let me beg you to forgive me. I am really sorry for my Boldness; but indeed you don't use me like a Gentleman; and how can I express my Resentment, if I mince the Matter, while you are so indecent?

PRECISE Fool! said he, What Indecencies have I offer'd you? ---- I was bewitch'd I had not gone thro' my Purpose last *Sunday* Night; and then your licentious Tongue had not given the worst Name to little puny Freedoms, that shew my Love and my Folly at the same time. But begone, said he, taking my Hand, and tossing it from him, and learn another Conduct, and more Wit; and I will lay aside my foolish Regard for you, and assert myself. Begone, said he, again, with a haughty Air.

INDEED, Sir, said I, I cannot go, till you pardon me, which I beg on my bended Knees. I am truly sorry for my Boldness. — But I see how you go on: You creep by little and little upon me; and now sooth me, and now threaten me; and if I should forbear to shew my Resentment, when you offer Incivilities to me, would not that be to be lost by degrees? Would it not shew, that I could bear any thing from you, if
I did.

I did not express all the Indignation I *could* express, at the first Approaches you make to what I dread? And have you not as good as avow'd my Ruin?---And have you once made me hope, you will quit your Purposes against me? How then, Sir, can I act, but by shewing my Abhorrence of every Step that makes towards my Undoing? And what is left me but Words?—And can these Words be other than such strong ones, as shall shew the Detestation, which, from the Bottom of my Heart, I have for every Attempt upon my Virtue? Judge for me, Sir, and pardon me.

PARDON you! said he, what! when you don't repent? — When you have the Boldness to justify yourself in your Fault? Why don't you say, you never will again offend me? I will endeavour, Sir, said I, always to preserve that Decency towards you which becomes me: But really, Sir, I must beg your Excuse for saying, That when you forget what belongs to Decency in your Actions, and when Words are all that are left me, to shew my Resentment of such Actions, I will not promise to forbear the strongest Expressions, that my distressed Mind shall suggest to me; nor shall your angriest Frowns deter me, when my Honesty is in Question.

WHAT then, said he, do you beg Pardon for? Where is the Promise of Amendment, for which I should forgive you? Indeed, Sir, said I, I own that must absolutely depend on your Usage of me: For I will bear any thing you can inflict upon me with Patience, even to the laying down of my Life, to shew my Obedience

to you in other Cases; but I cannot be patient, I cannot be passive, when my Virtue is at Stake!

— It would be criminal in me, if I was.

HE said he never saw such a Fool in his Life! And he walk'd by the Side of me some Yards, without saying a Word, and seem'd vex'd; and at last went in, bidding me attend him in the Garden after Dinner. So having a little Time, I went up, and wrote thus far.

WEDNESDAY Night.

IF, my dear Parents, I am not destin'd more surely than ever for Ruin, I have now more Comfort before me, than ever I yet knew: And am either nearer my *Happiness*, or my *Misery*, than ever I was. God protect me from the latter, if it be his blessed Will! I have now such a Scene to open to you, that I know will alarm both your Hopes and your Fears, as it does mine. And this it is:

AFTER my Master had din'd, he took a Turn into the Stables, to look at his Stud of Horses; and, when he came in, he open'd the Parlour-door, where Mrs. *Fewkes* and I sat at Dinner; and at his Entrance, we both rose up; but he said, Sit still, sit still; and let me see how you eat your Victuals, *Pamela*. O, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, very poorly, indeed, Sir. No, said I, pretty well, Sir, *considering*. None of your *Considerings*! said he, Pretty-face; and tapp'd me

me on the Check. I blush'd, but was glad he was so good-humour'd; tho' I could not tell how to sit before him, nor to behave myself. So he said, I know, *Pamela*, you are a nice Carver: My Mother used to say so. My Lady, Sir, said I, was very good to me, in every thing; and would always make me do the Honours of her Table for her, when she was with her few select Friends that she lov'd. Cut up, said he, that Chicken. I did so. Now, said he, and took a Knife and Fork, and put a Wing upon my Plate, let me see you eat that. O Sir, said I, I have eat a whole Breast of a Chicken already, and cannot eat so much. But he said, I must eat it for his sake, and he would teach me to eat heartily: So I did eat it; but was much confus'd at his so kind and unusual Freedom and Condescension. And, good Sirs! you can't imagine how Mrs. *Jewkes* look'd and star'd, and how respectful she seem'd to me, and call'd me *good Madam*, I'll assure you, urging me to take a little Bit of Tart.

My Master took two or three Turns about the Room, musing and thoughtful, as I had never before seen him; and at last he went out, saying, I am going into the Garden: You know, *Pamela*, what I said to you before Dinner. I rose and court'sy'd, saying, I would attend his Honour; and he said, Do, good Girl!

WELL, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I see how things will go. O *Madam*, as she call'd me again, I am sure you are to be our Mistress! And then I know what will become of me. Ah! Mrs.

Fewkes, said I, if I can but keep myself virtuous, 'tis the most of my Ambition; and, I hope, no Temptation shall make me otherwise.

NOTWITHSTANDING I had no Reason to be pleas'd with his Treatment of me before Dinner, yet I made haste to attend him; and I found him walking by the Side of that Pond, which, for want of Grace, and thro' a sinful Despondence, had like to have been so fatal to me; and the Sight of which, ever since, has been a Trouble and Reproach to me. And it was by the Side of this Pond, and not far from the Place where I had that dreadful Conflict, that my present Hopes, if I am not to be deceiv'd again, began to dawn; which I presume to flatter myself with being an happy Omen for me, as if God Almighty would shew your poor sinful Daughter, how well I did, to put my Affiance in his Goodness, and not to throw away myself, because my Ruin seem'd inevitable to my short-sighted Apprehension.

So he was pleas'd to say, Well, *Pamela*, I am glad you are come of your own Accord, as I may say: Give me your Hand. I did so; and he look'd at me very steadily, and pressing my Hand all the time, at last said, I will now talk to you in a serious manner.

You have a good deal of Wit, a great deal of Penetration, much beyond your *Tears*, and, as I thought, your *Opportunities*. You are possess'd of an open, frank and generous Mind; and a Person so lovely, that you excel all your Sex, in my Eyes. All these Accomplishments have

have engag'd my Affections so deeply, that, as I have often said, I cannot live without you; and I would divide, with all my Soul, my Estate with you, to make you mine upon my own Terms. These you have absolutely rejected; and that, tho' in saucy Terms enough, yet, in such a manner, as makes me admire you the more. Your pretty Chit-chat to Mrs. *Jewkes*, the last *Sunday* Night, so innocent, and so full of beautiful Simplicity, half disarm'd my Resolution, before I approach'd your Bed. And I see you so watchful over your Virtue, that, tho' I hop'd to find it otherwise, I cannot but confess, my Passion for you is increas'd by it. But now what shall I say further, *Pamela*? ---- I will make you, tho' a Party, my Adviser in this Matter; tho' not perhaps my definitive Judge.

YOU know I am not a very abandon'd Profligate: I have hitherto been guilty of no *very* enormous or vile Actions. This of seizing you, and confining you thus, may, perhaps, be one of the worst, at least to Persons of real Innocence. Had I been utterly given up to my Passions, I should before now have gratify'd them, and not have shewn that Remorse and Compassion for you, which have repriev'd you more than once, when absolutely in my Power; and you are as inviolate a Virgin, as you were when you came into my House.

BUT, what can I do? Consider the Pride of my Condition. I cannot endure the Thought of Marriage, even with a Person of equal or superior Degree to myself; and have declin'd

several Proposals of that kind : How then, with the Distance between us, in the World's Judgment, can I think of making you my Wife? --- Yet I must have you ; I cannot bear the Thoughts of any other Man supplanting me in your Affections. And the very Apprehension of that has made me hate the Name of *Williams*, and use him in a manner unworthy of my Temper.

NOW, *Pamela*, judge for me ; and, since I have told you thus candidly my Mind, and I see yours is big with some important Meaning, by your Eyes, your Blushes, and that sweet Confusion which I behold struggling in your Bosom, tell me with like Openness and Candour, what you think I ought to do, and what you would have me do. —

It is impossible for me to express the Agitations of my Mind on this unexpected Declaration, so contrary to his former Behaviour. His Manner, too, had something so noble, and so sincere, as I thought, that, alas for me ! I found I had Need of all my poor Discretion, to ward off the Blow which this Treatment gave to my most guarded Thoughts. I threw myself at his Feet ; for I trembled, and could hardly stand : O Sir, said I, spare your poor Servant's Confusion ! O spare the poor *Pamela* ! — Speak out, said he, and tell me, when I bid you, What you think I ought to do ? I cannot say what you *ought* to do, answer'd I : But I only beg you will not ruin me ; and if you think me virtuous, if you think me sincerely honest, let me go to my poor Parents. I will vow to you, that



F. Hayman inv.

H. Gravelot scul.



that I will never suffer myself to be engag'd without your Approbation.

STILL he insisted upon a more explicit Answer to his Question, of what I thought he ought to do. And I said, As to *my* poor Thoughts, of what you ought to do, I must needs say, that, indeed, I think you ought to regard the World's Opinion, and avoid doing any thing disgraceful to your Birth and Fortune; and therefore, if you really honour the poor *Pamela* with your Respect, a little Time, Absence, and the Conversation of worthier Persons of my Sex, will effectually enable you to overcome a Regard so unworthy of your Condition: And this, good Sir, is the best Advice I can offer.

CHARMING Creature! lovely *Pamela*! said he, (with an Ardor that was never before so agreeable to me) this generous Manner is of a Piece with all the rest of your Conduct. But tell me still more explicitly, what you would advise me to in the Case.

O SIR, said I, take not Advantage of my Credulity, and these my weak Moments: But were I the first Lady in the Land, instead of the poor abject *Pamela*, I would, I *could* tell you. But I can say no more —

O MY dear Father and Mother! now I know you will indeed be concern'd for me; — for now I am for myself: ---- And now I begin to be afraid, I know too well the Reason why all his hard Trials of me, and my black Apprehensions, would not let me hate him.

BUT be assur'd still, by God's Grace, that I shall do nothing unworthy of your *Pamela*; and if I find, that he is still capable of deceiving me, and that this Conduct is only put on to delude me more, I shall think nothing in this World so vile and so odious; and nothing, if he be not the worst of his Kind, (as he says, and I hope, he is not) so desperately guileful as the Heart of Man.

HE generously said, I will spare your Confusion, *Pamela*. But I hope, I may promise myself, that you can love me preferably to any other Man; and that no one in the World has had any Share in your Affections; for I am very jealous of what I love, and if I thought you had a secret Whispering in your Soul, that had not yet come up to a Wish, for any other Man breathing, I should not forgive *myself* to persist in my Affection for you; nor *you*, if you did not frankly acquaint me with it.

As I still continued on my Knees, on the Grass Border by the Pond-side, he sat himself down on the Grass by me, and took me in his Arms: Why hesitates my *Pamela*, said he?—Can you not answer me with Truth, as I wish? If you cannot, speak, and I will forgive you.

O GOOD Sir, said I, it is not *that*; indeed it is not: But a frightful Word or two that you said to Mrs. *Jewkes*, when you thought I was not in hearing, comes cross my Mind; and makes me dread, that I am in more Danger than ever I was in my Life.

YOU have never found me a common Lyar, said he, (too fearful and tooish *Pamela*!) nor will

will I answer how long I may hold in my present Mind; for my Pride struggles hard within me, I'll assure you; and if you doubt me, I have no Obligation to your Confidence or Opinion. But at present I am really sincere in what I say: And I expect you will be so too; and answer directly my Question.

I FIND, Sir, said I, I know not myself; and your Question is of such a Nature, that I only want to tell you what I heard, and to have your kind Answer to it; or else, what I have to say to your Question, may pave the Way to my Ruin, and shew a Weakness that I did not believe was in me.

WELL, said he, you may say what you have overheard; for, in not answering me directly, you put my Soul upon the Rack; and half the Trouble I have had with *you*, would have brought to my Arms one of the finest Ladies in *England*.

O SIR, said I, my Virtue is as dear to me, as if I was of the highest Quality; and my Doubts (for which you know I have had too much Reason) have made me troublesome. But now, Sir, I will tell you what I heard, which has given me great Uneasiness.

YOU talk'd to Mrs. *Jewkes* of having begun wrong with me, in trying to subdue me with Terror; and of Frost, and such-like; — you remember it well: — and that you would, for the future, change your Conduct, and try to *melt* me, that was your Word, by Kindness.

I FEAR not, Sir, the Grace of God supporting me, that any Acts of Kindness would make
me

me forget what I owe to my Virtue; but, Sir, I may, I find, be made more miserable by such Acts, than by Terror; because my Nature is too frank and open to make me wish to be ingrateful; and if I should be taught a Lesson I never yet learnt, with what Regret should I descend to the Grave, to think, that I could not hate my Undoer! And, that, at the last Great Day, I must stand up as an Accuser of the poor unhappy Soul, that I could wish it in my Power to save!

EXALTED Girl! said he, what a Thought is that!—Why, now, *Pamela*, you excel yourself! You have given me a Hint that will hold me long. But, sweet Creature, said he, tell me what is this Lesson, which you never yet learnt, and which you are so afraid of learning?

IF, Sir, said I, you will again generously spare my Confusion, I need not speak it: But this I will say, in Answer to the Question you seem most solicitous about, That I know not the Man breathing that I would wish to be married to, or that ever I thought of with such an Idea. I had brought my Mind so to love Poverty, that I hop'd for nothing but to return to the best, tho' the poorest, of Parents; and to employ myself in serving God, and comforting them; and you know not, Sir, how you disappointed those Hopes, and my propos'd honest Pleasures, when you sent me hither.

WELL then, said he, I may promise myself, that neither the Parson, nor any other Man, is any the least secret Motive to your steadfast
Refusal

Refusal of my Offers? Indeed, Sir, said I, you may; and, as you was pleas'd to ask, I answer, that I have not the least Shadow of a Wish, or Thought, for any Man living.

BUT, said he, (for I am foolishly jealous, and yet it shews my Fondness for you) have you not encourag'd *Williams* to think you will have him? Indeed, Sir, said I, I have not; but the very contrary. And would you not have had him, said he, if you had got away by his Means? I had resolv'd, Sir, said I, in my Mind, otherwise; and he knew it, and the poor Man --- I charge you, said he, say not a Word in his Favour! You will excite a Whirlwind in my Soul, if you name him with Kindness; and then you'll be borne away with the Tempest.

SIR, said I, I have done! — Nay, said he, but do not have done; let me know the Whole. If you have any Regard for him, speak out; for it would end fearfully for *you*, for *me*, and for *him*, if I found, that you disguis'd any Secret of your Soul from me, in this nice Particular.

SIR, said I, if I have ever given you Cause to think me sincere — Say then, said he, interrupting me with great Vehemence, and taking both my Hands between his, Say, That you now, in the Presence of God, declare, that you have not any the most hidden Regard for *Williams*, or any other Man.

SIR, said I, I do. As God shall bless me, and preserve my Innocence, I have not. Well, said he, I will believe you, *Pamela*; and in time, perhaps, I may better bear that Man's Name.

And, if I am convinc'd that you are not preposess'd, my Vanity makes me assur'd, that I need not to fear a Place in your Esteem, equal, if not preferable, to any Man in *England*. But yet it stings my Pride to the quick, that you were so easily brought, and at such a short Acquaintance, to run away with that College Novice!

O GOOD Sir, said I, may I be heard one Word? And tho' I bring upon me your highest Indignation, I will tell you, perhaps, the unnecessary and imprudent, but yet, the whole Truth.

MY Honesty (I am poor and lowly, and am not intitled to call it *Honour*) was in Danger. I saw no Means of securing myself from your avow'd Attempts. You had shew'd you would not stick at little Matters; and what, Sir, could any body have thought of my Sincerity, in preferring that to all other Considerations, if I had not escaped from these Dangers, if I could have found any way for it?—I am not going to say any thing for him; but indeed, indeed, Sir, I was the Cause of putting him upon assisting me in my Escape. I got him to acquaint me, what Gentry there were in the Neighbourhood, that I might fly to; and prevail'd upon him-----Don't frown at me, good Sir, for I must tell you the whole Truth!-----to apply to one Lady *Jones*; to Lady *Darnford*; and he was so good to apply to Mr. *Peters* the Minister: but they all refus'd me; and then it was he let me know, that there was no honourable way but Marriage. That I declin'd; and he agreed to assist me for God's sake.

Now,

NOW, said he, you are going---I boldly put my Hand before his Mouth, hardly knowing the Liberty I took; Pray, Sir, said I, don't be angry; I have just done----I would only say, That rather than have staid to be ruin'd, I would have thrown myself upon the poorest Beggar that ever the World saw, if I thought him honest.----And I hope, when you duly weigh all Matters, you will forgive me, and not think me so bold and so forward as you have been pleas'd to call me.

WELL, said he, even in this your last Speech, which, let me tell you, shews more your Honesty of Heart, than your Prudence, you have not overmuch pleas'd me. But I *must* love you; and that vexes me not a little. But tell me, *Pamela*; for now the former Question recurs; Since you so much prize your Honour, and your Virtue; since all Attempts against that, are so odious to you; and since I have avowedly made several of these Attempts, do you think it is possible for you to love me *preferably* to any other of my Sex?

AH! Sir, said I, and here my Doubt recurs, that you may thus graciously use me, to take Advantage of my Credulity.

STILL perverse and doubting! said he: Cannot you take me as I am at present? And that, I have told you, is sincere and undesigning, whatever I may be hereafter.

AH! Sir, reply'd I, what can I say?----I have already said too much, if this dreadful *Hereafter* should take place. Don't bid me say how well I can-----And then, my Face glowing as
the

the Fire, I, all abash'd, lean'd upon his Shoulder, to hide my Confusion.

HE clasp'd me to him with great Ardour, and said, Hide your dear Face in my Bosom, my beloved *Pamela*; your innocent Freedoms charm me!---- But then say, How well---- what?

IF you will be good, said I, to your poor Servant, and spare her, I cannot say too much! But if not, I am doubly undone!----- Undone indeed!

SAID he, I hope my present Temper will hold; for I tell you frankly, that I have known, in this agreeable Hour, more sincere Pleasure, than I have experienced in all the guilty Tumults, that my desiring Soul compell'd me into, in the Hopes of possessing you on my own Terms. And, *Pamela*, you must pray for the Continuance of this Temper; and I hope your Prayers will get the better of my Temptations.

THIS sweet Goodness overpower'd all my Reserves. I threw myself at his Feet, and embraced his Knees: What Pleasure, Sir, you give me, at these gracious Words, is not lent your poor Servant to express!----- I shall be too much rewarded for all my Sufferings, if this Goodness hold! God grant it may, for your own Soul's sake, as well as mine! And Oh! how happy should I be, if-----

HE stopp'd me, and said, But, my dear Girl, what must we do about the World, and the World's Censure?---- Indeed, I cannot marry!

NOW was I again struck all of a Heap. However, soon recollecting myself, Sir, said I, I have

have not the Presumption to hope such an Honour. If I may be permitted to return in Peace and Safety to my poor Parents, to pray for you there; it is all I at present request! This, Sir, after all my Apprehensions and Dangers, will be a great Pleasure to me. And, if I know my own poor Heart, I shall wish you happy in a Lady of suitable Degree; and rejoice most sincerely in every Circumstance that shall make for the Happiness of my late good Lady's most beloved Son.

WELL, said he, this Conversation, *Pamela*, is gone farther than I intended it. You need not be afraid, at this rate, of trusting yourself with *me*: But it is I, that ought to be doubtful of myself, when I am with *you*. — But before I say any thing further on this Subject, I will take my proud Heart to Task; and, till then, let every thing be as if this Conversation had never pass'd. Only, let me tell you, that the more Confidence you place in me, the more you'll oblige me: But your Doubts will only beget *Cause* of Doubts. And with this ambiguous Saying, he saluted me in a more formal manner, if I may so say, than before, and lent me his Hand; and so we walked towards the House, Side-by-Side, he seeming very thoughtful and pensive, as if he had already repented him of his Goodness.

WHAT shall I do, what Steps take, if all this be designing! — O the Perplexities of these cruel Doubtings! — To be sure, if he be false, as I may call it, I have gone too far, much too far!

— I

---I am ready, on the Apprehension of this, to bite my forward Tongue, (or rather to beat my more forward Heart, that dictated to that poor Machine) for what I have said. But sure, at least, he must be sincere for the *Time*! --- He could not be such a practis'd Dissembler! --- If he could, O how desperately wicked is the Heart of Man! ---- And where could he learn all these barbarous Arts? ---- If so, it must be native surely to the Sex! --- But, silent be my rash Censurings! Be hush'd, ye stormy Tumults of my disturbed Mind! For have I not a Father who is a Man! ---- A Man who knows no Guile! who would do no Wrong! ---- who would not deceive or oppress, to gain a Kingdom! ---- How then can I think it is native to the Sex? And I must also hope my good Lady's Son cannot be the *worst* of Men! --- If he is, hard the Lot of the excellent Woman that bore him! --- But much harder the Hap of your poor *Pamela*, who has fallen into such Hands! --- But yet I will trust in God, and hope the best; and so lay down my tir'd Pen for this Time.

THURSDAY Morning.

SOME BODY rapp'd at our Chamber-door this Morning soon after it was light: Mrs. *Jewkes* ask'd, Who it was? My Master said, Open the Door, Mrs. *Jewkes*! O, said I, for God's sake, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't. Indeed,

deed, said she, but I must. Then, said I, and clung about her, let me slip on my Cloaths first. But he rapp'd again, and she broke from me; and I was frightened out of my Wits, and folded myself in the Bed-cloaths. He enter'd, and said, What, *Pamela*, so fearful, after what passed Yesterday between us! O Sir, Sir, said I, I fear my Prayers have wanted their wish'd Effect. Pray, good Sir, consider.---He sat down at the Bed-side, and interrupted me, No need of your foolish Fears! I shall say but a Word or two, and go away.

AFTER you went up-stairs, said he, I had an Invitation to a Ball, which is to be this Night at *Stamford*, on occasion of a Wedding; and I am going to call on Sir *Simon*, and his Lady and Daughters; for the Bride is a Relation of theirs: So I shall not be at home till *Saturday*. I come therefore to caution *you*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, before *Pamela*, (that she may not wonder at being closer confin'd, than for these three or four Days past) that nobody sees her, nor delivers any Letter to her in that Space; for a Person has been observ'd lurking about, and inquiring after her; and I have been well inform'd, that either Mrs. *Jervis*, or Mr. *Longman*, has written a Letter, with a Design of having it convey'd to her: And, said he, you must know, *Pamela*, that I have order'd Mr. *Longman* to give up his Accounts, and have dismiss'd *Jonathan*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, since I have been here; for their Behaviour has been intolerable, and they have made such a Breach between my Sister *Davers* and me, as we shall

never, perhaps, make up. Now, *Pamela*, I shall take it kindly in you, if you will confine yourself to your Chamber pretty much for the Time I am absent, and not give Mrs. *Jewkes* Cause of Trouble or Uneasiness; and the rather, as you know she acts by my Orders.

ALAS! Sir, said I, I fear all these good Bodies have suffer'd for my sake!—Why, said he, I believe so too; and there never was a Girl of your Innocence, that set a large Family in such an Uproar, surely.—But let that pass. You know both of you my Mind, and, in part, the Reason of it. I shall only say, that I have had such a Letter from my Sister, as I could not have expected; and, *Pamela*, said he, neither you nor I have Reason to thank her; as you shall know, perhaps, at my Return. —I go in my Coach, Mrs. *Jewkes*, because I take Lady *Darnford*, and Mr. *Peters's* Niece, and one of Lady *Darnford's* Daughters along with me; and Sir *Simon* and his other Daughter go in his Chariot: So let all the Gates be fasten'd, and don't take any Airing in either of the Chariots, nor let any body go to the Gate, without you, Mrs. *Jewkes*. I'll be sure, said she, to obey your Honour.

I WILL give Mrs. *Jewkes* no Trouble, Sir, said I, and will keep pretty much in my Chamber, and not stir so much as into the Garden without her; to shew you I will obey in every thing I *can*. But I begin to fear — Ay, said he, more Plots and Contrivances, don't you? —But I'll assure you, you never had less Reason; and I tell you the Truth; for I am really going

going to *Stamford*, *this Time*; and upon the Occasion I tell you. And so, *Pamela*, give me your Hand, and one Kiss, and then I am gone.

I DURST not refuse, and said, God bless you, Sir, where-ever you go! — But I am sorry for what you tell me about your Servants!

HE and Mrs. *Fewkes* had a little Talk without the Door; and I heard her say, You may depend, Sir, upon my Care and Vigilance.

HE went in his Coach, as he said he should, very richly dress'd, which looks as if what he said was likely: But really I have been used to so many Tricks, and Plots, and Surprizes, that I know not what to think. But I mourn for poor Mrs. *Fervis*. — So here is Parson *Williams*; here is poor naughty *John*; here is good Mrs. *Fervis*, and Mr. *Longman*, and Mr. *Jonathan*, turn'd away for me! — Mr. *Longman* is rich indeed, and so need the less matter it; but I know it will grieve him: And for poor Mr. *Jonathan*, I am sure it will cut that good old Servant to the Heart. Alas for me! What Mischiefs am I the Occasion of? — Or, rather, my Master, whose Actions towards me, have made so many of my kind Friends forfeit his Favour, for my sake!

I AM very sad about these things: If he really loved me, methinks he should not be so angry, that his Servants loved me too. — I know not what to think!

FRIDAY Night.

I HAVE removed my Papers from under the Rose-bush; for I saw the Gardener begin to dig near that Spot; and I was afraid he would find them.

MRS. *Jewkes* and I were looking Yesterday thro' the Iron Gate that fronts the Elms, and a Gypsey-like Body made up to us, and said; If, Madam, you will give me some broken Victuals, I will tell you both your Fortunes. I said, Let us hear our Fortunes, Mrs. *Jewkes*. She said, I don't like these sort of People; but we will hear what she will say to us, however. I shan't fetch you any Victuals, Woman; but I will give you some Pence, said she. But *Nan* coming out, she said, Fetch some Bread, and some of the cold Meat, and you shall have your Fortune told, *Nan*.

THIS, you'll think, like some of my other Matters, a very trifling thing to write about. But, mark the Discovery of a dreadful Plot, which I have made by it. O blefs me! what can I think of this naughty, this very naughty Gentleman! --- Now will I hate him most heartily. Thus it was:

MRS. *Jewkes* had no Suspicion of the Woman, the Iron Gate being lock'd, and she on the Outside, and we on the Inside; and so put her Hand thro'. She said, muttering over a Parcel of cramp Words, Why, Madam, you will marry soon,



BRITISH
7 DE 1914
MUSEUM



soon, I can tell you. At that she seem'd pleas'd, and said, I am glad to hear that; and shook her fat Sides with laughing. The Woman look'd most earnestly at *me* all the Time, as if she had Meaning. Then it came into my Head, from my Master's Caution, that possibly this Woman might be employ'd to try to get a Letter into my Hands; and I was resolv'd to watch all her Motions. So Mrs. *Jewkes* said, What sort of a Man shall I have, pray?—Why, said she, a Man younger than yourself; and a very good Husband he'll prove. — I am glad of that, said she, and laugh'd again. Come, Madam, let us hear *your* Fortune.

THE Woman came to me, and took my Hand. O! said she, I cannot tell your Fortune: Your Hand is so white and fine, I cannot see the Lines: But, said she, and, stooping, pull'd up a little Tuft of Grass, I have a Way for that; and so rubb'd my Hand with the Mould-part of the Tuft. Now, said she, I can see the Lines.

MRS. *Jewkes* was very watchful of all her Ways, and took the Tuft, and look'd upon it, lest any thing should be in that. And then the Woman said, Here is the Line of *Jupiter* crossing the Line of Life; and *Mars* — Odd, my pretty Mistress, said she, you had best take care of yourself; for you are hard beset, I'll assure you. You will never be marry'd, I can see; and will die of your first Child. Out upon thee, Woman! said I; better thou hadst never come hither!

SAID Mrs. *Jewkes*, whispering, I don't like this. It looks like a Cheat: Pray, Mrs. *Pamela*, go in this Moment. So I will, said I; for I have enough of Fortune-telling. And in I went.

THE Woman wanted sadly to tell me more; which made Mrs. *Jewkes* threaten her, suspecting still the more: And away the Woman went, having told *Nan* her Fortune, that she would be drown'd.

THIS thing ran strongly in all our Heads; and we went, an Hour after, to see if the Woman was lurking about, and took Monsieur *Colbrand* for our Guard. Looking thro' the Iron Gate, he 'spy'd a Man sauntering about the middle of the Walk; which fill'd Mrs. *Jewkes* with still more Suspicions: And she said, Mr. *Colbrand*, you and I will walk towards this Fellow, and see what he saunters there for: And, *Nan*, do you and Madam stay at the Gate.

So they open'd the Iron Gate, and walked down towards the Man; and, guessing the Woman, if employ'd, must mean something by the Tuft of Grass, I cast my Eye that way, whence she pull'd it, and saw more Grass seemingly pull'd up: Then I doubted not something was there for me; so I walk'd to it, and standing over it, said to *Nan*, That's a pretty sort of a wild Flower, that grows yonder near that Elm, the fifth from us on the Left; pray pull it for me. Said she, It is a common Weed. Well, said I, but pull it for me; there are sometimes beautiful Colours in a Weed.

WHILE

W H I L E she went on, I stoop'd, and pull'd up a good Handful of the Grass, and in it a Bit of Paper, which I put instantly into my Bosom, and dropp'd the Grass, and my Heart went pit-a-pat at the odd Adventure! Said I, Let us go in, Mrs. *Anne*. No, said she, we must stay till Mrs. *Jewkes* comes.

I WAS all Impatience to read this Paper. And when *Colbrand* and she return'd, I went in. Said she, Certainly there is some Reason for my Master's Caution: I can make nothing of this sauntering Fellow; but, to be sure, there was some Roguery in the Gypsey. Well, said I, if there was, she lost her Aim, you see! Ay, very true, said she; but that was owing to my Watchfulness; and you was very good to go away when I spoke to you.

I HASTED up-stairs to my Closet, and found the Billet to contain, in a Hand that seem'd disguised, and bad Spelling, the following Words:

“ T W E N T Y Contrivances have been
 “ thought of to let you know your Dan-
 “ ger; but all have prov'd in vain. Your
 “ Friends hope it is not yet too late to give you
 “ this Caution, if it reaches your Hands. The
 “ 'Squire is absolutely determin'd to ruin you:
 “ And because he despairs of any other way,
 “ he will pretend great Love and Kindness to
 “ you, and that he will marry you. You may
 “ expect a Parson for this purpose in a few Days;
 “ but it is a sly artful Fellow of a broken At-
 B b 4. “ torney,

“torney, that he has hir’d to personate a Minister. The Man has a broad Face, pitted much with the Small-pox, and is a very good Companion. So take care of yourself. Doubt not this Advice. Perhaps you’ll have had but too much Reason already to confirm you in the Truth of it. From your zealous Well-wisher,

SOMEBODY.”

Now, my dear Father and Mother, what shall we say of this truly diabolical Master! O how shall I find Words to paint my Grievs, and his Deceit! I have as good as confess’d I love him; but indeed it was on supposing him good. ---This, however, has given him too much Advantage. But now I will break this wicked, forward Heart of mine, if it will not be taught to hate him! O what a black dismal Heart must *he* have! So here is a Plot to ruin me, and by my own Consent too! — No wonder he did not improve his wicked Opportunities, (which I thought owing to Remorse for his Sin, and Compassion for me) when he had such a Project as *this* in Reserve! — Here should I have been deluded with the Hopes of a Happiness, that my highest Ambition could not have aspir’d to! — But how dreadful must have been my Lot, when I had found myself an undone Creature, and a guilty Harlot, instead of a lawful Wife? Oh! this is indeed too much, too much for your poor *Pamela* to support! This is the worse, as I hoped all the Worst was over; and that I had the

the Pleasure of beholding a reclaim'd Gentleman, and not an abandon'd Libertine. What *now* must your poor Daughter do! Now all her Hopes are dash'd! And if this fails him, then comes, to be sure, my forc'd Disgrace! for this shews he will never leave till he has ruin'd me! — O the wretched, wretched *Pamela*!

SATURDAY Noon, One o'Clock.

MY Master is come home, and to be sure, has been where he said. So *once* he has told Truth; and this Matter seems to be gone off without a Plot; No doubt he depends upon this sham, wicked Marriage! He has brought a Gentleman with him to Dinner; and so I have not seen him yet.

Two o' Clock.

I AM very sorrowful, and still have greater Reason; for just now as I was in my Closet, opening the Parcel I had hid under the Rose-bush, to see if it was damaged by lying so long, Mrs. *Jewkes* came upon me by Surprise, and laid her Hands upon it: for she had been looking thro' the Key-hole, it seems.

I KNOW not what I shall do! For now he will see all my private Thoughts of him, and all my Secrets, as I may say. What a careless Creature I am! — To be sure I deserve to be punished.

You

YOU know I had the good Luck, by Mr. *Williams's* means, to send you all my Papers down to *Sunday* Night, the 17th Day of my Imprisonment. But now these Papers contain all my Matters, from that Time, to *Wednesday* the 27th Day of my Distress: and, which, as you may now, perhaps, never see, I will briefly mention the Contents to you.

IN these Papers, then, are included, “ An
 “ Account of Mrs. *Jewkes's* Arts, to draw me
 “ in to approve of Mr. *Williams's* Proposal
 “ for Marriage; and my refusing to do so; and
 “ desiring you not to encourage his Suit to me.
 “ Mr. *Williams's* being wickedly robb'd, and a
 “ Visit of hers to him; whereby she discover'd
 “ all his Secrets. How I was inclin'd to get
 “ off, while she was gone; but was ridiculously
 “ prevented by my foolish Fears, &c. My
 “ having the Key of the Back-door. Mrs.
 “ *Jewkes's* writing to my Master all the Secrets
 “ she had discover'd of Mr. *Williams*; and her
 “ Behaviour to me and him upon it. Conti-
 “ nuance of my Correspondence with Mr. *Wil-*
 “ *liams* by the Tiles; begun in the Parcel you
 “ had. My Reproaches to him for his revealing
 “ himself to Mrs. *Jewkes*; and his Letter to
 “ me in Answer, threatening to expose my Ma-
 “ ster, if he deceiv'd him; mentioning in it
 “ *John Arnold's* Correspondence with him;
 “ and a Letter which *John* sent, and was in-
 “ tercepted, as it seems. Of the Correspond-
 “ ence being carried on by a Friend of his at
 “ *Gainsborough*: Of the Horse he was to pro-
 “ vide

“ vide for me, and one for himself. Of what
“ Mr. *Williams* had own'd to Mrs. *Jewkes* ;
“ and of my discouraging his Proposals. Then
“ it contain'd a pressing Letter of mine to him,
“ urging my Escape before my Master came;
“ with his half-angry Answer to me. Your
“ good Letter to me, my dear Father, sent to
“ me by Mr. *Williams's* Conveyance; in which
“ you would have me encourage Mr. *Williams* ;
“ but leave it to me; and in which, fortunately
“ enough, you take Notice of my being unin-
“ clin'd to marry. — My earnest Desire to be
“ with you. The Substance of my Answer to
“ Mr. *Williams*, expressing more Patience, &c.
“ A dreadful Letter of my Master to Mrs.
“ *Jewkes* ; which, by Mistake, was directed
“ to me; and one to me, directed, by like
“ Mistake, to her; and very free Reflections of
“ mine upon both. The Concern I expressed
“ for Mr. *Williams's* being taken in, de-
“ ceiv'd, and ruin'd. An Account of Mrs.
“ *Jewkes's* glorying in her wicked Fidelity. A
“ sad Description I gave of Monsieur *Colbrand*,
“ a Person he sent down to assist Mrs. *Jewkes*
“ in watching me. How Mr. *Williams* was
“ arrested and thrown into Gaol, and the Con-
“ cern I express'd upon it; and my free Refle-
“ ctions on my Master for it. A projected
“ Contrivance of mine, to get away out of the
“ Window, and by the Back-door; and throw-
“ ing my Petticoat and Handkerchief into the
“ Pond to amuse them, while I got off: An
“ Attempt that had like to have ended very
“ dreadfully

“ dreadfully for me! My further Concern for
 “ Mr. *Williams's* Ruin, on my Account: And,
 “ lastly, my over-hearing Mrs. *Fewkes* brag
 “ of her Contrivance to rob Mr. *Williams*, in
 “ order to get at my Papers; which, however,
 “ he preserv'd, and sent safe to you.”

THESE, down to the Execution of my unfortunate Plot to escape, are, to the best of my Remembrance, the Contents of the Papers, which this merciless Woman seiz'd: For, how badly I came off, and what follow'd, I still have safe, as I hope, sew'd in my Under-coat, about my Hips.

IN vain were all my Prayers and Tears to her, to get her not to shew them to my Master. For she said, It had now come about, why I affected to be so much alone; and why I was always writing. And she thought herself happy, she said, she had found these; for often and often had she search'd every Place she could think of, for Writings, to no Purpose, before. And she hop'd, she said, there was nothing in them but what *any body* might see; for, said she, you know, you are *all Innocence*! — Insolent Creature, said I; I am sure you are *all Guilt*! — And so you must do your worst; for now I can't help myself; and I see there is no Mercy to be expected from you.

JUST now, my Master being coming up, she went to him upon the Stairs, and gave him my Papers. There, Sir, said she; you always said Mrs. *Pamela* was a great Writer; but I never could get any thing of hers before. He took

took them, and, without coming to me, went down to the Parlour again. And what with the Gypsy Affair, and what with this, I could not think of going down to Dinner; and she told him that too; and so I suppose I shall have him up-stairs, as soon as his Company is gone.

SATURDAY, Six o' Clock.

MY Master came up, and in a pleasanter manner than I expected, said, So, *Pamela*, we have seiz'd, it seems, your treasonable Papers? Treasonable! said I, very sullenly. Ay, said he, I suppose so; for you are a great Plotter; but I have not read them yet.

THEN, Sir, said I, very gravely, it will be truly honourable in you *not* to read them; but to give them to me again. To whom, says he, are they written? — To my Father, Sir; but I suppose, you *see* to whom. — Indeed, return'd he, I have not read Three Lines as yet. Then, pray, Sir, said I, *don't* read them, but give them to me again. No, that I will not, said he, till I have read them. Sir, said I, you serv'd me not well in the Letters I used to write formerly: I think it was not worthy your Character to contrive to get them into your Hands, by that false *John Arnold*; for should such a Gentleman as you, mind what your poor Servant writes? — Yes, said he, by all means, mind what such a Servant as *my Pamela* writes.

YOUR *Pamela*! thought I. Then the Sham-marriage came into my Head; and indeed

it has not been out of it, since the Gypsey Affair. — But, said he, have you any thing in these Papers you would not have me see? To be sure, Sir, said I, there is; for what one writes to one's Father and Mother is not for every body to see. Nor, said he, am I every body.

THOSE Letters, added he, that I did see by *John's* Means, were not to your Disadvantage, I'll assure you; for they gave me a very high Opinion of your Wit and Innocence: And if I had not loved you, do you think I would have troubled myself about your Letters?

ALAS! said I, great Pride to me *that*! For they gave you such an Opinion of my Innocence, that you was resolv'd to ruin me. And what Advantage have they brought *me*? — who have been made a Prisoner, and used as I have been, between you and your House-keeper.

WHY, *Pamela*, said he, a little seriously, why this Behaviour, for ~~my~~ Goodness to you in the Garden? — This is not of a Piece with your Conduct and Softness there, that quite charm'd me in your Favour: And you must not give me Cause to think, that you will be the more insolent, as you find me kinder. Ah! Sir, said I, you know best your own Heart and Designs! But I fear I was too open-hearted then; and that you still keep your Resolution to undo me, and have only changed the Form of your Proceedings.

WHEN I tell you once again, said he, a little sternly, that you cannot oblige me more,
than

than by placing some Confidence in me, I will let you know, that these foolish and perverse Doubts are the worst things you can be guilty of. But, said he, I shall possibly account for the *Cause* of them, in these Papers of yours; for I doubt not you have been sincere to your *Father* and *Mother*, tho' you begin to make *me* suspect you: For I tell you, perverse Girl, that it is impossible you should be thus cold and insensible, after what last passed in the Garden, if you were not prepossess'd in some *other* Person's Favour. And let me add, that if I find it so, it shall be attended with such Effects, as will make every Vein in your Heart bleed.

He was going away in Wrath; and I said, One Word, good Sir, one Word, before you read them, since you *will* read them: Pray make Allowances for all the harsh Reflections, that you will find in them, on your own Conduct to me: And remember only, that they were not written for your Sight; and were penn'd by a poor Creature hardly used, and who was in constant Apprehension of receiving from you the worst Treatment, that you could inflict upon her.

If that be all, said he, and there be nothing of *another* Nature, that I *cannot* forgive, you have no Cause for Uneasiness; for I had as many Instances of your saucy Reflections upon me in your former Letters, as there were Lines; and yet, you see, I have never upbraided you on that Score; tho', perhaps, I wish'd you had
 5 been

been more sparing of your Epithets, and your Freedoms of that Sort.

WELL, Sir, said I, since you *will*, you *must* read them; and I think I have no Reason to be afraid of being found insincere, or having, in any respect, told you a Falshood; because, tho' I don't remember all I wrote, yet I know I wrote my Heart; and that is not deceitful. And remember, Sir, another thing, that I always declar'd I thought myself right to endeavour to make my Escape from this forced and illegal Restraint; and so you must not be angry, that I would have done so, if I could.

I'LL judge you, never fear, said he, as favourably as you deserve; for you have too powerful a Pleader within me. And so went down-stairs.

ABOUT Nine o'Clock he sent for me down into the Parlour. I went a little fearfully; and he held the Papers in his Hand, and said, Now, *Pamela*, you come upon your Trial. Said I, I hope I have a *just* Judge to hear my Cause. Ay, said he, and you may hope for a *merciful* one too, or else I know not what will become of you.

I EXPECT, continued he, that you will answer me directly, and plainly, to every Question I shall ask you. — In the first place, Here are several Love-letters between you and *Williams*. Love-letters! Sir, said I. ----- Well, call them what you will, said he, I don't intirely like them, I'll assure you, with all the Allowances you desired me to make for you. Do you find,
Sir,

Sir, said I, that I encouraged his Proposal, or do you not? Why, said he, you discourage his Address in Appearance; but no otherwise than all your cunning Sex do to ours, to make us more eager in pursuing you.

WELL, Sir, said I, that is your Comment; but it does not appear so in the Text. Smartly said! reply'd he; where a D — I gottest thou, at these Years, all this Knowledge? And then thou hast a Memory, as I see by your Papers, that nothing escapes it. Alas! Sir, said I, what poor Abilities I have, serve only to make me more miserable! — I have no Pleasure in my Memory, which impresses things upon me, that I could be glad never *were*, or everlastingly to forget.

WELL, said he, so much for that. — But where are the Accounts (since you have kept so exact a Journal of all that has befallen you) *previous* to these here in my Hand? My Father has them, Sir, said I. — By whose Means, said he? — By Mr. *Williams's*, said I. Well answer'd, said he. But cannot you contrive to get me a Sight of them? That would be pretty! said I. I wish, I could have contrived to have kept those you have from your Sight. Said he, I *must* see them, *Pamela*, or I shall never be easy: For I must know how this Correspondence, between you and *Williams*, began: And if I *can* see them, it shall be better for you, if they answer what these give me Hope they will.

I CAN tell you, Sir, very faithfully, said I, what the Beginning was; for I was bold enough

to be the *Beginner*. That won't do, said he; for tho' this may appear a Punctilio to *you*, to *me* it is of high Importance. Sir, said I, if you please to let me go to my Father, I will send them to you by any Messenger you shall send for them. Will you so? But I dare say, if you will write for them, they will send them to you, without the Trouble of such a Journey to yourself. And I beg you will.

I THINK, Sir, said I, as you have seen all my *former* Letters, thro' *John's* Baseness, and now *these*, thro' your faithful House-keeper's officious Watchfulness, you *might* see *all the rest*. But I hope you will not desire it, till I know how much my pleasing you in this Particular, will be of Use to myself.

YOU must trust to my Honour for that. But tell me, *Pamela*, said the sly Gentleman, since I have seen *these*, Would you have voluntarily shewn me *those*, had they been in your Possession?

I WAS not aware of his Inference, and said, Yes, truly, Sir, I think I should, if you commanded it. Well, then, *Pamela*, said he, as I am sure you have found means to continue your Journal, I desire, while the *former Part* can come, that you will shew me the *succeeding*.

— O Sir, Sir, said I, have you caught me so!

— But indeed you must excuse me there.

WHY, said he, tell me truly, Have you not continued your Account till now? Don't ask me, Sir, said I. But I insist upon your Answer, reply'd he. Why, then, Sir, said I, I will not

tell an Untruth; I have. — That's my good Girl, said he. I love Sincerity at my Heart. — In *another*, Sir, said I, I presume, you mean! — Well, said he, I'll allow you to be a little witty upon me; because it is *in you*, and you cannot help it. But you will greatly oblige me, to shew me voluntarily what you have written. I long to see the Particulars of your Plot, and your Disappointment, where your Papers leave off. For you have so beautiful a Manner, that it is partly that, and partly my Love for you, that has made me desirous of reading all you write; tho' a great deal of it is against myself; for which you must expect to suffer a little. And as I have furnish'd you with a Subject, I have a Title to see the Fruits of your Pen. — Besides, said he, there is such a pretty Air of Romance, as you relate them, in *your* Plots, and *my* Plots, that I shall be better directed in what manner to wind up the Catastrophe of the pretty Novel.

IF I was your Equal, Sir, said I, I should say this is a very provoking way of jeering at the Misfortunes you have brought upon me.

O, SAID he, the Liberties you have taken with my Character, in your Letters, set us upon a Par, at least, in that respect. Sir, reply'd I, I could not have taken those Liberties, if you had not given me the Cause: And the *Cause*, Sir, you know, is before the *Effect*.

TRUE, *Pamela*, said he; you chop Logick very prettily. What the duce do we Men go to School for? If our Wits were equal to Women, we might spare much Time and Pains in

our Education. For Nature teaches your Sex, what in a long Course of Labour and Study, ours can hardly attain to. — But indeed, every Lady is not a *Pamela*.

YOU delight to banter your poor Servant, said I.

NAY, continued he, I believe, I must assume to myself half the Merit of your Wit, too: for the innocent Exercises you have had for it from me, have certainly sharpen'd your Invention.

SIR, said I, could I have been without those *innocent* Exercises, as you are pleased to call them, I should have been glad to have been as dull as a Beetle. But then, *Pamela*, said he, I should not have lov'd you so well. But then, Sir, reply'd I, I should have been safe, easy, and happy. — Ay, may-be so, and may-be not; and the Wife of some clouterly Plough-boy.

BUT then, Sir, I should have been content and innocent; and that's better then being a Princess, and not so. And may-be not, said he; for if you had had that pretty Face, some of us keen Fox-hunters would have found you out; and, in spite of your romantick Notions, (which then too, perhaps, perhaps, would not have had so strong a Place in your Mind) might have been more happy with the Plough-man's Wife, than I have been with my Mother's *Pamela*. I hope, Sir, said I, God would have given me more Grace.

WELL, but, resum'd he, as to these Writings of yours, that follow your fine Plot, I must
see

see them. Indeed, Sir, you *must not*, if I can help it. Nothing said he, pleases me better, than that, in all your Arts, Shifts, and Stratagems, you have had a great Regard to Truth; and have, in all your little Pieces of Deceit, told very few *wilful* Fibs. Now I expect you will continue this laudable Rule in your Conversation with me. — Let me know then, where you have found Supplies of Pen, Ink, and Paper, when Mrs. *Fewkes* was so vigilant, and gave you but Two Sheets at a Time? — Tell me Truth.

WHY, Sir, little did I think I should have such Occasion for them; but, when I went away from your House, I begg'd some of each of good Mr. *Longman*, who gave me Plenty. Yes, yes, said he, It must be *good* Mr. *Longman*! All your Confederates are good! every one of them; but such of my Servants as have done their Duty, and obey'd my Orders, are painted out, by you, as black as Devils; nay, so am I too, for that matter.

SIR, said I, I hope you won't be angry; but, saving yourself, do you think they are painted worse than they deserve? or worse than the Parts they acted require?

YOU say, saving myself, *Pamela*; but is not that Saving a mere Compliment to me, because I am present, and you are in my Hands; Tell me truly. — Good Sir, excuse me; but I fancy I might ask you, Why you should think so, if there was not a little Bit of Conscience, that told you, there was but too much Reason for it?

He kissed me, and said, I must either do thus, or be angry with you; for you are very saucy, *Pamela*. ---- But, with your bewitching Chit-chat, and pretty Impertinence, I will not lose my Question. Where did you hide your Paper, Pens, and Ink?

SOME, Sir, in one Place, some in another; that I might have some left, if others should be found. ---- That's a good Girl! said he: I love you for your sweet Veracity. Now tell me, where it is you hide your written Papers, your saucy Journal? ---- I must beg your Excuse for that, Sir, said I. But indeed, answer'd he, you will not have it; for I *will* know, and I *will* see them! ---- This is very hard, Sir, said I; but I must say, you shall not, if I can help it.

We were standing most of this Time; but he then sat down, and took me by both my Hands, and said, Well said, my pretty *Pamela*, *If you can help it!* But I will not let you help it. Tell me, Are they in your Pocket? No, Sir, said I, my Heart up at my Mouth. Said he, I know you won't tell a downright *Fib* for the World; but for *Equivocation!* no Jesuit ever went beyond you. Answer me then, Are they in *neither* of your Pockets? No, Sir, said I. Are they not, said he, about your Stays? No, Sir, reply'd I: but pray, no more Questions; for ask me ever so much, I will not tell you.

O, said he, I have a way for that. I can do as they do abroad, when the Criminals won't confess; torture them till they do. ---- But pray, Sir,

Sir, said I, Is this fair, just, or honest? I am no Criminal; and I won't confess.

O MY Girl! said he, many an innocent Person has been put to the Torture. But let me know where they are, and you shall escape the *Question*, as they call it abroad.

SIR, said I, the Torture is not used in *England*, and I hope you won't bring it up. Admirably said! reply'd the naughty Gentleman.--- But I can tell you of as good a Punishment: If a Criminal won't plead with us here in *England*, we *press* him to Death, or till he does plead. And so now, *Pamela*, this is a Punishment shall certainly be yours, if you won't tell without.

TEARS stood in my Eyes, and I said, This, Sir, is very cruel and barbarous.--- No matter, said he; it is but like your *Lucifer*, you know, in my Shape! And after I have done so many heinous things by you, as *you* think, you have no great Reason to judge so hardly of this; or at least, it is but of a piece with the rest.

BUT, Sir, said I, (dreadfully afraid he had some Notion they were about me) if you *will* be obey'd in this unreasonable manner, tho' it is sad Tyranny to be sure!---- let me go up to them, and read them over again, and you shall see so far as to the End of the sad Story that follows those you have.

I'LL see them all, said he, down to this Time if you have written so far!— Or at least, till within this Week. — Then let me go up to them, said I, and see what I have written, and to what Day, to shew them to you; for you

you won't desire to see every thing. But I will, reply'd he. — But say, *Pamela*, tell me Truth; Are they *above*? I was more affrighted. He saw my Confusion. Tell me Truth, said he. Why, Sir, answer'd I, I have sometimes hid them under the dry Mould in the Garden; sometimes in one Place, sometimes in another; and those you have in your Hand, were several Days under a Rose-bush in the Garden. Artful Slut! said he; What's this to my Question? Are they not *about* you? — If, said I, I must pluck them out of my Hiding-place, behind the Wainscot, won't you see me? Still more and more artful! said he. — Is this an Answer to my Question? — I have searched every Place above, and in your Closet, for them, and can't find them; so I *will* know where they are. Now, said he, it is my Opinion they are about you; and I never undress'd a Girl in my Life; but I will now begin to strip my pretty *Pamela*, and hope I shall not go far, before I find them.

I FELL a crying, and said, I will not be used in this manner. Pray, Sir, said I, (for he began to unpin my Handkerchief) consider! Pray, Sir, do! — And, pray, said he, do *you* consider. For I *will* see these Papers. But may-be, said he, they are ty'd about your Knees with your Garters; and stoop'd. Was ever any thing so vile, and so wicked! — I fell on my Knees, and said, What *can* I do? What *can* I do? If you'll let me go up, I'll fetch them to you. Will you, said he, on your Honour, let me see them uncurtail'd, and not offer to make them away; no, not

not a single Paper? — I will, Sir. — On your Honour? Yes, Sir. And so he let me go upstairs, crying sadly for Vexation to be so used. Sure nobody was ever so served as I am.

I WENT to my Closet, and there I sat me down, and could not bear the Thoughts of giving up my Papers. Besides, I must all undress me, in a manner, to untack them. So I writ thus:

S I R,

“ **T**O expostulate with such an arbitrary
“ Gentleman, I know will signify no-
“ thing. And most hardly do you use the
“ Power you so wickedly have got over me. I
“ have Heart enough, Sir, to do a Deed that
“ would make you regret using me thus; and I
“ can hardly bear it, and what I am further to
“ undergo. But a superior Consideration with-
“ holds me; thank God, it does! — I will,
“ however, keep my Word, if you insist upon
“ it when you have read this; but, Sir, let me
“ beg you to give me time till to-morrow
“ Morning, that I may just run them over, and
“ see what I put into your Hands against me.
“ And I will then give my Papers to you, with-
“ out the least Alteration, or adding or diminish-
“ ing. But I should beg still to be excused, if
“ you please. But if not, spare them to me,
“ but till to-morrow Morning. And this, so
“ hardly am I used, shall be thought a Favour,
“ which I shall be very thankful for.”

I GUESSED

I GUESSED it would not be long before I heard from him: And he accordingly sent up Mrs. *Jewkes* for what I had promised. So I gave her this Note to carry to him: And he sent word, that I must keep my Promise, and he would give me till Morning; but that I must bring them to him without his asking again.

So I took off my Under-coat, and, with great Trouble of Mind, unsew'd them from it. And there is a vast Quantity of it. I will just slightly touch upon the Subjects; because I may not, perhaps, get them again for you to see.

THEY begin with an Account of “ my attempting to get away out of the Window first, “ and then throwing my Petticoat and Handkerchief into the Pond. How sadly I was “ disappointed; the Lock of the Back-door “ being changed. How, in trying to climb “ over the Door, I tumbled down, and was “ piteously bruised; the Bricks giving way, “ and tumbling upon me. How, finding “ I could not get off, and dreading the hard “ Usage I should receive, I was so wicked as to “ think of throwing myself into the Water. “ My sad Reflections upon this Matter. How “ Mrs. *Jewkes* used me on this Occasion, when “ she found me. How my Master had like to have “ been drown'd in Hunting; and my Concern “ for his Danger, notwithstanding his Usage “ of me. Mrs. *Jewkes's* wicked Reports to “ frighten me, that I was to be marry'd to an “ ugly

“ ugly *Swiss*; who was to sell me on the
 “ Wedding-day to my Master. Her vile way
 “ of talking to me, like a *London* Prostitute.
 “ My Apprehensions on seeing Preparations
 “ made for my Master’s coming. Her causeless
 “ Fears that I was trying to get away again,
 “ when I had no Thought of it; and my bad
 “ Usage upon it. My Master’s dreadful Arri-
 “ val; and his hard, very hard Treatment of
 “ me; and Mrs. *Jewkes*’s insulting of me. His
 “ Jealousy of Mr. *Williams* and me. How
 “ Mrs. *Jewkes* vilely instigated him to Wicked-
 “ ness.” And down to here, I put into one
 Parcel, hoping that would content him. But
 for fear it should not, I put into another Parcel
 the following, *viz.*

“ A Copy of his Proposal to me, of a great
 “ Parcel of Gold, and fine Cloaths and Rings,
 “ and an Estate of I can’t tell what a Year; and
 “ 50*l.* a Year for the Life of both you, my
 “ dear Parents, to be his Mistress; with an In-
 “ sinuation, that, may-be, he would marry me
 “ at a Year’s End. All sadly vile; with Threat-
 “ nings, if I did not comply, that he would
 “ ruin me, without allowing me any thing.
 “ A Copy of my Answer, refusing all, with
 “ just Abhorrence; but begging at last his
 “ Goodness towards me, and Mercy on me, in
 “ the most moving manner I could think of.
 “ An Account of his angry Behaviour, and
 “ Mrs. *Jewkes*’s wicked Advice hereupon. His
 “ trying to get me to his Chamber; and my
 “ Refusal

" Refusal to go. A deal of Stuff and Chit-
 " chat between me and the odious Mrs. *Jewkes*;
 " in which she was very wicked, and very in-
 " sulting. Two Notes I wrote, as if to be
 " carried to Church, to pray for his reclaiming,
 " and my Safety; which Mrs. *Jewkes* seiz'd,
 " and officiously shew'd him. A Confession
 " of mine, that notwithstanding his bad Usage,
 " I could not hate him. My Concern for Mr.
 " *Williams*. A horrid Contrivance of my
 " Master to ruin me; being in my Room, dis-
 " guis'd in Cloaths of the Maid, who lay with
 " me and Mrs. *Jewkes*. How narrowly I escap'd,
 " (it makes my Heart ache to think of it still!)
 " by falling into Fits. Mrs. *Jewkes*'s detestable
 " Part in this sad Affair. How he seem'd
 " mov'd at my Danger, and forbore his abomin-
 " able Designs; and assur'd me he had offer'd no
 " Indecency. How ill I was for a Day or two
 " after; and how kind he seem'd. How he made
 " me forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*. How, after this,
 " and great Kindness pretended, he made rude
 " Offers to me in the Garden; which I escap'd.
 " How I resented them." Then I had written,
 " How kindly he behaved himself to me; and
 " how he prais'd me, and gave me great Hopes
 " of his being good at last. Of the too tender
 " Impression this made upon me; and how I
 " began to be afraid of my own Weakness and
 " Consideration for him, tho' he had used me so
 " ill. How sadly jealous he was of Mr. *Wil-*
 " *liams*, and how I, as I justly could, clear'd
 " myself as to his Doubts on that score. How,
 " just

“ just when he had raised me to the highest
 “ Hope of his Goodness, he dash’d me sadly
 “ again, and went off more coldly. My free
 “ Reflections upon this trying Occasion.”

THIS brought Matters down from *Thursday* the 20th Day of my Imprisonment, to *Wednesday* the 41st. And here I was resolv’d to end, let what would come; for only *Thursday*, *Friday* and *Saturday*, remain to give an Account of; and *Thursday* he set out to a Ball at *Stamford*; and *Friday* was the Gypsies Story; and this is *Saturday*, his Return from *Stamford*. And, truly, I shall have but little Heart to write, if he is to see all.

So these two Parcels of Papers I have got ready for him against to-morrow Morning. To be sure I have always used him very freely in my Writings, and shew’d him no Mercy; but yet he must thank himself for it: for I have only writ Truth; and I wish he had deserved a better Character at my Hands, as well for his own sake, as mine. — So, tho’ I don’t know whether ever you’ll see what I write, I must say, that I will go to-bed, with remembering you in my Prayers, as I always do, and as I know you do me: And so, my dear Parents, Good Night.

S U N D A Y *Morning*

I REMEMBER’D what he said, of not being obliged to ask again for my Papers; and what I should be forced to do, and could not help,

help, I thought I might as well do in such a manner as might shew I would not disoblige on purpose: Tho' I stomach'd this Matter very heavily too. I had therefore got in Readiness my two Parcels; and he, not going to Church in the Morning, bid Mrs. Jewkes tell me he was gone into the Garden.

I KNEW that was for me to go to him; and so I went; for how can I help being at his Beck! which grieves me not a little, tho' he is my Master, as I may say; for I am so wholly in his Power, that it would do me no Good to incense him, and if I refused to obey him in little Matters, my Refusal in greater would have the less Weight. So I went down to the Garden; but as he walked in one Walk, I took another; that I might not seem too forward neither.

HE soon 'spy'd me, and said, Do you expect to be courted to come to me? Sir, said I, and cross'd the Walk to attend him, I did not know but I should interrupt you in your Meditations this good Day.

WAS that the Case, said he, truly, and from your Heart? Why, Sir, said I, I don't doubt but you have very good Thoughts sometimes; tho' not towards me!—I wish, said he, I could avoid thinking so well of you, as I do. But where are the Papers?—I dare say, you had them about you Yesterday; for you say in those I have, that you will bury your Writings in the Garden, for fear you should be *search'd*, if you did not escape. This, added he,

he, gave me a glorious Pretence to search you; and I have been vexing myself all Night, that I did not strip you Garment by Garment, till I had found them. O fie, Sir! said I; let me not be scar'd with hearing that you had such a Thought in earnest.

WELL, said he, I hope you have not now the Papers to give me; for I had rather find them myself, I'll assure you.

I DID not like this way of Talk at all; and thinking it best, not to dwell upon it, said, Well, but, Sir, you will excuse me, I hope, giving up my Papers.

DON'T trifle with me, said he: Where are they?—I think I was very good to you last Night, to humour you as I did. If you have either added or diminished, and have not strictly kept your Promise, woe be to you! Indeed, Sir, said I, I have neither added nor diminish'd. But here is the Parcel, that goes on with my sad Attempt to escape, and the terrible Consequences it had like to have been follow'd with. And it goes down to the naughty Articles you sent me. And, as you know all that has happened since, I hope these will satisfy you.

HE was going to speak; but I said, to drive him from thinking of any more, And I must beg you, Sir, to read the Matter favourably, if I have exceeded in any Liberties of my Pen.

I THINK, said he, half-smiling, you may wonder at my Patience, that I can be so easy to read myself abus'd as I am by such a saucy Slut. Sir, said I, I have wonder'd you should

should be so desirous to see my bold Stuff; and for that very Reason, I have thought it a very *good*, or a very *bad* Sign. What, said he, is your *good* Sign? — That it may have an Effect upon your Temper, at last, in my Favour, when you see me so sincere, Your *bad* Sign? Why, that, if you can read my Reflections and Observations upon your Treatment of me, with Tranquillity, and not be mov'd, it is a Sign of a very cruel and determin'd Heart. Now, pray, Sir, don't be angry at my Boldness, in telling you so freely my Thoughts. You may, perhaps, said he, be least mistaken, when you think of your bad Sign: God forbid! said I.

So I took out my Papers; and said, Here, Sir, they are. But if you please to return them, without breaking the Seal, it will be very generous: And I will take it for a great Favour, and a good Omen.

HE broke the Seal instantly, and open'd them. So much for your *Omen*! reply'd he. I am sorry for it, said I, very seriously; and was walking away. Whither now? said he. I was going in, Sir, that you might have Time to read them, if you thought fit. He put them into his Pocket, and said, You have *more* than these. Yes, Sir; but all they contain, *you* know as well as *I*. — But I don't know, said he, the Light you put Things in, and so give them me, if you have not a mind to be search'd.

SIR, said I, I can't stay, if you won't forbear that ugly Word. — Give me then no Reason,

Reason for it. Where are the other Papers? Why then, unkind Sir, if it must be so, here they are. And so I gave him out of my Pocket the second Parcel, seal'd up, as the former, with this Supercription; *From the naughty Articles, down, thro' sad Attempts, to Thursday the 42d Day of my Imprisonment.* This is last *Thursday*, is it? — Yes, Sir; but now you *will* see what I write, I will find some other way to employ my Time: For I can neither write so free, nor with any Face, what must be for your Perusal, and not for those I intended to divert with my melancholy Stories.

YES, said he, I would have you continue your Penmanship by all means; and I assure you, in the Mind I am in, I will not ask you for any after these; except any thing very extraordinary occurs. And, I have another thing to tell you, added he: That if you send for those from your Father, and let me read them, I may very probably give them all back again to you. And so I desire you will do it.

THIS a little encourages me to continue my Scribbling; but, for fear of the worst, I will, when they come to any Bulk, contrive some way to hide them, if I can, that I may protest I have them not about me, which, before, I could not say of a Truth; and that made him so resolutely bent to try to find them upon me; for which I might have suffer'd frightful Indecencies.

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HE led me then to the Side of the Pond; and sitting down on the Slope, made me sit by him. Come, said he, this being the Scene of Part of your Project, and where you so artfully threw in some of your Cloaths, I will just look upon that Part of your Relation. Sir, said I, let me then walk about at a little Distance; for I cannot bear the Thought of it. Don't go far, said he.

WHEN he came, as I suppose, to the Place where I mention'd the Bricks falling upon me, he got up, and walk'd to the Door, and look'd upon the broken Part of the Wall; for it had not been mended; and came back, reading on to himself, towards me; and took my Hand, and put it under his Arm.

WHY, this, said he, my Girl, is a very moving Tale. It was a very desperate Attempt, and had you got out, you might have been in great Danger; for you had a very bad and lonely Way; and I had taken such Measures, that let you have been where you would, I should have had you.

YOU may see, Sir, said I, what I ventur'd rather than be ruin'd; and you will be so good as hence to judge of the Sincerity of my Profession, that my Honesty is dearer to me than my Life. Romantick Girl! said he, and read on.

HE was very serious at my Reflections, on what God enabled me to escape. And when he came to my Reasonings, about throwing myself into the Water, he said, Walk gently before; and seem'd so mov'd, that he
turn'd

turn'd away his Face from me; and I bless'd this good Sign, and began not so much to repent at his seeing this mournful Part of my Story.

HE put the Papers in his Pocket, when he had read my Reflections, and Thanks for escaping from *myself*; and said, taking me about the Waist, O my dear Girl! you have touch'd me sensibly with your mournful Relation, and your sweet Reflections upon it. I should truly have been very miserable, had it taken Effect. I see you have been us'd too roughly; and it is a Mercy you stood Proof in that fatal Moment.

THEN he most kindly folded me in his Arms; Let us, say I too, my *Pamela*, walk from this accursed Piece of Water; for I shall not with Pleasure, look upon it again, to think how near it was to have been fatal to my Fair-one. I thought, added he, of terrifying you to my Will, since I could not move you by Love; and Mrs. *Jewkes* too well obey'd me, when the Terrors of your Return, after your Disappointment, were so great, that you had hardly Courage to withstand them; but had like to have made so fatal a Choice, to escape the Treatment you apprehended.

O SIR, said I, I have Reason, I am sure, to bless my dear Parents, and my good Lady, your Mother, for giving me something of a religious Education; for, but for that, and God's Grace, I should, more than upon one Occasion, have attempted, at least, a desperate Act: And I the less wonder how poor Creatures, who have not

the Fear of God before their Eyes, and give way to Despondency, cast themselves into Perdition.

COME, kiss me, said he, and tell me you forgive me, for pushing you into so much Danger and Distress. If my Mind hold, and I can see these former Papers of yours, and that these in my Pocket give me no Cause to alter my Opinion, I will endeavour to defy the World, and the World's Censures, and make my *Pamela* Amends, if it be in the Power of my whole Life, for all the Hardships I have made her undergo.

ALL this look'd well; but you shall see how strangely it was all turn'd. For this Sham-marriage then came into my Mind again; and I said, Your poor Servant is far unworthy of this great Honour; for what will it be, but to create Envy to herself, and Discredit to you? Therefore, Sir, permit me to return to my poor Parents, and that is all I have to ask.

HE was in a fearful Passion then. And is it *thus*, said he, in my fond conceding Moments, that I am to be despised and answer'd? — Precise, perverse, unseasonable *Pamela*! be gone from my Sight, and know as well how to behave in a hopeful Prospect, as in a distressful State; and then, and not till then, shalt thou attract the Shadow of my Notice.

I WAS startled, and going to speak: But he stamp'd with his Foot, and said, Begone, I tell you. I cannot bear this stupid romantick Folly.

ONE Word, said I; but one Word, I beseech you, Sir.

HE turn'd from me in great Wrath, and took down another Alley, and so I went in with a very heavy Heart; and fear I was too unseasonable, just at a Time when he was so condescending: But if it was a Piece of Art of his Side, as I apprehended, to introduce the Sham-wedding, (and to be sure he is very full of Stratagem and Art) I think I was not so much to blame.

So I went up to my Closet; and wrote thus far, while he walk'd about till Dinner was ready; and he is now set down to it, as I hear by Mrs. *Jewkes*, very sullen, thoughtful, and out of Humour; and she asks, what I have done to him? — Now, again, I dread to see him! — When will my Fears be over?

Three o'Clock.

WELL, he continues exceeding wroth. He has order'd his travelling Chariot to be got ready with all Speed. What is to come next, I wonder! —

SURE I did not say *so much*! — But see the Lordliness of a high Condition! — A poor Body must not put in a Word, when they take it into their Heads to be angry! What a fine Time a Person of unequal Condition would have of it, if she were even to marry such an one! — His poor dear Mother spoil'd him at first. Nobody must speak to him, or contradict him, as I have

I have heard, when he was a Child; and so he has not been used to be controul'd, and cannot bear the least Thing that crosses his violent Will. This is one of the Blessings attending Men of high Condition! Much good may do them with their Pride of Birth, and Pride of Fortune! say I: — All that it serves for, as far as I can see, is to multiply their Disquiets, and every body's else, that has to do with them.

So, so! where will this end! — Mrs. *Jewkes* has been with me from him, and she says, I must get out of the House this Moment! — Well, said I, but whither am I to be carried next? Why, home, said she, to your Father and Mother. And, can it be? said I: — No, no, I doubt I shall not be so happy as that! — To be sure, some bad Design is on foot again! To be sure it is! — Sure, sure, said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, he has not found out some other House-keeper *worse than you!* She was very angry, you may well think. But I know she can't be made worse than she is.

SHE came up again. Are you ready? said she. Bless me! said I, you are very hasty: I have heard of this not a Quarter of an Hour ago. But I shall be soon ready; for I have but little to take with me, and no kind Friends in this House to take leave of, to delay me. Yet, like a Fool, I can't help crying. Pray, said I, just step down, and ask, If I may not have my Papers?

So,

So, I am quite ready now, against she comes up with an Answer; and so I will put up these few Writings in my Bosom, that I have left.

I DON'T know what to think ---- nor how to judge; but I shall ne'er believe I am with you, till I am on my Knees before you, begging both your Blessings. Yet I am sorry he is so *angry* with me! I thought I did not say *so much*.

THERE is, I see, the Chariot drawn out, the Horses too, the grim *Colbrand* going to get on Horse-back. What will be the End of all this?

The End of VOL. I.

Visit of ...

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